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BLOOD BROTHERS

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

IT was on Sherry's steps that I happened to notice the two men. First, I suppose, they hit my eye because they were not in evening clothes, and that's noticeable at seven-thirty P. M. at Sherry's; then I saw the shoulders. I'm a manner of specialist in shoulders, having been a crew man at Yale and in the habit of noticing men's make-ups. But never in my life did I see, and never do I hope to see, such a magnificent build as was walking, in uncommonly queer togs, up those long steps that night last May. The man was the right height for an athlete—not too tall—and he had a slim waist like a girl's. He held himself and moved the way a prince ought to, and mostly doesn't. One could swear, just to see him ramble up ahead of one, that there wasn't a muscle in him that wasn't as smooth as satin and as strong as steel, ready to slide into the cogs and do its perfect work. And the shoulders—deep from front to back, so deep and so grandly rounded that only an expert would see at once their immense width. What work had the man done, I wondered, as I followed the two mounting leisurely, to develop him like that? I was used to gymnasiums and varieties of training, but I thought I'd like to know that chap's specialty. Then I noticed the clothes again; they were the weirdest shade of blue-green that the eye of man ever lighted on; with a red line through. "Must be a foreigner," I allowed to myself, and with that I withdrew my attention reluctantly from the shoulders and threw a glance at the other man.

I grinned; it was Bob Morgan. Bob at once explains anything that's unconventional and do-as-I-darn-please, so the morning clothes for dinner at Sherry's were no surprise any more. He's worn glad rags all his life, but he wouldn't feel the least different if it happened to be convenient to appear at his mother's dinner-table in a sweater, unless she mentioned it. I swear I wouldn't be too dumfounded if I saw a man sauntering around New York in pajamas and discovered it was Bob. He's as easy to look at as they grow, too, and a twenty-five-dollar suit from Rivers Brothers appears the last cry when he gets inside. He has a lordly way that makes you take his vagaries for granted, just the same as he takes them for granted; he's a kind of an unconscious old highbrow, is Bobby, and his brain is a mile above clothes and such; all the same he's the salt of the earth and a corker.

Well, there was Bob Morgan, casually costumed, wandering up the steps at Sherry's at dinner-time in May, and apparently owning the whole show. And there was an unknown person of strange haberdashery and gorgeous physique accompanying him; and Me tagging; on that stage-setting the curtain rises. And with that Bob swung about. I hadn't seen him before in a year.

"Hello!" sang out Bobby.

There isn't anybody walking the earth with such a gift of making a man feel

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warm through and persona grata. He's glad to see you, and he says so, and you believe it. So there we were shaking away, and there was Shoulders watching us, with a benignant, wondering smile. I sure was mystified when Shoulders turned around and I saw his face. For the weird clothes weren't a patch on the situation; the man—well, it's hard to say it, but he didn't belong in "*cette galère*"; Sherry's wasn't his beat. I thought, as I stared at him that first minute, thought I: "Why, Shoulders isn't a gentleman." I lived to kick myself for that thought. I lived to learn a bit about fundamental things which may or may not be under the finish that a few generations of opportunity give to looks and manners. Shoulders's face was swarthy and dark and high-cheek-boned—typically Indian, but not aquiline, clear-cut Indian—sloppy-faced Indian. His features looked like lumps of people thrown together, coarse and heavy. Yet out of this thick-lipped, blunt-nosed, sallow arrangement broke a pair of blue eyes that sparkled like a lake in the woods on a bright morning. I couldn't get away from the friendliness of those vivid eyes, as I stood with Bob hanging onto my hand. He put his other hand on one of the great arms and burst into French, and I wondered what monkey-tricks the boy was doing with the language, for he's so much an expert that he can trifle with dialects and patois and such.

"This is Telesphore Picard," he stated with a broad, queer accent. "He's a friend of mine—and more. Telesphore, *v'la* M'sieur Herron, one of my old pals at Yale. M'sieur Herron was captain of his 'varsity crew—remember? I explained that. Telesphore has been up to New Haven," Bob flung at me, "and knows the whole thing."

Shoulders, who had not yet spoken, nodded shyly but comprehendingly, and smiled with continuity. We shook hands, and I got a grip that made my paw wince, and then I made some fatuous speech about hoping he liked our country, and when had he landed from France; though I couldn't by any wrench place him as one of Bob's Parisian friends. And it was Shoulders himself who cleared up that, speaking in such French as Bob had used, in short gasps of shyness, but yet with a nice, quiet dignity.

"I am not of France, M'sieur—me. I am of Canada. I am the guide of M'sieur Bob in the club—his *serviteur*." So I understood. That accounted for the accent and the build and the erect carriage; portaging canoes on a fellow's head and chopping down trees gives a training you can't duplicate at gymnasiums. But I knew the status of guides up there, and the sharp line between them and their messieurs. What the devil did even Bob Morgan mean by trotting about this chap to Sherry's and springing him on people? That I didn't understand. And with that Bob serenely made things more astounding.

"Dine with us, Dooley, can't you?" asked Bobby. And suddenly I got an inspiration: by Jove, this was a chance. To see Sherry's, one of the gayest and most sophisticated scenes in New York, make its impression on perfectly virgin soil! I'd find my sister and tell her to worry along without me; it was a large dinner, and I knew that I made an extra man; it would be the same old crowd and the same old talk; I was sick of the monotony and the vapidity; I'd make Sybil let me off.

"Thanks. I'll do it," I accepted Bob's invitation, and I rushed off and found Sybil and broke the news.

"You're so silly," said Sybil; "of course I've got men enough, but you don't know what you're missing."

"That's it; I do," I stated.

"No, you don't," snapped Sybil smartly. "There's a fascinating Frenchman."

"Bob Morgan's got a fascinating Frenchman, too," I threw at her.

"Bob Morgan? Oh—it's Bob Morgan. Rupert, listen. Bob Morgan is attractive and speaks French perfectly; bring him over—and his Frenchman—to our——"

I interrupted with an unseemly howl. "Couldn't be done, Sybil," I dashed her hopes. "Good-by. Thank you for understanding."

"But I don't understand," complained Sybil, as I made off.

Bob and Shoulders were waiting for me outside, and I saw that the man's great chest was heaving with excitement and

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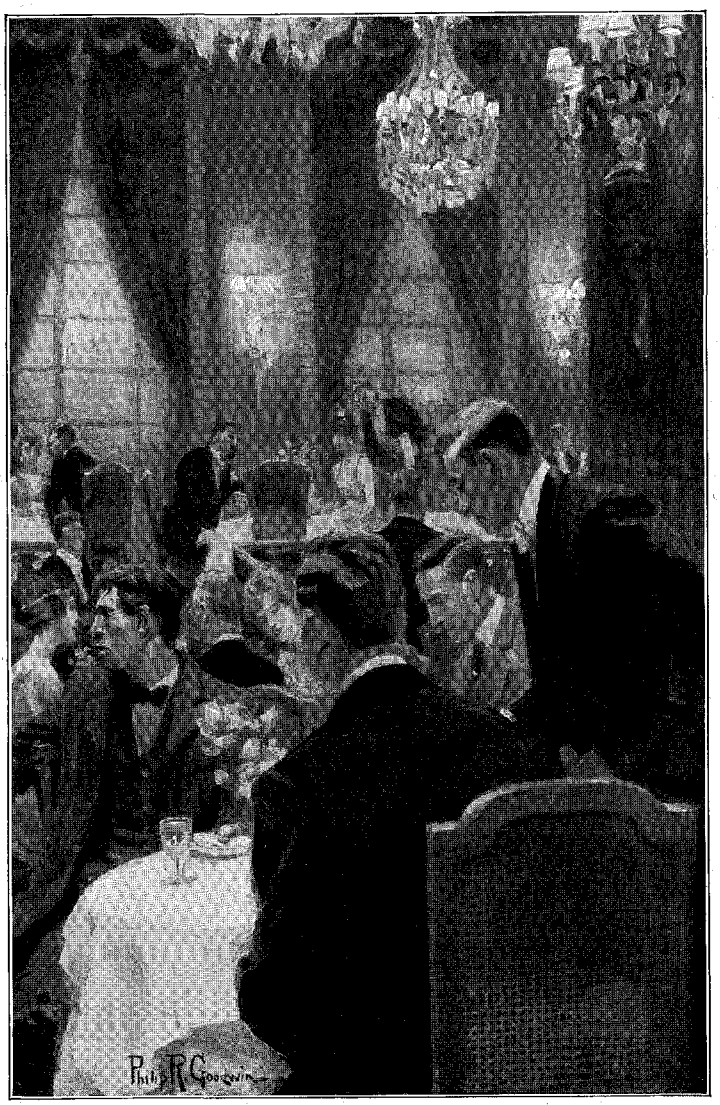

The guest was petrified with his surroundings and about speechless.—Page 520.

sheer fright as he stared in at the brilliant scene spread before us. The head waiter came up to Bob, who has a trick, with his unconscious lordliness, of getting the best service everywhere. His high mightiness the waiter flashed a glance at me, gotten up without reproach, and placed me where I belonged, as an every-day New Yorker; then at Bob, towering cheerfully and at ease in a gray flannel suit, and set him down as an English lord contemptuous of American formality; then at Shoulders—and stood with his mouth open. What was this—in Sherry's? To which glance Shoulders, pleased with attention from this duke, responded with a smile and a deep inclination.

"*Bon jour*, M'sieur," said Shoulders prettily to the head waiter.

With that Bob, staring over everybody from his six feet three, spied the prize small table in the place. "Can't we have that?" he demanded, and slipped something into head-waiterly fingers.

So we seated ourselves in the hub of

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the universe and Bob studied the menu with deep earnestness, shunting his peach of a guest off on me to entertain with absolute unconcern. I began to get bored, to wonder if I hadn't slipped up on my dinner-juggling, for the guest was petrified with his surroundings and about speechless. I couldn't pull four consecutive syllables out of him. Those keen, bright, light eyes sparkled all over the place as if he were afraid of missing a detail of the people coming in or going out, or the women's dresses, or the waiters with their great trays of stuff, or the drinks, strange and varied to him likely. The first time a champagne-cork popped at a side-table close by Shoulders jumped as if somebody had shot him, and with that he had given a panther-like spring and was at the waiter's side before Bob could catch him. He was horrible embarrassed when, safe back at our table, Bob explained.

"I ask a thousand pardons, M'sieur Bob," he growled meekly in his soft, demonstrative way. "It is that I thought the monsieur there, who opened that bottle, was hurt by the shot—the *coup*. He was a young and weak monsieur, and I remarked that he had food to carry *en masse*, and I—I am strong enough, as M'sieur Bob knows; so I jumped, like a frog, to help the monsieur." And the monsieur, a piffling little dago waiter, glared at Shoulders as he passed.

"This is to be a real bean-feast," announced Bob. "We're going to give Telesphore the feed of his life, and some of the stuff in a bottle that shoots. But, first, what sort of cocktails?" The host chose the food as if for royalty, but consulted both Shoulders and me at every point.

"Salad," remarked Bob consideringly. "Now what accompaniments can make grass and dog-biscuits endurable? I hate the salad course myself; it annoys me; but for the honor of this dinner we've got to have it. Now, what—I know!" crowed Bob, and turned to Telesphore and put his hand on his with a distinct caress. "Old top, we'll have partridge with the salad—*perdrix*," announced Bob, as if there was something holy about partridges. As I glanced up I got a complete somersault just catching the look in his eyes as he stared at that wild Indian of his.

"*Perdrix*," he repeated, and the two gazed at each other a second as if all the glitter and show and dress of Sherry's were a thousand miles off and they were alone in a boundless forest.

Then Shoulders shrugged a French deprecatory shrug, with a small shy gesture of the hand. "If M'sieur Bob wishes, I should be very content to eat of a partridge."

"Holy Mike," remarked Bob in an awed tone, "picture Telesphore and me nibbling partridge at Sherry's."

With that I butted in. "Kindly picture me too," I remarked with asperity. "You invited me to this meal, and while I will say I'm well fed up to this point I object strenuously if you draw a line at partridge."

And Bob boomed out his great, hearty, unconscious laughter, so that people turned at tables and stared at us. I'm afraid we were a slightly conspicuous dinner-party, long and short. But Bob did not notice. "You shall have your partridge, my son," he reassured me. "Far be it from me to do a man out of partridge—ever again." He stopped, and a queer look came over his face, an indecent sort of look I call it, because it was like taking the cover off his soul. Made me feel the way I do when Mischa Elman plays the violin. As if I had no business there. But Bob was not considering me. He went on: "Moreover, if you'll come into the Yale Club, Dooley, after dinner with Telesphore and me, you shall have a story about a partridge which everybody wouldn't get. M'sieur is a good *garçon*, and anxious about his bird, and we'll tell him our tale, won't we, Telesphore?"

This last part was shot at Shoulders in Canadian patois, which I could follow but not parse. However, Telesphore got it right enough, and nodded at Bob and at me and blinked his bright, light eyes. An Indian with blue eyes, don't you know! Yet unmistakably an Indian. "Very good, M'sieur Bob," agreed the Indian. "The monsieur is a friend of M'sieur Bob. One will tell him that *histoire, comme il faut*, if M'sieur Bob wishes it."

The feast came to an end with no more theatrical episodes, and Bob and Shoul-

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ders and I went down the street to the Yale Club.

"Better smoke up in my room," said Bob; "we'll be quieter." The three of us settled into deep chairs with tobacco burning prosperously, and there was a pause.

"You promised a story," I suggested.

Bob looked at Telesphore, pulling contentedly in short puffs at a decrepit, blackened little old pipe. "I wonder if I can make him tell most of it," he reflected in English. "He'd do it so much better than I. Yet some of it I'll have to tell myself, for wild horses wouldn't drag it from him."

Shoulders, understanding only a word here and there, glanced up at Bob at this point and smiled with perfect trustfulness.

"You understand, Dooley, this is the biggest compliment you ever got—do you? And if you want to write it up you can, for you're the sort that would appreciate what the thing means. But I wouldn't go about telling this tale—no, not to another chap in New York—much less ask Telesphore. It's one of the things that—" (Bob hesitated, and went on with an effort) "that make a difference in a man's point of view. I'll always have a —more reverent feeling toward human nature because of what this fellow did."

His hand went to the huge shoulder again, and the Indian, not understanding, turned on him that quiet look of entire confidence.

"He proved to me," said Bobby, "that a man will 'lay down his life for his friend.' It's quite a different thing, that sentence, when you read it in print from when it's acted in life. Howsomever," remarked Bob, "I'm shooting off my mouth a lot. Here's for the story: Telesphore!" And a quick sentence of creamy Canadian French.

Shoulders gazed at Bob consideringly and the trustful expression came into his face again, like a child putting his hand into his father's. It was really rather touching, don't you know, because Shoulders was nearly twice Bob's age—forty—and the whale of strength I have described. He gave a little French shrug then. "I am an ignorant man—not instructed—*pas instruit*, me," he began. "I do not know why M'sieur Bob wishes me to *raconter* the story of our hunt last winter. M'sieur Bob, who knows everything, could do that much better. But if M'sieur Bob wishes me to tell the story, *c'est bien*." Another shrug. One gathered that if M'sieur Bob, who knew everything, wished Shoulders to jump off a church-steeple he would also remark, "*c'est bien*," and just do it.

"Perhaps monsieur remarks," said Shoulders, turning to me, "that I am an Indian"—"*sauvage*," he put it. I nodded. "I am in fact a Huron of Lorette. But my mother was French."

"Ah! The blue eyes!" I interjected to myself.

"Yet in Lorette we are all of the tribe, and we keep many of the old ways and habits."

"Tell about owning land, Telesphore," threw in Bob.

"It is quite simply that one who is not of the Huron tribe may not own land in our village," explained Shoulders quietly. "It has been so for two hundred years."

"Isn't that astonishing?" demanded Bob. "That humble village of small, poor houses, a handful of people chased two hundred years ago by the Iroquois from central New York, chased to Quebec, to the Isle d'Orleans, finally taking refuge north in the forest where Lorette stands now; that poor, little hunted community keeping its dignity and its customs, even a bit of its language and nomenclature, intact through two centuries—isn't it a marvel? Doesn't it show that the Hurons, as old Parkman says, had it a bit over all the other American Indians?"

I said it was a marvel; it did show that. Shoulders gazed with wondering eyes at Bob during his flow of English, comprehending a bit—I think not much. Bob fired at him six words of patois; then "*encore*, Telesphore," he commanded.

Shoulders pushed, with a huge yellowish forefinger, a little fresh tobacco, with an odd, dull odor to it, into his old pipe, lighted it, took a puff, and went on, holding the pipe often in his big palm and looking down at it as he talked. I was aware that he talked slowly and carefully that I might understand. "Last summer," said Shoulders, "I guided M'sieur Bob. One had luck enough; one killed

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a trout of five pounds; one killed a caribou with good *panaches*—horns. But one did not get a shot at a bull moose. So it was that of an afternoon when M'sieur Bob and I were at the fishing we talked of the hunting—*la chasse*. I said to M'sieur that it would be a good thing if he would come up in the winter to our village and go on a hunt with us, with my old father—*mon vieux père*—who is without doubt the best hunter of the tribe, and my brother Réné, and Delphise Gros-Louis, my cousin, who also hunts with us. For it is the custom with us, as it has continued a very long time, possibly a thousand years—it is difficult to say how long—that the men of the village go off in winter to the bush to hunt. Now, my father, being brought up in the old way, thinks no forest lonely enough if it is within four or five days of a town. So that he is accustomed to travel, all the winters, to the headquarters of the Jacques Cartier River, where there are lakes and much fur. I explained these things to M'sieur Bob. So it happened that M'sieur Bob was interested."

"Interested! Gosh! Was I interested?" put in Bob. "A hunt for four weeks with old Indian hunters, the genuine article, antique traditions and all, complete. I sat up and took notice when I got that invitation!"

Shoulders blinked rapidly, gazing as usual at Bob, taking in what he might. It was all right, all of it, if Bob said it, anyhow—such was his evident creed. When Bob saw fit to stop he went on. "So it happened that I said to M'sieur Bob that if he would come with us after Christmas for our hunting that we would all be content; I said to him that we were poor men and lived roughly, particularly in hunting, but that we would be content to have him come and that he should at least travel in the great forests and have the so wild life which he loves—M'sieur Bob—and without doubt good hunting. For I did not know then that which was to happen. Also I told him that my father—*mon vieux père*—would show him secrets of the woods that were not known, no, not even to good hunters."

Bob interrupted eagerly. "You said those very words, Telesphore. We were down at the mouth of the river fishing, Dooley—the Rivière aux Éclairs, it was. It was the middle of September and I had to go out of the woods two days later, and I was a bit sore that I hadn't got a moose. It had been raining all day and there was a Scotch mist in our faces—you know how good it feels? And the lake looked like frosted silver, and the mountains at the far end were misty as if they were wrapped in gray veils; and there were clouds at our end as solid as ribbons curling through hollows of the mountains. They dipped so low that we felt their wetness. That was some damp day," finished Bob.

"If M'sieur will remember," put in Shoulders in his quiet voice, "the sky was dark so that it was good fishing. Also it was shortly after that talk that M'sieur killed his trout of five pounds."

Bob grinned joyfully. "Do I remember?" he agreed, and Shoulders evidently understood that English.

"It's all right about the mist, Bobby," I addressed him. "But you talk a trifle too steady. I want to hear Telesphore."

Bob nodded one brief nod and Shoulders went on. "So it happened that it was on that day there that I asked M'sieur Bob to come up for the hunting in the winter. And M'sieur Bob said that he would come. So it was that on a day a few days after Christmas, being in Lorette, I went to the train from Quebec, which only runs twice a week at that season, to meet M'sieur Bob. And he was there, and with him he had brought snow-shoes and his rifle of Mannlicher and a small pack—the things necessary. And that night M'sieur Bob slept at my house in Lorette, and the next morning we departed for New Brunswick, which is a journey of five days *à la raquette*—on snow-shoes—*mon vieux père* and my brother Réné and my cousin Delphise Gros-Louis and M'sieur Bob and myself—five strong men, we departed. Each man wore his snow-shoes, certainly, and carried in the hand his rifle, and an axe in the belt, and drew after him a toboggan with his pack, as is the old Indian way; there was nothing more. For we went on a hunting-trip, and were not weighted with things not necessary. We had a blanket each, and beyond that not much. So

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we started out from Lorette at a good hour of the morning, for it was our habit to drive in sleighs—*trainaux*—for five leagues, as far as the road went, and then one sent back the carriages and started afoot."

Bob struck in: "A league is three miles, Dooley. And I want to clear your mind about Telesphore's father—*mon vieux père*. If you think from his calling him so that there's anything old about him, you've got another guess. He's a magnificent-looking Indian, built like Telesphore here, and he's only nineteen years older than Telesphore, besides. He's seasoned and tough as old oak and elastic as steel. His endurance is beyond anything, and he outlasted everybody but Telesphore on this—but I'm not telling the story."

"No, you're not," I agreed politely, "but sometimes you act as if you were."

Bob threw back his head and shouted a big laugh—you never can tell when that lad is going to be amused. Then he flung out his lordly hand. "Gee, Telesphore," he ordered, and Shoulders, never having heard the word, understood the command.

"One made camp the first night where the sleighs left us in the beginning of the forest."

"Did you have tents?" I asked.

"No, M'sieur," Shoulders answered with grave politeness. "Not of tents. One cut a few birch-barks—*plusieurs écorces*—and lifted them on poles so that they sloped, for a shelter. And one shovelled out the snow underneath, using our *raquettes*, our snow-shoes, for shovels, and we beat it down for the beds. Also one cut much wood to burn and one made the supper—*galette* and fried salt pork and tea and maple-sugar—*sucre d'érable*."

"What's *galette?*" I inquired.

"It is the bread of us others, M'sieur. It is a large cake of flour, as big as the frying-pan and baked in the frying-pan in grease of salt pork, M'sieur."

"Oh," I said.

"So it happened, M'sieur, that after supper at perhaps half past nine we went to bed."

"On the snow?"

"But yes, M'sieur. It is a bed good enough."

"Weren't you cold?" I shivered.

"But no, M'sieur," Shoulders assured me. "One had a blanket apiece. One had a great fire. One was warm, absolutely. At about twelve when the fire began to burn low a man got up and put on logs; again about three. And before daylight we were making our breakfast."

"What did you have for breakfast?" I asked.

"But *galette*, M'sieur, and salt pork. And tea. And *sucre d'érable*."

"Oh," I answered again.

"And we advanced into the woods. The snow was four feet, it might be, on a level; of an ordinary depth. And first one of us marched in front on his snow-shoes to break the road for the others, and then, when he was tired, for it was a heavy work, another took his place; so we took turns all the day. At noon we stopped for our dinner."

"Ask what we had for dinner, Dooley," ordered Bob. I did.

Telesphore turned those bright, blue eyes on me seriously. "One had *galette*, M'sieur, and fried pork, and tea and maple-sugar. Always the same, M'sieur." I did not ask again. "So it happened," Telesphore went on, "that at four o'clock we stopped travelling and made camp for the night once more."

Bob struck in. "It was like a picture, Dooley. We were by a lake, a huge field of snow. The sun was a red ball and the light came level through black tree-trunks and made the snow glisten. The fire in the white forest was orange color and dashed up like orange arrows and broke into showers of orange powder."

"So you had oranges for supper," I suggested. "That must have been a pleasant variety."

Bob gave one squelching look. "You have no soul," he stated. "All the same it was a picture. Huge all out-of-doors white and shining, and nicked into one hillside the little camp-fire, and the birch-bark of the shelter, and the men. Réné squatted in the snow with the frying-pan, and the salt pork sizzled in it and smelled better than anything at Sherry's to-night. Golly! Was I keen for that salt pork?"

"You have no soul, Bob," I said.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Telesphore," said Bob.

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Shoulders gave a small shrug, which, being interpreted, meant that he was M'sieur Bob's talking-machine, therefore what difference whether the master hand turned him on or off. "So it happened that we camped by a large enough lake the second night, and on the third day also we made breakfast before daylight."

"Want to know what we had for breakfast, Dooley?" Bob threw at me.

"Stop interrupting," I flung back.

"And it was in the afternoon of the third day," the low voice of Shoulders went on, "that it began to snow. So that we made camp of a good hour. And when one got up before daylight next morning much snow had fallen, covering up the tracks—*pistes*—which we had made. But for the present the storm had arrested. So it happened that after we had breakfasted, and before we had made the packs for the toboggans, *mon vieux père* took his pipe from his mouth and spoke.

"'It is time that one killed a moose,' said *mon vieux père*. 'There is yet enough of salt pork for only four meals.'

"And so it was that at that moment one heard a large crack in the bush and one looked and saw through the tree-trunks a great moose—*orignal*—who jumped at about an acre's—*d'un arpent*—distance. So it happened that at that instant each man seized his rifle and started after the moose, trotting away now very fast. All of us went together. For one hunts a moose, we Indians of Lorette, as true warriors—*en vrai guerrier*—one follows him on the snow and fights his endurance with one's own. It is to us a glory to kill a moose. So that we all started to follow him, the five of us, that if one or two or three became used up in following, there might be yet one who could endure. So we followed the moose that morning, and twice we caught a glimpse of him through the trees, and the second time he was not so distant as before, so that we had good hope. One did not trouble too much about the direction at that time, for there was the great road of our track in the snow to take us back to our camp. And so it happened that each man had with him a *galette*"—I sighed—"which he had already taken because one planned not to stop for dinner, but to push on rapidly, hoping to arrive so by nightfall, at the camp of my old father—*mon vieux père*. And so when it came dinner-time in the forest, there on the trail of that moose, we sat down in the snow and ate each one a bit of his *galette*. By good luck no one ate all of his *galette*. The *galettes* were frozen, otherwise, and not too good to eat, also one was anxious not to lose time on the trail of that moose there. So in a very few minutes we were following once more. And at first we did not notice that snow fell again. At first it was very little; one would not stop for that when the moose should be quite near. One needed fresh meat; there was also the glory—*la gloire*—which pushes a hunter onward in the following of a moose. One becomes obstinate. So that we went on, hoping at the top of each hill to see the big fellow—*le gros*—in the valley below, within rifle-shot. So that it happened that Réné, my young brother, who was in front at that time, stopped quite suddenly and cried out:

"'But I cannot see the *pistes*—the tracks of the moose.'

"And with that *mon vieux père*, being the best hunter, went forward beside him and regarded in every direction. The snow, falling always more thickly, had covered those moose-tracks so that even my father had trouble to find the next. And when he found it he regarded the four men standing ready to follow after him yet deeper into the forest.

"'My boys,' said my old father, 'one has lost that moose. In five minutes it will not be possible to see his track. It may also be that one has lost one's self. Our track also becomes covered. *V'là.*' He pointed and we all looked behind suddenly, and the great road of the five of us on our *raquettes* was already blurred at a small distance back. 'One will try,' said my old father, and we turned and started over that road. The snow fell now in great flakes—*crais!* In flakes like that," said Shoulders, making a circle with his fingers about the size of a pancake. "So that at four o'clock one saw well that the track was lost. There was no sun, naturally, and we had not taken the direction by the compass in the chase of that moose, because we trusted to get home soon, and to return on the road we had made. So that we were lost in that for-

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est, in that storm. We had matches and the axes in the belt, and yet of the *galettes* to eat; it was not so bad that night. But my father stopped M'sieur Bob when he would have eaten all the rest of his *galette*.

"'Wait, M'sieur,' my old father said. 'One may need it more to-morrow.'

"So that M'sieur Bob saved much of his *galette*, as did we all. One slept that night without shelter or blankets, quite simply in the snow. But one had a large fire and something to eat. Also one had eaten a good breakfast. That night we were not, as M'sieur sees, too badly off."

I shook my head doubtfully and regarded Bob; his eyes were intent, blazing at Shoulders. The low voice with its gentle inflections went on.

"The next morning, however, one began to be hungry, and yet again my old father restrained us that we should not eat all of our *galettes*.

"'One may need it more,' he said again. And each time he said that it was to me as if something cold gripped at my stomach. For we began to know already what it means to be hungry. All that day it snowed—*crais, oui!* I have never seen a greater storm of snow than that storm. Very large flakes fell, and the wind blew them about us like blankets, so that at times we could not see the tree-trunks twenty feet away. The wind howled also very frightfully, and with little food in my stomach it had the air to me at least, M'sieur, as if many devils from hell were howling to get our bodies. At times we tried to grope our way, to find some landmark, some opening in the river-bed, which might in the end take us back to the camp where were our provisions. But it was of little use because that we could not see far in that driving snow. So it happened that night we made a great fire of logs and sat about it and ate the last of our *galettes*. And in the morning there was no breakfast; no, M'sieur, not even *galette*. And all that day the snow continued, and we were weak because of having no food, so that we could not go far; and, in fact, it was of no good, for one could not see where to go in that storm. And it was that afternoon that we came on a place by a little frozen stream where, some weeks before, my father, in returning from the Jacques Cartier country in the autumn, had killed three muskrats and taken the skins, but had left the bodies. So that we made a fire and cooked those old bodies of muskrats and ate them—but yes, M'sieur. We did that. And still the snow fell. Till, on the morning of the fourth day from the time we had left our camp, suddenly the snow stopped; yet we were far in the forest and we did not know where we were, and also we had become so weak that we were not able to think too clearly, or even to see. But when the snow stopped and the sun came out my old father, who is always of his own opinion—*obstiné*—said that he knew the direction back to our little camp. Yet I was very sure that he was wrong, so that we argued about it, and the others, my brother Réné and my cousin Delphise Gros-Louis, said that they would go with my father, but M'sieur Bob decided that he would stay with me. So that my father, with tears in his eyes, M'sieur, shook us by the hand and told us good-by.

"'I will never see you again in this life,' he said.

"And so also said the others. So we parted, two going with my father and M'sieur Bob and I staying together. And it was about five minutes after"—the soft, virile voice suddenly ran on with amazing swiftness—"that we killed and ate a partridge."

Bob leaned forward in his chair and put out his hand as one having authority. "Hold on, Telesphore," he spoke quickly. "I'll tell this, please."

Shoulders began to busy himself with the little black pipe, looking distinctly disgruntled. I lighted a new cigar and kept an eye on Bob.

"This happened, Dooley. There were the five of us staggering about that endless wood, more or less light-headed, unsure of footing, rather near turning up our toes. There was Père Maurice, Telesphore's father, getting hipped about the ravine which he vowed was the bed of that creek which ran by our camp—there was Père Maurice sticking to his point; there were Réné and Delphise sticking to him; and there was Telesphore, the steadiest of the lot, perfectly certain that

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the ravine ran the wrong way. Then the three left us; I could have howled like a baby when I saw them go; that hideous, endless white forest seemed three times as desolate, as the last cracking of twigs from their trail died away. And the worst was that either they or we, as things looked, were bound to be wrong and to starve to death pretty promptly. Then, all of a sudden, I heard a sort of hiss from Telesphore, and, dizzy as I was, I knew that meant to be on guard. So I looked and there was one single, measly partridge sitting on the branch of a spruce. Great Scott! A year of dinners at Sherry's wouldn't look as desirable as did that skinny brown bird. Now, Telesphore had lost his rifle in the storm—laid it down and couldn't find it again—so my Mannlicher was all there was. You don't go gunning for partridges with Mannlicher rifles usually, you know, and it was ninety-nine to one that, in our wabbly condition, we wouldn't hit the head, and otherwise, of course, the big bullet would blow him to pieces and his food-value would be nil. Telesphore is a better shot than I, and was a bit less wabbly besides, so I handed over my Mannlicher. I hope never to know another such anxious moment. Telesphore shoved the lever and the gun was loaded and full-cocked. Then we two husky men looked at each other as if the last hour had come—and we couldn't tell but it had, and Telesphore put up the gun and sighted at that unconscious little bird waiting on the twig, sliding its precious little head this side and that, a bit excitedly now. A long, long second he sighted, and then—bang! I could hardly breathe till I saw the bunch of feathers lying on the snow, a solid bunch of feathers, with the little, sliding head shot clean off. Well, Dooley, we didn't have that little beast ready to cook, nearly, when there was a crackling and trampling in the forest and here were the three others back. They'd heard the shot and thought we'd found camp and were signalling, and they just rushed back on their tracks. So we cooked that thin little partridge and divided him into five parts. Or I thought we did. I was so ravenous that I just grabbed what Telesphore handed me and gobbled it like a wolf. And—here's the point, Dooley—I ate Telesphore's part as well as my own."

"What?" I demanded. I looked at Shoulders. He was frowning fiercely and appeared perfectly miserable.

"I don't mean I snatched it; not quite so bad as that," explained Bob. "But he gave it to me, and I didn't stop to look or count. I ate it."

"Gosh!" I remarked simply.

"Do you get it, Dooley? He hadn't had food for three days, practically for four, except that nauseous muskrat dose; there was no more food in sight; this scrap of wholesome meat might make a difference, might give enough strength to get through, to kill a beast or something. Moreover, he was starving mad—and—" Bob made a motion with his hand. "I told you," he said, and his voice was thick, "that I knew for certain that a man would lay down—" Bob's voice stopped on a sharp breath.

I looked at Shoulders. He was staring at Bob, blinking his light eyes rapidly. He seemed decidedly uncomfortable. It was clear that while he did not follow the English words he knew the sense of what Bob was saying. With that he broke into a soft, deprecating French sentence.

"M'sieur Bob is wrong to make much of a small thing, M'sieur. It was nothing. It was quite simple. Me—I was older and in my full force. I was accustomed to the woods. I had asked M'sieur Bob to come to that country. He was young; also a man of instruction—*instruit*—and of great value to the world. Moreover, it it was in truth easier for me to die than to tell the family of M'sieur Bob of his death. One sees, M'sieur, that it was actually a small thing which I did."

Bob half-laughed, but there was an expression in his eyes as he looked at Telesphore which I don't believe many men in the world, let alone half-breed Indian guides, often get fired at them. He shook his head. "You won't be able to come that over me, old man," was what he said. And the Indian went on very fast.

"But *v'là* how it happened that M'sieur Bob at once did much more for me and for us all. For no sooner had he eaten that small morsel there of partridge than he gave a shout. For, being young, the dizziness was gone from his head quickly

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with the food, and he saw something which none of us, Indians and hunters, had remarked."

"Oh, rot!" interrupted Bob. "For why? I was facing that way as I gobbled. That's why."

"M'sieur Bob," Shoulders went on quietly, "remarked at some distance—perhaps half an *arpent*—acre—from us in the woods a birch-tree which had been lately cut. And my old father ran quickly, and *v'là* it was one which he at once knew for a tree he had chopped on the last night we spent in our little camp. Therefore the camp and our provisions must be very close, and in fact we found them, searching with care, in ten minutes after that time. So that all now went well. And it was that same day, after we had had a good meal, though eating carefully at first of——"

"Of salt pork and tea and maple-sugar and *galette*," I put in.

"*Mais oui*—but yes, m'sieur," agreed Shoulders pleasantly. "After that the three others occupied themselves about the camp, while M'sieur Bob and I went off a short distance to get birch, for there were no good trees near the camp, as it was set in a spruce wood. And it so happened that we came on a *ravage d'orignal*—a moose-yard—not far from the camp, and we saw in it a cow moose and a calf. When one is hungry one shoots what one sees, M'sieur; it was important that we should have meat. So that M'sieur Bob gave me his rifle, because that I am accustomed to be careful in shooting game, and do not miss often. And as the cow had gone behind a bush I shot the calf and killed it. And the calf cried out, which enraged the cow, and she caught sight of us and charged us."

Bob broke into his huge laughter at this crisis and I couldn't stop him, disgusted as I was to have the tale knocked out.

"For cat's sake, shut up," I adjured him. "What happened?"

Bob roared on. "Really, Dooley, it was a joke. It was one of the corkingest jokes ever," he assured me. And I remarked that Shoulders was not laughing.

"One of you tell me," I urged, and Bob took up the thread.

"Why, this is it. The cow chased us—mainly Telesphore. He turned and fired and hit her on the shoulder, but didn't disable her, and then she was right on him, and he dodged behind a tree and if the blessed old lady didn't come hurtling up to the tree—it was a big balsam—and play peek-a-boo around it with Telesphore, so he hadn't a chance to load the rifle again. As fast as he moved back of the tree she moved after him, and there I was, helpless, with no shootin'-irons. But something had to be done quick, and all I had was an axe. I was afraid to throw it at her, because I'm not much on axe-throwing and, if I missed, that left me defenseless and Telesphore still peek-a-booing back of the tree. She'd get one of us that way, sure. So I turned to like mad at a soft spruce log sticking out of the snow, and chopped a hunk of it, and then, with my axe loose and handy in my belt, I heaved the log at Mrs. Moose and scared her off for one minute. Telesphore had time to load then, and he fired again and dropped her."

"Bobby, you're kidding me," I expostulated. "Sure that isn't out of the sixth reader? It's too good to be true."

"It *is* true," Bob flung back firmly; then patois at Telesphore.

"All which M'sieur Bob tells is the truth," stated Shoulders gravely. "It so happened to M'sieur Bob and to me in the country at the headwaters of the Jacques Cartier River in Canada."

"There's more," said Bob.

"What?" asked I.

"Oh, well, not more thrills as to the hunting-trip, though it was one big thrill all through for me—most interesting month ever I had. But what I mean is—Wait."

Bob started from his chair and dashed across the room, pulling off his coat as he went. He flung open a trunk, lifted out a tray and threw things on the floor as men do. Then he grunted satisfaction, and instantly he was inserting himself into sleeves, and bright colors were flashing—buckskin, embroideries, scarlet, beads. He bent over the trunk and jerked a many-splendored, feathered something out and up and on his head, and then he turned and faced us, in tunic and great feathered war head-dress, an Indian chieftain in gorgeous array.

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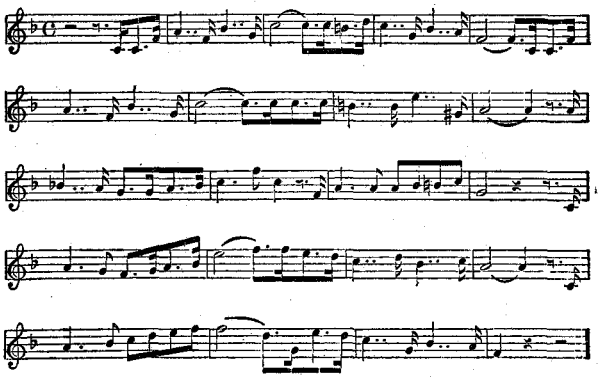
I mentioned that Bob Morgan was a handsome chap; in this absurd light-opera rig, standing with his head back as if he defied me to laugh, flashing his eyes

Paroles de P. G. Huot. LA HURONNE. *Musique de C. Lavigueur.*

at Shoulders, he was about the best-looking figure of a man I ever saw. The things were beautiful in themselves, as well they might be, for it was the historic full war-paint of a Huron chief that I was looking at. And Bob's big bones and straight, dark features suited them like a charm. I was impressed all right. And then I heard a murmur in Shoulders's deep voice; I didn't make it out then, but I knew afterward that what he said, with his soul in the saying, was:

"On-ton-neo Kon-de-Ron."

That was Bobby's new Indian name. "On-ton-neo Kon-de-Ron" meant "Fighting Log of the Hurons."

Shoulders stared at Bobby with his eyes blazing as he shot out the hatchety words.

"Might a plain citizen be allowed to ask what the devil is this?" I gasped finally, and Bob sat down in his glory and shouted big laughter. And proceeded to explain.

"You see, Dooley," said he, "when we got back to Lorette from that month's hunt we were pretty good pals, we five. Particularly Telesphore and I. The old top had fed me partridge when partridge came high, don't you know, and I was feeling kindly toward him. And he insisted on taking seriously that game of 'Who's got the Moose?' in which I was useful, chopping. So we were pals. And I told him, when we got to the village, that I wanted to do something to please him that he would always remember, and what would it be? We powwowed over it many times, and at last I extracted that all his life he'd longed to come to New York and see a big city as she is spoke. So I made up my mind he should come, and that if it took a leg I'd give him the best time I could lay hands on. And then what do you suppose Telesphore sprung on me? Something that made my blowout look like thirty cents. If you please, they adopted me into the tribe. Yes, sir"—and Bob beat his chest proudly. "I'm a Huron chief, the genuine thing—blood brothers we are, aren't we, Telesphore?" And he slung patois lovingly at the Indian.

"What did they do?" I demanded.

"Well," considered Bob, "they did quite some things. It was just now. I went up there for the ceremony and brought Telesphore home with me. It was the first of May and lovely, clear weather, with a little snow-chill in the air, but bright with spring. They had a great meeting out-of-doors—all the village—six hundred people—all in Indian clothes."

"And a platform," put in Telesphore earnestly, in murmuring, deep tones.

"Yes, sir*ree*—a platform, a bully big platform," amended Bob, and thenceforth spoke in French. "All the chiefs and important people were on the platform, and, of course, the two or three very

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Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

Then the three left us; I could have howled like a baby when I saw them go.—Page 526.

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old chiefs who are now the only persons on earth speaking the ancient Huron language. When they die it's gone forever—eh, Telesphore?"

Shoulders nodded.

"Well, they were there. And the agent of the tribe was there. And me. *Me.* In these clothes, only more of them. I went to the head chief's house beforehand and he gave me the costume. And pretty proud of it I was, you bet," said Bob, breaking into American. "Well, they had a sort of address. It's in the trunk—I'll show it to you. It was pretty fine, done on birch-bark, embroidered with beavers in the corners and sewed all around"—Bob gesticulated vaguely—"with moose-hair dyed nice colors. They presented that to me, and it says that I'm a chief of the Huron tribe, so you look out for me, Dooley, and don't try any tricks, or I'll scalp you good and plenty. And then the Lorette band played 'La Huronne,' and the air of that, I'd like you to know, is a veritable Huron war-song which came with the tribe to Quebec two hundred years ago, and nobody knows how much older than that it is. And then there were other 'doings' and the upshot of it is that I was taken into the tribe. And so you see how it is that Telesphore and I have a weakness for each other that has stood a test or two, and is going to stand the test of time, we think."

Bob had gotten up and was standing before me, and the Indian at that sprang from his chair and placed himself, straight, lithe, beautiful in line, with a manner of antique dignity at Bob's side, and slipped an arm around Bob's body. They stood so, close, the American, type of the latest, greatest nation rushing on with ever huger strides to splendid maturity; the Huron, type of a race bygone, almost extinct, holding with ever feebler grasp to the fading signs of long-past glory. Bob put his big arm suddenly about the magnificent shoulders and smiled down as Bob Morgan knows how to smile, and patted the blue-green coat.

"Blood brothers," said Bob.

HORN AND VIOLIN

By Richard Burton

In the autumn, in the weather
  Golden, bronzed and rich with sighs,
When we paced the lanes together,
  Dreamings deep were in your eyes.

Then, O Love, 'twas like the sounding
  Of a mellow horn that blows,
Veiled yet vibrant, far resounding
  Through the paths the woodland knows.

But with May the magic changes,
  And the music pants and pleads;
Like a violin it ranges
  All the soul's insistent needs;

All the hopes and pent desires,
  All the daring and the doubt:
Like to strong, plucked strings, the fires
  Of our spirits rushing out.

In the autumn, love seemed sober;
  Dear, 'tis now a passioned thing;
As the horn is for October,
  But the violin for spring!

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THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE HOSPITAL AT NEUILLY

Pictures by Georges Pavis

A French Artist Wounded at Verdun

GEORGES PAVIS, of Bois Colombes, one of the many suburbs of Paris, was just twenty-three at the beginning of the Great War; his regiment was one of the first to answer the call and was placed in the first line of trenches. He fought bravely through the terrible battles of the Marne and Champagne. During all those days of horror his ever predominant thought was the fear of permanent injury to his hands or arms; rather death a thousand times than to lose all that life held most dear to him, the continuance of his art. He came through his baptism of fire at those early battles unscathed, but was terribly injured at Verdun, where a piece of a shell from one of the famous "77" German guns shattered his hip-bone and made of this once happy "Poilu" a hopeless cripple.

He was fortunate enough to have been brought to the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, America's most glorious tribute to France, where, by marvellous surgery and untiring nursing, his life and the partial use of his legs were restored to him.

This hospital, originally built for a school, was, at the outbreak of the war, taken by American residents of Paris and converted into one of the most completely equipped military hospitals in France. All the modern contrivances and appliances known to present-day science are there to help mend the shattered bones and heal the terrible wounds. The fame of this ambulance hospital is wide-spread, and many of the poor soldiers, wounded on the battle-field, pray to be sent to "l'Américaine," as they call it. It was there, while convalescing, that the sketches on this and the following pages were made by Georges Pavis. They depict, in a humorous vein, scenes that transpire daily at the "Ambulance."

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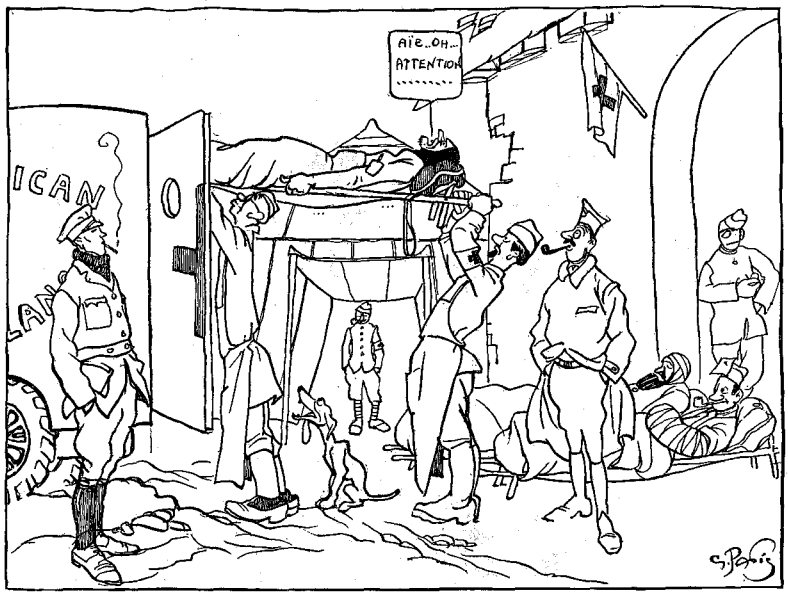
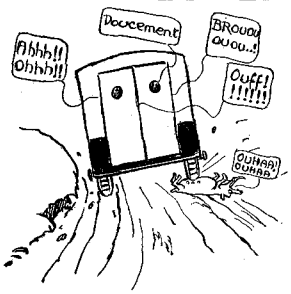
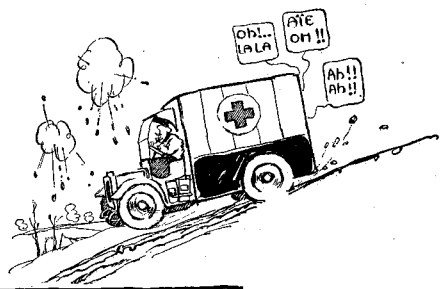
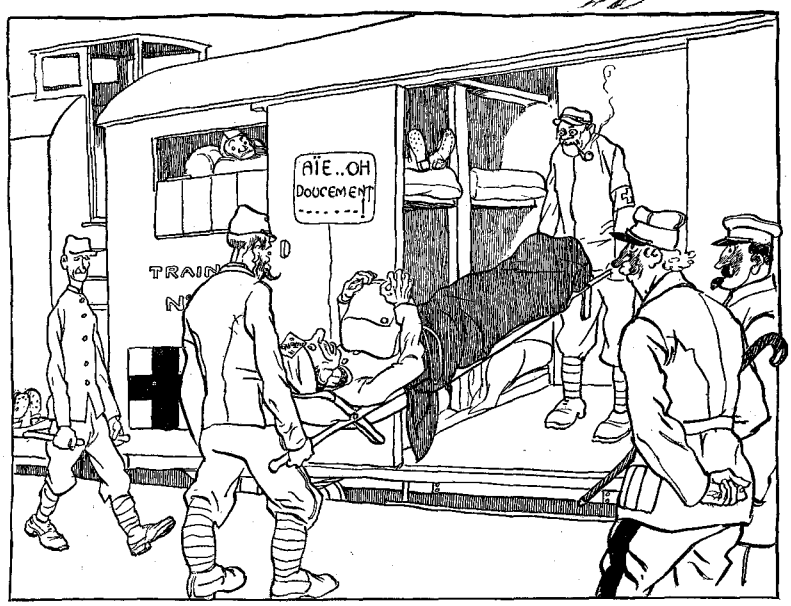


At the "Poste de Secours" the American ambulances call for the wounded.







They are taken aboard the sanitary train.

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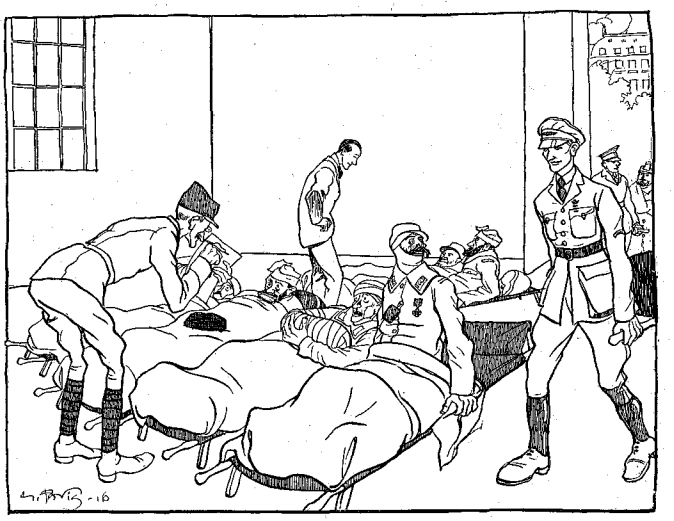
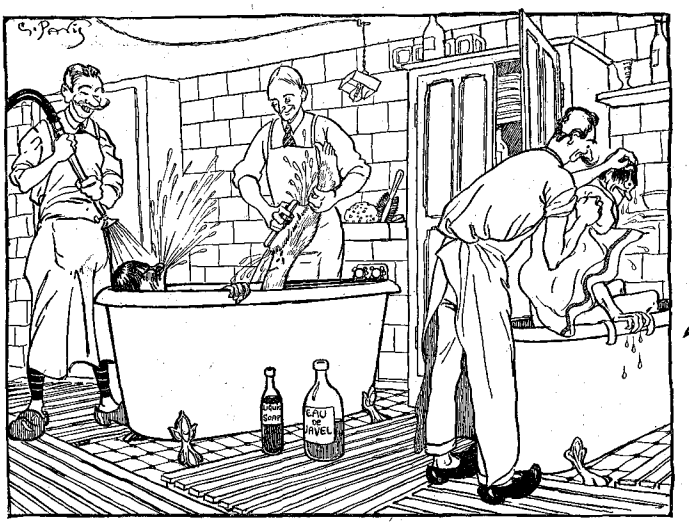
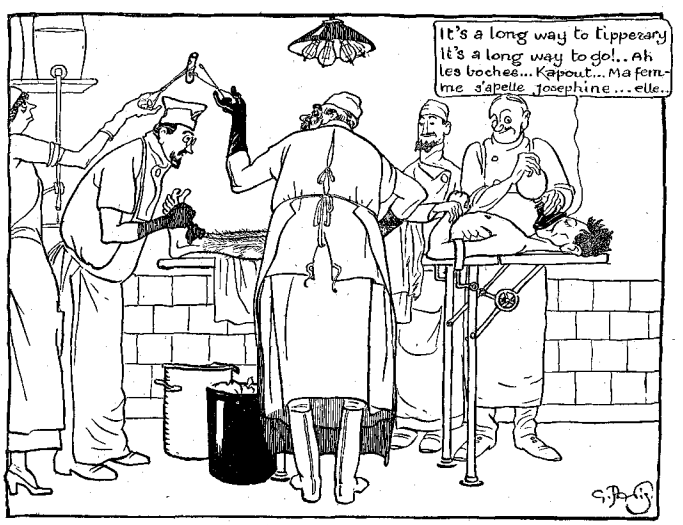


Arrival at the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly.



They are energetically scrubbed.



The first operation.

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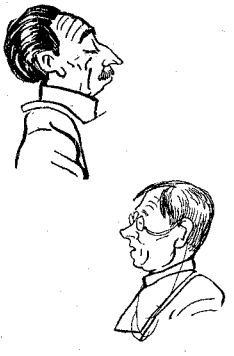
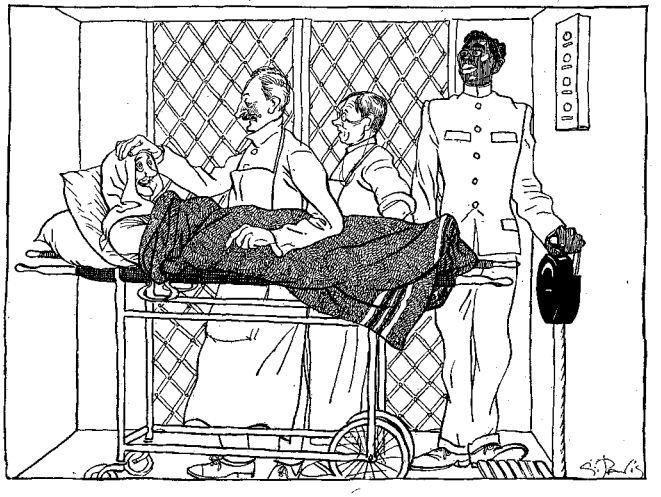
The "Poilu's" temperature is going up.



The elevator permits the transportation of the Poilu without tiring him.



The big operating-room.

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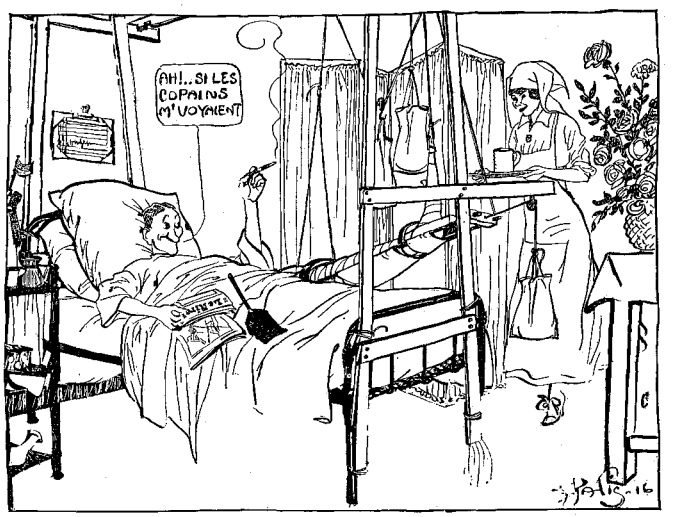
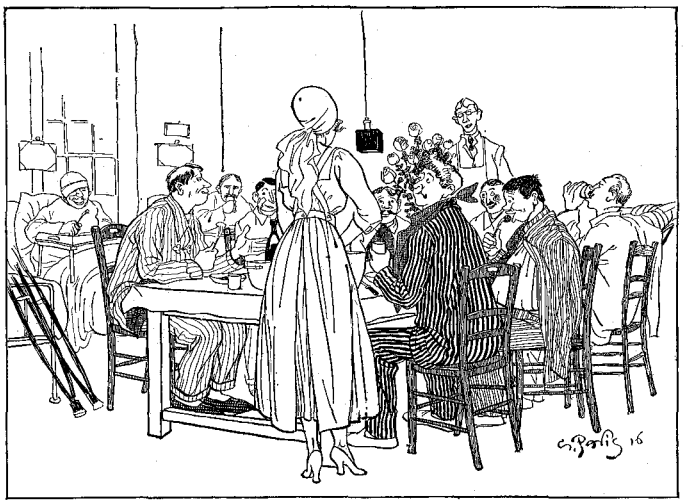
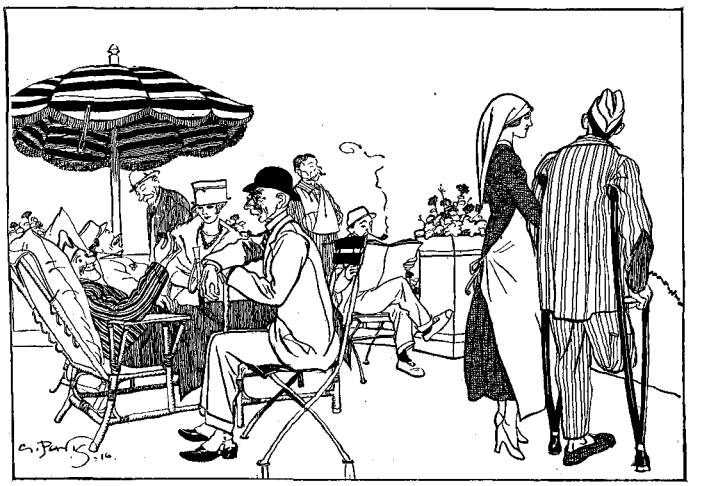
The Poilu is put in an extension-apparatus—he doesn't seem to mind it.





Meal-time.

On the terrace—friends and acquaintances are calling.



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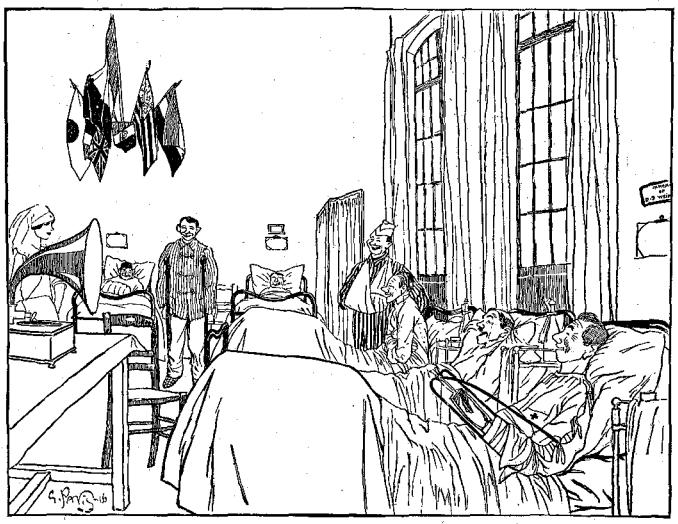
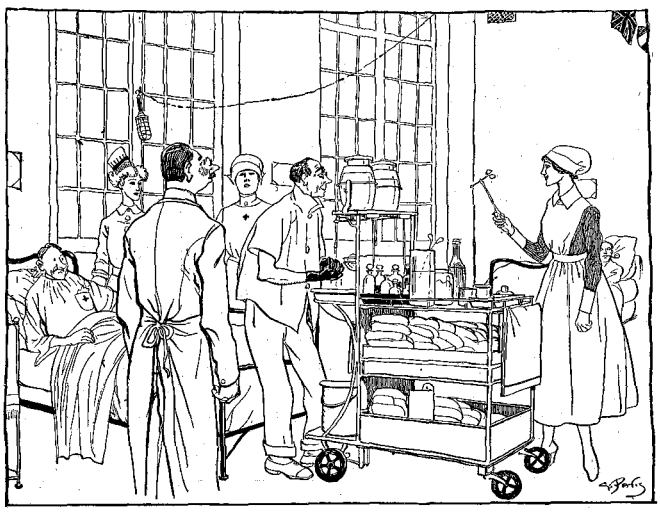
A little party. Being decorated with the Military Medal for bravery.



An appreciated pastime—the talking-machine.



The dreaded hour—changing the bandages.

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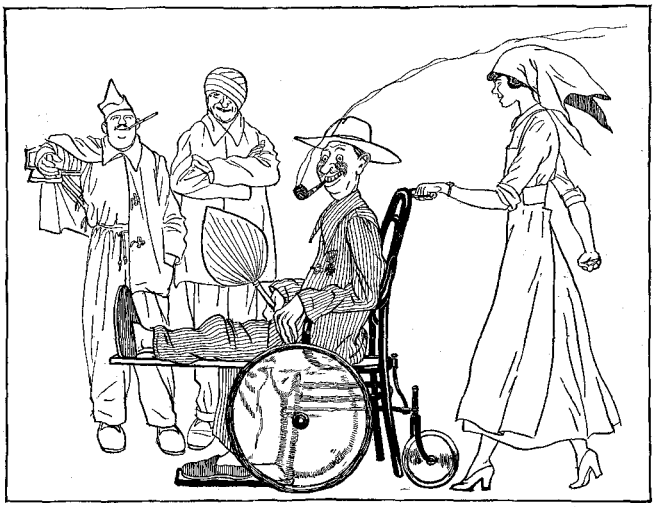
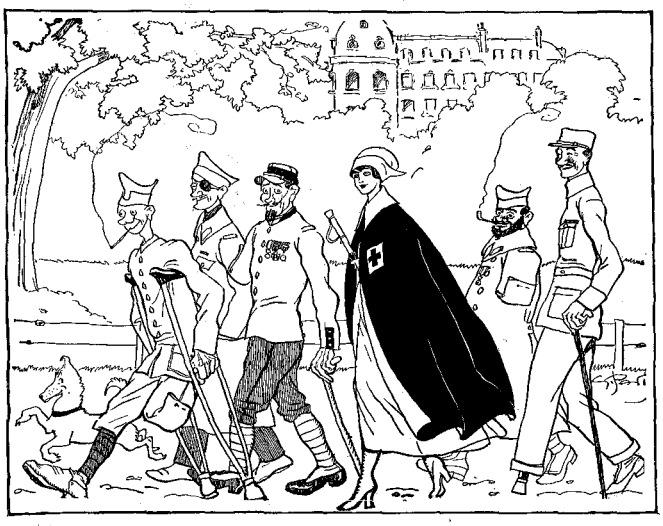
His first day out.



Taking snap-shots—a very sympathetic group.

A promenade on the Avenue du Bois.



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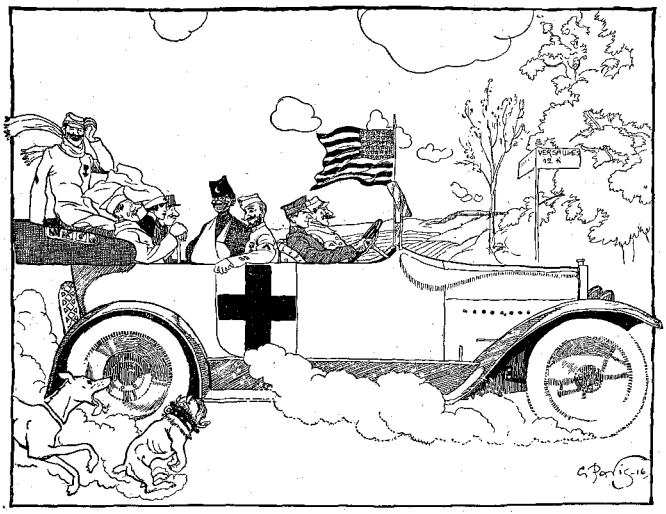

An excursion to the suburbs of Paris.

The farewell.

The Poilu, cured, returns to the front.

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THE ANGEL FROM VIPER

A HAPPY VALLEY STORY

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

HE had violet eyes, the smile of a seraph, and a halo of yellow hair, and he came from Viper, which is a creek many, many hills away from Happy Valley. He came on foot and alone to St. Hilda, who said sadly that she had no room for him. But she sighed helplessly when the Angel smiled—and made room for him. To the teachers he became Willie—to his equals he was Bill. In a few weeks he got home-sick and, without a word, disappeared. A fortnight later he turned up again with a little brother, and again he smiled at St. Hilda.

"Jeems Henery hyeh," he said, "'lowed as how *he'd* come along"—and James Henry got a home. Jeems was eight, and the Angel, who was ten, was brother and father to him. He saw to it that Jeems Henery worked and worked hard and that he behaved himself, so that his concern for the dull, serious little chap touched St. Hilda deeply. That concern seemed, indeed, sacrificial—and was.

When spring breathed on the hills the Angel got restless. He was homesick again and must go to see his mother.

"But, Willie," said St. Hilda, "you told me your mother died two years ago."

"She come *might' nigh* dyin'," said the Angel. "That's what I said." St. Hilda reasoned with him to no avail, and because she knew he would go anyhow gave him permission.

"Miss Hildy, I'm a-leavin' Jeems Henery with ye now, an' I reckon I oughter tell you somethin'."

"Yes, Willie," answered St. Hilda absently.

"Miss Hildy, Jeems Henery is the bigges' liar on Viper."

"Yes," repeated St. Hilda; *"what?"*

"The truth ain't in Jeems Henery," the Angel went on placidly. "You can't lam' it inter 'im an' tain't no use to try. You jus' watch him close while I'm gone."

"I will."

Half an hour later the Angel put his hand gently on St. Hilda's knee, and his violet eyes were troubled. "Miss Hildy," he said solemnly, "Jeems Henery is the cussin'est boy on Viper. I reckon Jeems Henery is the cussin'est boy in the world. You've got to watch him while I'm gone, or no tellin' whut he *will* larn them young uns o' yours."

"All right. I'll do the best I can."

"An' that ain't all," added the Angel solemnly. "Jeems Henery"—St. Hilda almost held her breath—"Jeems Henery is the gamblin'est boy on Viper. Jeems Henery jes can't *look* at a marble without tremblin' all over. If you don't watch him like a hawk while I'm gone I reckon Jeems Henery'll larn them young uns o' yours all the devilment in the world."

"Gracious!"

James Henry veered into view just then around the corner of the house.

"Jeems Henery," called the Angel sternly, "come hyeh!" And James Henry stood before the bar of the Angel's judgment.

"Jeems Henery, air you the gamblin'-est boy on Viper?" James Henry nodded cheerfully.

"Air you the cussin'est boy on Viper?" Again there was a nod of cheerful acknowledgment.

"Jeems Henery, air you the bigges' liar on Viper?" James Henry, looking with adoring eyes at the Angel, nodded shameless shame for the third time, and the Angel turned triumphantly.

"Thar now!" Astounded, St. Hilda looked from one brother to the other.

"Well, not one word of this have I heard before."

"Jeems Henery is a sly un—ain't you, Jeems Henery?"

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Jeems Henery, who was the gamblin'est, cussin'est, lyin'est boy on Viper?"—Page 541.

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"Uh-huh."

"Ain't nobody who can ketch up with Jeems Henery 'ceptin' me."

"Well, Willie, if this is more than I can handle, don't you think you'd better not go home but stay here and help me with James Henry?" The Angel did not even hesitate.

"I reckon I better," he said, and he visibly swelled with importance. "I had to lam' Jeems Henery this mornin', an' I reckon I'll have to keep on lammin' him 'most every day."

"Don't you lam' James Henry at all," said St. Hilda decisively.

"All right," said the Angel. "Jeems Henery, git about yo' work now."

Thereafter St. Hilda kept watch on James Henry and he was, indeed, a sly one. There was gambling going on. St. Hilda did not encourage tale-bearing, but she knew it was going on. Still she could not catch James Henry. One day the Angel came to her.

"I've got Jeems Henery to stop gamblin'," he whispered, "an' I didn't have to lam' him." And, indeed, gambling thereafter ceased. The young man who had come for the summer to teach the boys the games of the outside world reported that much swearing had been going on but that swearing too had stopped.

"I've got Jeems Henery to stop cussin'," reported the Angel, and so St. Hilda rewarded him with the easy care of the nice new stable she had built on the hillside. His duty was to clean it and set things in order every day.

Some ten days later she was passing near the scene of the Angel's new activities, and she hailed him.

"How are you getting along?" she called.

"Come right on, Miss Hildy," shouted the Angel. "I got ever'thing cleaned up. Come on an' look in the *furthest* corners!"

St. Hilda went on, but ten minutes later she had to pass that way again and she did look in. Nothing had been done. The stable was in confusion and a pitchfork lay prongs upward midway of the barn door.

"How's this, Ephraim?" she asked, mystified. Ephraim was a fourteen-year-old boy who did the strenuous work of the barn.

"Why, Miss Hildy, I jus' hain't had time to clean up yit."

"*You* haven't had time?" she echoed in more mystery. "That isn't your work—it's Willie's." It was Ephraim's turn for mystery.

"Why, Miss Hildy, Willie told me more'n a week ago that you said fer me to do *all* the cleanin' up."

"Do you mean to say that you've been doing this work for over a week? What's Willie been doing?"

"Not a lick—jes' settin' aroun' studyin' an' whistlin'."

St. Hilda went swiftly down the hill, herself in deep study, and she summoned the Angel to the bar of her judgment. The Angel writhed and wormed, but it was no use, and at last with smile, violet eyes, and halo the Angel spoke the truth. Then a great light dawned for St. Hilda, and she played its searching rays on the Angel's past and he spoke more truth, leaving her gasping and aghast.

"Why—why did you say all that about your poor little brother?"

The Angel's answer was prompt. "Why, I figgered that you *couldn't* ketch Jeems Henery an' *wouldn't* ketch me. An'," the Angel added dreamily, "it come might' nigh bein' that-a-way if I just had——"

"You're a horrid, wicked little boy," St. Hilda cried, but the Angel would not be perturbed, for he was a practical moralist.

"Jeems Henery," he called into space, "come hyeh!" And out of space James Henry came, as though around the corner he had been waiting the summons.

"Jeems Henery, who was the gamblin'-est, cussin'est, lyin'est boy on Viper?"

"My big brother Bill!" shouted Jeems Henery proudly.

"Who stopped gamblin', cussin', an' lyin'?"

"My big brother Bill!"

"Who stopped all these young uns o' Miss Hildy's from cussin' an' gamblin'?" And Jeems Henery shouted: "My big brother Bill!" The Angel, well pleased, turned to St. Hilda.

"Thar now," he said triumphantly, and seeing that he had reduced St. Hilda to helpless pulp he waved his hand.

"Git back to yo' work, Jeems Henery." But St. Hilda was not yet all pulp.

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"Willie," she asked warily, "when did *you* stop lying?"

"Why, jes' now!" There was in the Angel's face a trace of wonder at St. Hilda's lack of understanding.

"How did James Henry know?" The mild wonder persisted.

"Jeems Henery knows *me!*" St. Hilda was all pulp now, but it was late afternoon, and birds were singing in the woods, and her little people were singing as they worked in fields; and her heart was full. She spoke gently.

"Go on back to work, Willie," she was about to say, but the Angel had gone a-dreaming and his face was sad, and she said instead:

"What is it, Willie?"

"I know whut's been the matter with me, Miss Hildy—I hain't been the same since my mother died six year ago." For a moment St. Hilda took a little silence to gain self-control.

"You mean," she said sternly, "'come *might' nigh* dyin',' Willie, and *two* years ago."

"Well, Miss Hildy, hit 'pears like six." Her brain whirled at the working of his, but his eyes, his smile, and the halo, glorified just then by a bar of sunlight, were too much for St. Hilda, and she gathered him into her arms.

"Oh, Willie, Willie," she half-sobbed; "I don't know what to do with you!" And then, to comfort her, the Angel spoke gently:

"Miss Hildy, jes' don't do—nothin'."

OUR FUTURE IMMIGRATION POLICY

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

THE outstanding feature of our immigration policy has been its negative character. The immigrant is expected to look out for himself. Up to the present time legislation has been guided by conditions which prevailed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We have permitted the immigrant to come; only recently has he been examined for physical, mental, and moral defects at the port of debarkation, and then he has been permitted to land and go where he willed. This was the practice in colonial days. It has been continued without essential change down to the present time. It was a policy which worked reasonably well in earlier times, when the immigrant passed from the ship to land to be had from the Indians, or in later generations from the government.

And from generation to generation the immigrant moved westward, just beyond the line of settlement, where he found a homestead awaiting his labor. These were the years of Anglo-Saxon, of German, of Scandinavian, of north European settlement, when the immigration to this country was almost exclusively from the same stock. And so long as land was to be had for the asking there was no immigration problem. The individual States were eager for settlers to develop their resources. There were few large cities. Industry was just beginning. There was relatively little poverty, while the tenements and slums of our cities and mining districts had not yet appeared. This was the period of the "old immigration," as it is called; the immigration from the north of Europe, from the same stock that had made the original settlements in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the South; it was the same stock that settled Ohio and the Middle West, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas.

The "old immigration" from northern Europe ceased to be predominant in the closing years of the last century. Then the tide shifted to southern Europe, to Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Poland, and the Balkans. A new strain was being added to our Anglo-Saxon, Germanic

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stock. The "new immigration" did not speak our language. It was unfamiliar with self-government. It was largely illiterate. And with this shift from the "old immigration" to the "new," immigration increased in volume. In 1892 the total immigration was 579,663; in 1894 it fell to 285,631. As late as 1900 it was but 448,572. Then it began to rise. In 1903 it was 857,046; in 1905 it reached the million mark; and from that time down to the outbreak of the war the total immigration averaged close on to a million a year, the total arrivals in 1914 being 1,218,480. Almost all of the increase came from southern Europe, over 70 per cent of the total being from the Latin and Slavic countries. In 1914 Austria contributed 134,831 people; Hungary 143,321; Italy 283,734; Russia 255,660; while the United Kingdom contributed 73,417; Germany 35,734; Norway 8,329; and Sweden 14,800.

For twenty years the predominant immigration has been from south and central Europe. And it is this "new immigration," so called, that has created the "immigration problem." It is largely responsible for the agitation for restrictive legislation on the part of persons fearful of the admixture of races, of the difficulties of assimilation, of the high illiteracy of the southern group; and most of all for the opposition on the part of organized labor to the competition of the unskilled army of men who settle in the cities, who go to the mines, and who struggle for the existing jobs in competition with those already here. For the newcomer has to find work quickly. He has exhausted what little resources he had in transportation. In the great majority of cases his transportation has been advanced by friends and relatives already here, who have lured him to this country by descriptions of better economic conditions, greater opportunities for himself, and especially the new life which opens up to his children. And this overseas competition *is* a serious problem to American labor, especially in the iron and steel industries, in the mining districts, in railroad and other construction work, into which employments the foreigners largely go.

How seriously the workers and our cities are burdened with this new immigration from south and central Europe is indicated by the fact that 56 per cent of the foreign-born population in this country is in the States to the east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers, to which at least 80 per cent of the present incoming immigrants are destined. In the larger cities between 70 and 80 per cent of the population is either foreign born or immediately descended from persons of foreign birth. In New York City 78.6 per cent of the people are of foreign birth or immediate foreign extraction. In Boston the percentage is 74.2, in Cleveland 75.8, and in Chicago 77.5. In the mining districts the percentage is even higher. In other words, almost all of the immigration of the last twenty years has gone to the cities, to industry, to mining. Here the immigrant competes with organized labor. He burdens our inadequate housing accommodations. He congests the tenements. He is at least a problem for democracy.

But the effect of immigration on our life is not as simple as the advocates of restriction insist. It is probable that the struggle of the working classes to improve their conditions is rendered more difficult by the incoming tide of unskilled labor. It is probable too that wages are kept down in certain occupations and that employers are desirous of keeping open the gate as a means of securing cheap labor and labor that is difficult to organize. It is also probably true that the immigrant is a temporary burden to democracy and especially to our cities. But the subject is not nearly as simple as this. The immigrant is a consumer as well as a producer. He creates a market for the products of labor even while he competes with labor. And he creates new trades and new industries, like the clothing trades of New York, Chicago, and Cleveland, which employ hundreds of thousands of workers. And a large part of the immigrants assimilate rapidly.

In addition, the new stock from southern and central Europe brings to this country qualities of mind and of temperament that may in time greatly enrich the more severe and practical-minded races of northern Europe.

But it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question of immigration

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restriction or the kinds of tests that should be applied to the incoming alien. It is rather to consider the internal or domestic policy we have thus far adopted after the immigrant has landed on our shores. And this policy has been wholly negative. Our attitude toward the immigrant has undergone little change from the very beginning, when immigration was easily absorbed by the free lands of the West. Even at the present time our legislative policy is an outgrowth of the assumption that the immigrant could go to the land and secure a homestead of his own; and of the additional assumption that he needed no assistance or direction when he reached this country any more than did the immigrants of earlier centuries.

Up to the present time, with the exception of the Oriental races, there has been no real restriction to immigration. Our policy has been selective rather than restrictive. Of those arriving certain individuals are rejected by the immigration authorities because of some defect of mind, of body, or of morals, or because of age, infirmity, or some other cause by reason of which the aliens are likely to become public charges. For the official year 1914, of the 1,218,480 applying for admission 15,745 were excluded because they were likely to become a public charge; 6,537 were afflicted with physical or mental infirmities affecting their ability to earn a living; 3,257 were afflicted with tuberculosis or with contagious diseases; and 1,274 with serious mental defects. All told, in that year less than 2 per cent of the total number applying for admission were rejected and sent back to the countries from which they came.

Our immigration policy ends with the selection. From the stations the immigrants pass into the great cities, chiefly into New York, or are placed upon the trains leaving the ports of debarkation for the interior. They are not directed to any destination, and, most important of all, no effort is made to place them on the land under conditions favorable to successful agriculture. And this is the problem of the future. It is a problem far bigger than the distribution of immigration. It is a problem of our entire industrial life. For, while our immigrants are congested in the cities agriculture suffers from a lack of labor. Farms are being abandoned. Not more than one-third of the land in the United States is under cultivation. Far more important still, millions of acres are held out of use. Land monopoly prevails all over the Western States. According to the most available statistics of landownership, approximately 200,000,000 acres are owned by less than 50,000 corporations and individual men. Many of these estates exceed 10,000 or even 50,000 acres in extent. Some exceed the million mark. States like California, Texas, Oregon, Washington, and other Western States have great manorial preserves like those of England, Prussia, and Russia which are held out of use or inadequately used, and which have increased in value a hundredfold during the last fifty years. These great estates are largely the result of the land grants given to the railroads as well as the careless policy of the government in the disposal of the public domain.

Here is one of the anomalies of the nation. Here is the real explanation of the immigration problem. Here, too, is the division between the "old immigration" and the "new immigration." For the "old immigration" from the north of Europe went to the country. The "new immigration" has gone to the cities because the land had all been given away and the only opportunity for immediate employment was to be found in the cities and mining districts. The "new immigration" from the south of Europe is as eager for home-ownership as the "old immigration" from the north of Europe. But the land is all gone, and the incoming alien is compelled to accept the first job that is offered, or starve. It is this too that has stimulated the protest on the part of labor against the incoming tide. For, so long as land was accessible for all, the incoming immigrants went to the country, where they could build their fortunes as they willed, just as they did in earlier generations.

The European War has forced many new problems upon us. And one of these is the relation of people to the land. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain—that with the ending of the war there will

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be a competition for men, a competition not only by the exhausted Powers of Europe but by Canada, Australia, and America as well. Europe will endeavor to keep its able-bodied men at home. They will be needed for reconstruction purposes. There will be little immigration out of France, for France is a nation of home-owning peasants and France has never contributed in material numbers to our population. The same is true of Germany. Germany is the most highly socialized state in Europe. The state owns the railways, many mines, and great stretches of land. In England too the state has been socialized to a remarkable extent as a result of the war. Russia and Austria-Hungary have undergone something of the same transformation. When the war is over these countries will probably endeavor to mobilize their men and women for industry as they previously mobilized them for war. And in so far as they are able to adjust credit and assistance to their people, they will strive to keep them at home.

But that is not all. Millions of men have been killed or incapacitated. Poland, Galicia, parts of Hungary and Russia have been devastated. Many nobles who owned the great estates have been killed. Many of them are bankrupt. Their land holdings may be broken up into small farms. The state can only go on, taxes can only be collected if industry and agriculture are brought back to life. And the nations of Europe are turning their attention to a consciously worked out agricultural programme for putting the returning soldiers back on the land. Not only that, but reports from steamship and railroad companies indicate that large numbers of men are planning to return to Europe after the war. The estimates, based upon investigation, run as high as a million men. Poles and Hungarians are imbued with the idea that land will be cheap in Europe and that the savings they have accumulated in this country can be used for the purchase of small holdings in their native country, through the possession of which their social and economic status will be materially improved.

I have no doubt but that the years which follow the ending of the war will see an exodus from this country which may be as great as the incoming tide in the years of our highest immigration. Along with this exodus to Europe, Canada will endeavor to repeople her land. Western Canada especially is working out an agricultural and land programme. Even before the war her provinces had removed taxes from houses and improvements and were increasing the taxes upon vacant land, with the aim of breaking up land speculation. And this policy will probably be largely extended after the war is over. England, too, is developing a comprehensive land policy, and is placing returning soldiers upon the land under conditions similar to those provided in the Irish Land Purchase Act. It is not improbable that the war will be followed by a breaking up of many of the great estates in England and the settlement of many men upon the land in farm colonies, such as have been worked out in Denmark and Germany. Even prior to the war Germany had placed hundreds of thousands of persons upon the state-owned farms and on private estates which had been acquired by the government for this purpose. Over $400,000,000 has been appropriated for the purpose of encouraging home-ownership in Germany during recent years.

All over the world, in fact, the necessity of a new governmental policy in regard to agriculture is being recognized. Thousands of Danish agricultural workers have been converted into home-owning farmers through the aid of the government. To-day 90 per cent of the farmers in Denmark own their own farms, while only 10 per cent are tenants. The government advances 90 per cent of the cost of a farm, the farmer being required to advance only the remaining 10 per cent. In addition, teachers and inspectors employed by the state give instruction as to farming, marketing, and the use of co-operative agencies, while the railroads are owned by the state and operated with an eye to the development of agriculture. As a result of this, Denmark has become the world's agricultural experiment-station. The immigration from Denmark has practically ceased, as it has from other countries of Europe in which peasant proprietorship prevails.

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In my opinion, immigration to the United States will be profoundly influenced by these big land-colonization projects of the European nations. It may be that large numbers of men with their savings will be lured away from the United States. As a result, agricultural produce in the United States may be materially reduced. Even now there is a great shortage of agricultural labor, while tenancy has been increasing at a very rapid rate. And America may be confronted with the immediate necessity of competing with Europe to keep people in this country. A measure is now before Congress looking to the development of farm colonies, in which the government will acquire large stretches of land to be sold on easy terms of payment to would-be farmers, who are permitted to repay the initial cost in instalments covering a long period of years. Similar measures are under discussion in California, in which State a comprehensive investigation has been made of the subject of tenancy and the possibility of farm settlement. Looking in the same direction are the declarations of many farmers' organizations throughout the West for the taxing of land as a means of ending land monopoly and land speculation. This is one of the cardinal planks in the platform of the non-partisan organization of farmers of North Dakota which swept the State in the last election. Every branch of the government was captured by the farmers, whose platform declared for the untaxing of all kinds of farm-improvements and an increase in the tax rate on unimproved land as a means of developing the State and ending the idle-land speculation which prevails.

If such a policy as this were adopted for the nation as a whole; if the idle land now held out of use were opened up to settlement; if the government were to provide ready-made farms to be paid for upon easy terms, and if, along with this, facilities for marketing, for terminals, for slaughter-houses, and for agencies for bringing the produce of the farms to the markets were provided, not only would agriculture be given a fillip which it badly needs but the congestion of our cities and the immigration problem would be open to easy solution. Then for many generations to come land would be available in abundance. For America could support many times its present population if the resources of the country were opened up to use. Germany with 67,000,000 people could be placed inside of Texas. And Texas is but one of forty-eight States. Under such a policy the government could direct immigration to places of profitable settlement; it could relieve the congestion of the cities and Americanize the immigrant under conditions similar to those which prevailed from the first landing in New England down to the enclosure of the continent in the closing days of the last century. For the immigration problem is and always has been an economic problem. And back of all other conditions of national well-being is the proper relation of the people to the land.

PROMISE

By Margaret Cable Brewster

All that thou art, my Mother, I would be;
And, even now, I dream that dawn shall rise
When one shall, wistful, look into my eyes,
And find therein a light that shines from thee.

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF PAINTING

BY KENYON COX

THE CULMINATION OF THE RENAISSANCE

JUST at the end of the fifteenth century, after two hundred years of delightful if incomplete creation or of strenuous study of nature and of technic, the art of the Italian Renaissance reached a sudden and brilliant maturity. For a brief period it produced a series of supreme masterpieces. Then, everywhere but in Venice, that decline began which has continued until now. Venice maintained the supremacy of Italian art until nearly the end of the sixteenth century, but with the beginning of the seventeenth the leadership in art passed definitely to the races of the North.

The suddenness of the change from an art still more or less primitive to the full-blown art of the high Renaissance, and the briefness of the period of splendor, may be best shown by a few dates. The first picture of the new and fully matured style, Leonardo's "Last Supper," was probably painted in 1497. Within fifteen years, that is, by 1512, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the frescoes of the Camera della Segnatura had been completed, and when Raphael died, in 1520, the decline had already begun. In 1505 Raphael, then just beginning to break away from the method of Perugino and to establish his own artistic personality, had begun a fresco of "The Trinity with Saints and Monks" in San Severo at Perugia. He left it unfinished, and the lower part of it was painted, after his death, by Perugino himself, still practising with diminished power the old manner from which Raphael had so entirely freed himself. Even Correggio, the youngest and the most revolutionary of the giants of the high Renaissance, who transformed painting beyond the dreams of Michelangelo or Raphael, had completed his work and died in 1534. Yet Lorenzo da Credi, Leonardo's fellow pupil in Verrocchio's studio, younger than Leonardo by seven years, survived until 1537, a primitive to the end.

Nothing can account for the extent and the rapidity of this change but the extraordinary genius of four men: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Correggio; and the art of this short and wonderful time of culmination is essentially their work, as the art of the long decadence that followed is deeply tinged by their influence. Without any one of them the high Renaissance would have lacked something essential to its peculiar glory. Without any one of them the art of the succeeding age must have been profoundly different from what it actually was. Always excepting the Venetians, who need separate consideration for many reasons, their contemporaries were either survivals of the past, like Perugino and Botticelli; men of talent but of little original force, like Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto; or their own followers and imitators. Doubtless there are good historical reasons why the culmination should have come at that time, or, what is really the same thing, why the decline should have begun immediately after them. Doubtless their time moulded them and colored them, as it fostered them and gave them their opportunity. But there was no one else who could have used their opportunity as they used it, and in their turn they moulded and colored their age.

The earliest of the four, Leonardo da Vinci, was, in a sense, rather a precursor of the high Renaissance than a full sharer in it. Twenty-three years older than Michelangelo and thirty-one years older than Raphael, he was already a mature and world-famed artist when they were beginning their careers, and in his later years he completed very little work of importance. Painter, sculptor, architect, engineer and man of science, as well as musician and courtier, he allowed his varied interests to distract him from artistic

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creation, and of the few things he actually painted most are lost or ruined. Enough remains for us to see that his task was to push all parts of the art of painting to the very verge of perfection, not to carry any one of its elements to the highest possible point. His composition has an amplitude and a dignity hitherto undreamed of, his draughtsmanship an expressiveness and precision hitherto unattainable. One could scarcely imagine anything better composed or better drawn than are his best works, had not Raphael and Michelangelo shown us what that something might be. It is so with everything else, with the noble casting of his draperies, with his treatment of light and shade, probably with his mastery of color, though it is now impossible to tell what his color may really have been. It is in the treatment of light and shade that he was most the innovator, and he has been called the inventor of chiaroscuro, but even here he did not go the whole way. So much of light and shade as is necessary to express the full roundness of objects he thoroughly mastered. He added the third dimension to the two which had hitherto almost sufficed for painting, and incurred the risk of blackness to insure the perfection of modelling. Of light and shade as a separate element of art, capable of its own range of expression—of light and shade which veils form rather than reveals it—he knew nothing, or chose not to utilize such knowledge as he had.

For it is necessary to distinguish between what Leonardo the scientific investigator had learned of the aspects of nature and what Leonardo the artist thought fit for artistic employment. He was a tireless student of all kinds of natural phenomena, and of many things he had learned a great deal that has been rediscovered only in our own time. Among other things, as his note-books prove, he had studied effects of transmitted and reflected light, understood the difference between diffused daylight and sunlight with its crisp-edged shadows, saw the blue shadow which has been introduced into modern painting by the Impressionists and knew the reason of it. He attempted none of these things in painting and he tells us why. These things, he says, after a long description of the effects of sunlight upon foliage—of the color of the sky in the high lights, of the yellow light where the sun shines through the leaf and the interruption of this light where the shadow of one leaf falls upon another—these things should not be painted "because they confuse the form."

The Florentine ideal in art was the utmost realization of form. Leonardo was a true Florentine, and he introduced into painting just so much of light and shade as should assist in this realization, no more. It is his use of modelling that is his most personal contribution to art. Much rhapsodical nonsense has been written about the "Mona Lisa" and her enigmatic smile, and there have been endless speculations as to her character and the meaning of her expression. It is all beside the mark. The truth is that the "Mona Lisa" is a study of modelling, little more. Leonardo had discovered that the expression of smiling is much more a matter of the modelling of the cheek and of the forms below the eye than of the change in the line of the lips. It interested him, with his new power of modelling, to produce a smile wholly by these delicate changes of surface; hence, the mysterious expression. Poets may find "la Gioconda" a vampire or what-not—to artists with a sense of form her portrait will always be a masterpiece because it is one of the subtlest and most exquisite pieces of modelling in existence. It is perfect as the surface of a Greek marble is perfect, beautiful with the beauty of a lily-petal, and is well worth the years of study and of labor that it is said to have cost.

Another of Leonardo's innovations was less fortunate. The technic of fresco painting, with its necessity for direct and immediate attainment of the desired result, was ill suited to his temper, which loved to ponder deeply and to caress into final perfection by an infinity of retouchings. He abandoned it, and painted his "Last Supper" in another medium which is now said not to have been oils. Whatever it was it proved ill suited to mural decoration, and the painting must early have begun to scale from the walls. Today it is a wreck in which the nobility of the composition is all that is discernible of what was once a masterpiece. Whether a similar fate overtook his "Battle of the Standard," which he began to paint upon the wall of the Palazzo Vecchio in Flor-

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ence, we do not know. It has utterly disappeared and we can judge of it only by fragmentary copies.

So much of Leonardo's work was left unfinished, so much of it has perished, that we must form our estimate of him as an artist rather from his countless drawings than from the few paintings that remain to us. They are among the most delightful things in the world, infinitely delicate and refined yet full of masculine power. There are single sketches of his which are comparable only to the finest fragments of Greek sculpture as an assurance of a consummate art which the world no longer possesses.

All the painting of the high Renaissance is based upon Leonardo's acquisitions. Even Michelangelo must have studied and admired him, though he would not admit it, and we know that Raphael humbly imitated him. He achieved a colossal reputation, yet outside Lombardy the traces of his personal influence are small, and Lombardy produced no great masters. Luini, too old to have been properly his pupil, caught something of the grace of his smiling heads and the charm of his subtle

Mona Lisa. By Leonardo da Vinci.
In the Louvre, Paris.

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modelling, and made with these elements a secure place for himself. Among the master's more direct following Sodoma is perhaps the most considerable person, and many of us feel that his swooning Catherines and effeminate Sebastians could well be spared. But the precursor had made the ways straight, and the younger men who came after him had each but to explore a little farther one of the paths he had marked out.

At first sight Michelangelo may seem almost as versatile a genius as Leonardo himself. He, also, was painter, sculptor, architect, and engineer, and he was, besides all these, a poet of true power. Yet his task was a much narrower one than that of Leonardo. In the three arts he practised his work was to express the Renaissance ideal of energy, and to express it by means of the Florentine ideal of significant form. He is essentially the draughtsman and his special distinction is to have pushed significant draughtsmanship farther than it had ever gone before or has ever gone since.

Not that this means, as has so often been said, that he knew nothing of color. The world is slowly learning that he knew a great deal about color, and that his great central masterpiece of painting, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, is, within the limits of what is possible to fresco painting or profitable for decorative art, one of the world's masterpieces of coloring, entirely harmonious and admirable, held together throughout its vast extent with an absolute control and an astounding science. But the mere fact that it has taken the world nearly four hundred years to learn this is evidence enough that it is not the most important thing about the art of Michelangelo. Within his limits, also, he is a master of composition, but his mastery of composition seldom extends beyond the single group. When he uses many figures there is almost always a certain confusion, a lack of clarity and order. Where he seems to have no limits is in his amazing draughtsmanship and in the gigantic energy which that draughtsmanship could express.

It had been the effort of the Florentine school for two hundred years to master the human figure. It had been its distinction to rely upon the gesture and expression of the human figure for its greatest effects. No one since the Greeks knew the human figure as Michelangelo knew it, and no one has relied so exclusively upon the human figure as his means of expression. Not merely in sculpture, but in painting, he banished everything else. Landscape is reduced to the barest symbolism—to the most rudimentary indication. Drapery becomes a mere aid to the revelation of the movement and structure beneath it. Nothing is important but the realization of the figure itself as a solid bulk in space, the exact notation of its structure of bone and muscle and tendon and of their interactions and stresses. The roll of the thorax upon the pelvis, the tension of a muscle in action, the heavy dragging of it when relaxed, these are the things on which Michelangelo concentrated his power. With them he carries the expression of human energy to the height of the sublime.

His drawing is never merely correct, and it is sometimes careless. From the first he indulges in any exaggeration that will gain his end. But he is not indifferent to beauty, and the languid Adam of his "Creation of Man" is almost as nobly gracious as his Creator is majestic and full of sweeping power. Gradually the exaggerations are exaggerated, the beauty disappears in the effort to attain the utmost force. Bulk is increased beyond the possibility of nature, and attitudes are strained and contorted. When he painted the "Last Judgment" he had lived far into the decadence and had become, as it were, the chief of his own imitators. He had lost his sense of color; he had never had sufficient grasp of composition to organize so vast a concourse of figures; but, above all, his forms had become swollen and monstrous. Instead of grandeur there is grandiosity; instead of eloquence there is inflated rhetoric; in place of the true energy of the high Renaissance there is the fantastic display of energy which we know as the Baroque.

Though he was a sculptor, born and bred, and painted under protest, Michelangelo found the highest expression of his genius in the painting of the vault of the Sistine; but there is a side of his nature that shows itself most decisively in his sculpture—the romantic and melancholy side. His greatest statues were pro-

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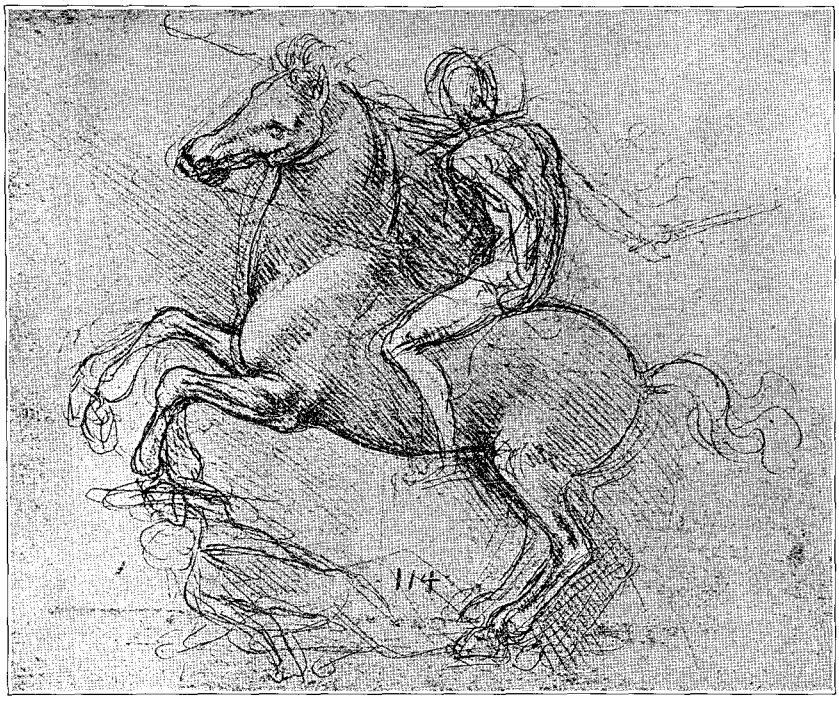
duced in the years between the painting of the vault and that of the "Last Judgment," and show neither the triumphant and almost joyous energy of the one nor the pompous simulacrum of energy of the other. Rather they show us thwarted energy, energy struggling against and crushed by fate. There is a titanic and rebellious melancholy in them that is scarcely anywhere to be found in his painting.



Study for Equestrian Statue. By Leonardo da Vinci.
In the Windsor Library, London.

We know that he was of a melancholy temperament, soured by dyspepsia and embittered by the thwarting of his great projects. We know that he grieved deeply over the degeneracy of the time and the degradation of his native Florence. But there are reasons in the nature of the art of sculpture and in Michelangelo's training and technic for this sense of struggle. It is a struggle against the laws of sculpture itself. He was a sculptor in the strictest sense of the word, a cutter of stone. He did nothing in bronze that has come down to us, and he did not, as many modern sculptors do, design freely in the clay, leaving the problems of the actual execution to others. He was accustomed to getting his statues out of the block, and he respected the block in which he worked and liked to preserve something of its four-squareness in the completed statue. Now the limits of the block will not greatly hamper the sculptor whose aim is tranquil and monumental beauty—to the sculptor whose aim is energy they must ever serve as a constraint, and his figures will seem to be struggling to free themselves from the stone. Michelangelo's successors forgot the block entirely and their figures attitudinize in complete obliviousness of it. For him the cramped postures enforced by the limits of the stone had an expressional value, and he came more and more to leave a part of the stone unremoved that the struggle for freedom from it might be emphasized.

Neither his own impatience, the exigence of his powerful employers, nor any other external circumstance will account for the number of Michelangelo's unfinished statues. A concentration of effort

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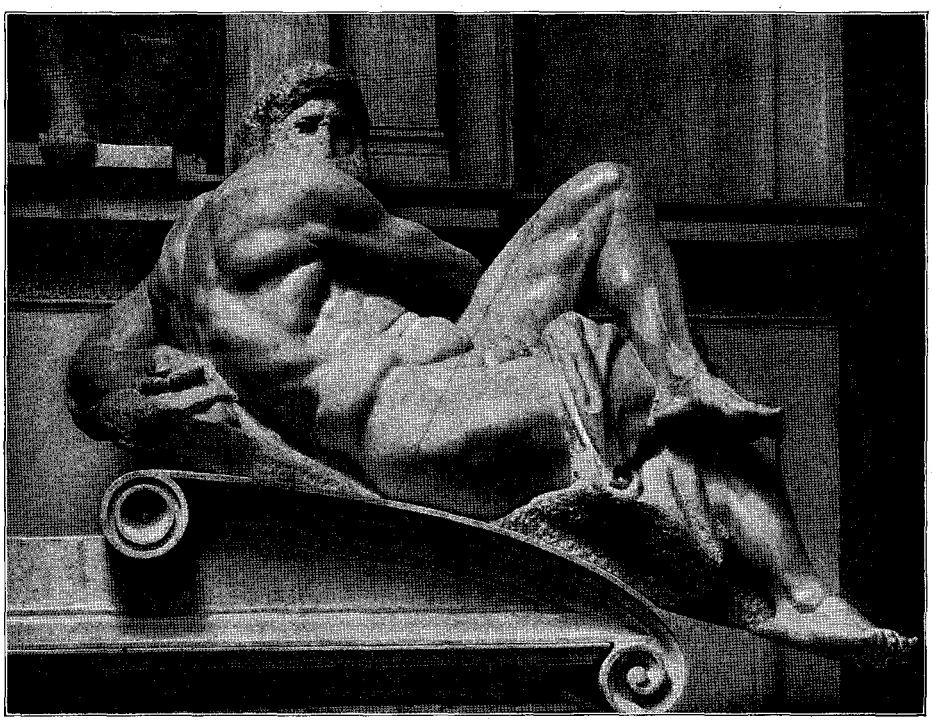
upon the torso and a comparative neglect of the extremities plays its part. So, perhaps, does a love of contrasted surfaces, rough against smooth, and a love of mystery. But essentially his statues remain unfinished because he found that so they expressed his mind and temper, and that they ceased to do so when he tried to complete them.

His followers and successors understood neither this temper nor the method by which it expressed itself. They imitated his forms and attitudes—they never thought of imitating his unfinish, which was to them a negligible accident. It was not until our own day that it became an easy trick of the studios, lending a false air of mystery and of romance to the work of any whipster who has neither energy with which to struggle nor the austere self-restraint which makes conflict inevitable.

In his old age, when the physical labor of sculpture had become too hard for him and he no longer knew how to paint, Michelangelo devoted himself to architecture, and the swelling curve of Saint Peter's dome is his latest expression of supreme energy nobly self-limited and self-controlled. In architecture his example was even more decisive than in painting or sculpture. When painting and sculpture were rapidly declining in Italy architecture remained a living art, fantastic at times and extravagant, but full of vigor; and the architecture of the Baroque is essentially the expression of energy. Its forms and the direction of its effort were both largely determined by his practice, as the forms and the spirit of the other school of Renaissance architecture, the academic, were largely derived from the work of Bramante and of Raphael.

As Michelangelo was born to give in his art the highest expression of the Renaissance ideal of energy, so Raphael was born to express the equally cherished, if partly inconsistent, ideal of serene and ordered dignity, of a clear and spacious existence, governed by intelligence and right reason; and nothing could be more unlike the proud and tortured spirit of the



Day. By Michelangelo.
From the tomb of Julien de Medici in the Medici Chapel.

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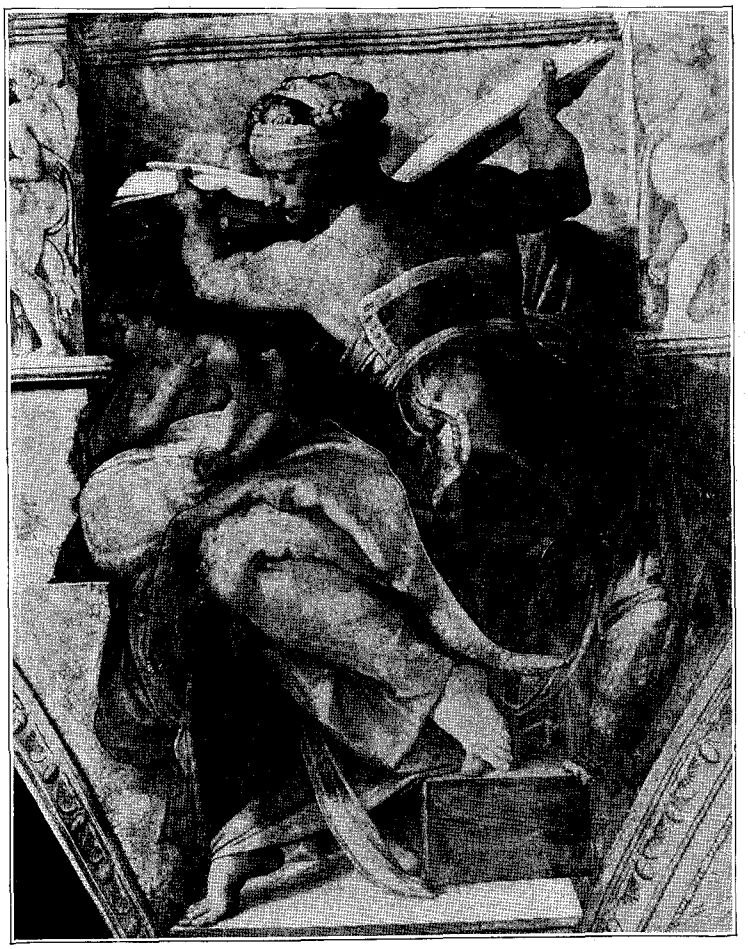
great Florentine than the sunny wholesomeness of Raphael's nature. His training was as unlike Michelangelo's as his personality. Born in Urbino, he was could do better work in it than Perugino himself. Then he went to Florence for further education and diligently studied everything from which something might



The Libyan Sibyl. By Michelangelo.
In the Sistine Chapel.

brought up at one of the most cultivated courts in Italy, and early became the friend of Bramante and of Castiglione. He inherited the Umbrian tradition of large and open distances and gently smiling figures, and while he amplified and elevated his style he never lost the Umbrian sweetness.

A part of his reasonableness was his docility and, brilliantly precocious as he was, Raphael was one of the most teachable of men. He remained faithful to the manner of his master Perugino until he be learned. From Masaccio and Filippino he learned to tell a story clearly and to give a large simplicity to his attitudes and his draperies. He studied Michelangelo's drawing and Leonardo's light and shade and was not above taking lessons in composition from a man so much his own inferior as Fra Bartolommeo. His task, at first, was less to originate anything than to absorb everything that had been originated by others—to do together what others had done separately, and to do it with a final and accomplished grace which

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no one else had been able to capture. Yet, from the beginning there is a personality in his very impersonality, and the mark of his individuality is the lack of individual bias. No one else, not even Leonardo, could produce an art so rounded and balanced. No one else could give such airy spaciousness to the smiling landscape; no one else could fill it with men so noble or women and children so beautiful; no one else could create a world without evil, inhabited by a race of ideal beings in whom we rejoice to believe. His way of telling the Bible story has become the way of all the world, his ideals of dignity and beauty have dominated us all, and no one has been able to free himself entirely from Raphael's vision of a serene and perfectly ordered universe.

He was seldom successful in representing any vehemence of action, and it was not his function to evoke pity or terror. His world is a world of peace and tranquillity, and its dominating character is orderliness. Now in art, the very principle of order is design, and Raphael was the greatest master of design that the world has seen. The perfection of ordered design—the mastery of formal composition—was his gift to the world, and to it everything else was subordinated. He could draw with correctness and even with some vigor, but the strenuous draughtsmanship of Michelangelo would have been too insistent for his purpose, even had he been capable of it. His drawing must be simplified and enlarged to fit it for his use, and he did not much care if it became empty. He was working in arrangements of lines and spaces, and that they should tell as such, it was necessary that the spaces should not be too much cut up with smaller forms and that the flow of the lines should not be too much interrupted with minor accents. The "grand style" of his draperies is a matter of composition, and it was because composition was his principal affair that he was indifferent to textures and to the character of stuffs which he could paint admirably when he chose. His use of color and of light and shade is similarly conditioned. Each of these elements is sufficiently studied to be an agreeable accompaniment to a scheme of composition, but neither is allowed to attract too much attention to itself.

The perfect opportunity for the development of his new style and for the display of his personal qualities was given to Raphael when Pope Julius II commissioned him to decorate the room called the Camera della Segnatura, in that Vatican within whose walls Michelangelo was even then at work on the vault of the Sistine. In the four years between 1508 and 1512 these two supreme and widely dissimilar works were completed. Those four years are the real culmination of the Renaissance. As Michelangelo never again found a subject so suited to his powers as the story of the creation and the fall of man, so Raphael here found, or was given, a subject exactly suited to his; the complete illustration of the Renaissance ideal of culture in its fourfold division of theology, philosophy, poetry, and law. In the decorative framework left by Sodoma he placed fourteen compositions. On the ceiling are four medallions, each containing a personification of one of these divisions of learning, and four rectangular panels containing the stories of "The Temptation of Adam," "The Judgment of Solomon," and "The Flaying of Marsyas," and a figure leaning over a celestial globe which must be meant for "Science." In the great lunettes of the longer walls he painted, below "Theology" that picture of the church militant and the church triumphant which has come to be called "La Disputa," below "Philosophy" that gathering of the philosophers and scientists of the ancient world which is known as "The School of Athens." On the shorter walls he placed "Parnassus" below the winged figure of "Poetry," and below "Justice" the allegory of "Jurisprudence" and two smaller frescoes of historical subjects—"Gregory IV delivering the Decretals" and "Justinian delivering the Institutes"—the foundations of ecclesiastical and civil law.

The first painted of the greater compositions was probably the "Disputa," and in the upper part of this there are still reminiscences of the manner of Perugino and Pintoricchio, though neither of them was capable of the thought which transformed the flat wall into the semidome or apse of a cathedral, any more than either of them was capable of the clear yet intricate grouping and the infinite variety of the lower part. In the other frescoes

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The School of Athens. By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

every trace of the earlier manner has disappeared. They are the unapproachable examples of what composition may accomplish, noble and gracious in their ordering, perfect in their balance, endlessly lovely in their interweaving of line, fitting their spaces with sovereign mastery and ease.

Even Raphael himself could do nothing so perfect again. In the "Mass of Bolsena" and the "Delivery of Peter" he attained to fuller coloring and attempted new effects of lighting. In the "Sibyls" of Santa Maria della Pace and the Farnesina frescoes of the story of Cupid and Psyche he composed for new spaces with nearly his old felicity. But he had commissions for far more work than he could execute, he was increasingly interested in architecture and the recovery of that ancient world which seemed the realization of his dream of order. He came to rely more and more upon a throng of pupils and to leave to them not merely the execution but the design of the works of which he was only nominally the author. He wore himself out early, and though he died at thirty-seven he had outlived his best powers and his art was on the decline.

He left behind him what was, for three centuries, the greatest name in all art. If it is not so authoritative to-day as it once was, it is because we have drifted far away from the ideals of which he was the incarnation. He is forever the type of what we know as the classic spirit, and when the world has tired of individualism and of lawlessness it will again find in him the highest expression of order and of noble submission of the individual to law.

If Correggio was a less supremely great artist than Michelangelo or Raphael, yet his art is even more surprising and unaccountable than theirs, and a more strikingly original genius than his has never appeared. If Michelangelo invented the Baroque, Correggio foreshadowed the Rococo. His pictures seem a century—one might almost say two centuries—later than those of his contemporaries, and it is almost impossible to believe that he was but nine years younger than Raphael and that he died a year before Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" was begun. His full greatness was hardly realized and his influence was certainly not at its highest until the eighteenth century.

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This delay in the establishment of his fame was partly due to the isolation in which he worked, and this isolation makes the revolution he wrought in the art of painting but the more wonderful. He must have had an opportunity to study the works of Mantegna at Mantua, for from them he took the hint of his figures foreshortened from below. He was more or less influenced by certain Ferrarese masters who are, after all, artists of a minor importance. There is no proof and little probability that he ever saw Rome or knew anything but by report of the work of his greatest contemporaries. The pictures now accepted as his early works, like the example in the Metropolitan Museum, have little merit and show little promise, and the series of masterpieces in his own personal style begins with the frescoes painted in the Convent of San Paolo in Parma, probably in 1518, when he was twenty-five years old. The rest of his short life was passed in Parma or in his native town of Correggio, entirely apart from the great currents of Italian art.

It is a strange art that he invented—an art at once joyous and sentimental, frankly sensuous and intolerably affected—an art from which the last vestige of formality is banished—an art full of agitation, of airs and graces and posturings, of rumpled draperies and naked limbs—an art in which angels and loves are confounded, and in which the spiritual rapture of a crowned Madonna is indistinguishable from the physical ecstasy of Io in the arms of Jupiter. It is, above all, an art flooded with light or swooning in shadow. His innovations were innumerable. In decoration he broke up the architectural framework entirely, brought pulpy clouds across his arches for his saints to sit on, and transformed the dome above into an opening of heaven thronged with soaring figures seen from below in such realistic perspective that one's first, and almost one's last, impression is of a tangled fringe of legs. In his altar-pieces he abandons the consecrated pattern, places the Madonna at one side of the centre, or builds up one of the lateral groups while lowering the other, composes on the diagonal and establishes a new and picturesque balance of inequalities in place of the old formal balance of equalities. Even in coloring he introduces a glowing richness to be found nowhere else except in that art of Venice of which he can have known nothing, or a silvery coolness to be found nowhere else at all. In the technical handling of material—the mastery of pure painting—he has had no superior and hardly a rival.

But all these innovations, admirable or the reverse, are as nothing compared with his invention of chiaroscuro, of which he is the supreme master in Italian art. With him light and shade ceases to be a mere means of securing relief and becomes a separate element of art of the highest expressional value. He could do anything with it, and it becomes at times the real theme of his work. It is not for nothing that the "Nativity" at Dresden, the whole picture illuminated by the miraculous light from the body of the divine child, and the yet more wonderful "Madonna of Saint Jerome" at Parma, have received the traditional titles of "La Notte" and "Il Giorno." Night and day, light struggling through darkness and light joyously triumphant and universal, these are his true subjects. With Correggio light and shade becomes mystery and poetry, an escape from the real, a heightener of sentiment, above all a veil and mitigant of voluptuousness. Such pictures as his later mythologies, his Ledas and Ios and Danaës, would be intolerable and indecent if expressed in the precise and revealing manner of an earlier art. Bathed in floating and languorous shadows which half hide, half reveal them, his pearly nymphs are removed into a seductive dreamland of romantic and unreal passion.

Tintoretto was to make a more dramatic use of light and shadow—there is no drama in Correggio—Rembrandt was to make it expressive of a new pathos and a deeper mystery; neither they nor any one could achieve by its means such varied and such consummate beauty. What Michelangelo was to drawing and Raphael to composition Correggio was to light and shade. Of the greater elements of painting there remained but one to be fully mastered, the element of color, and the mastery of it was to employ not one artist but a whole school.

With the death of Correggio the golden age of Italian painting, outside Venice, comes to an end. The later art divides

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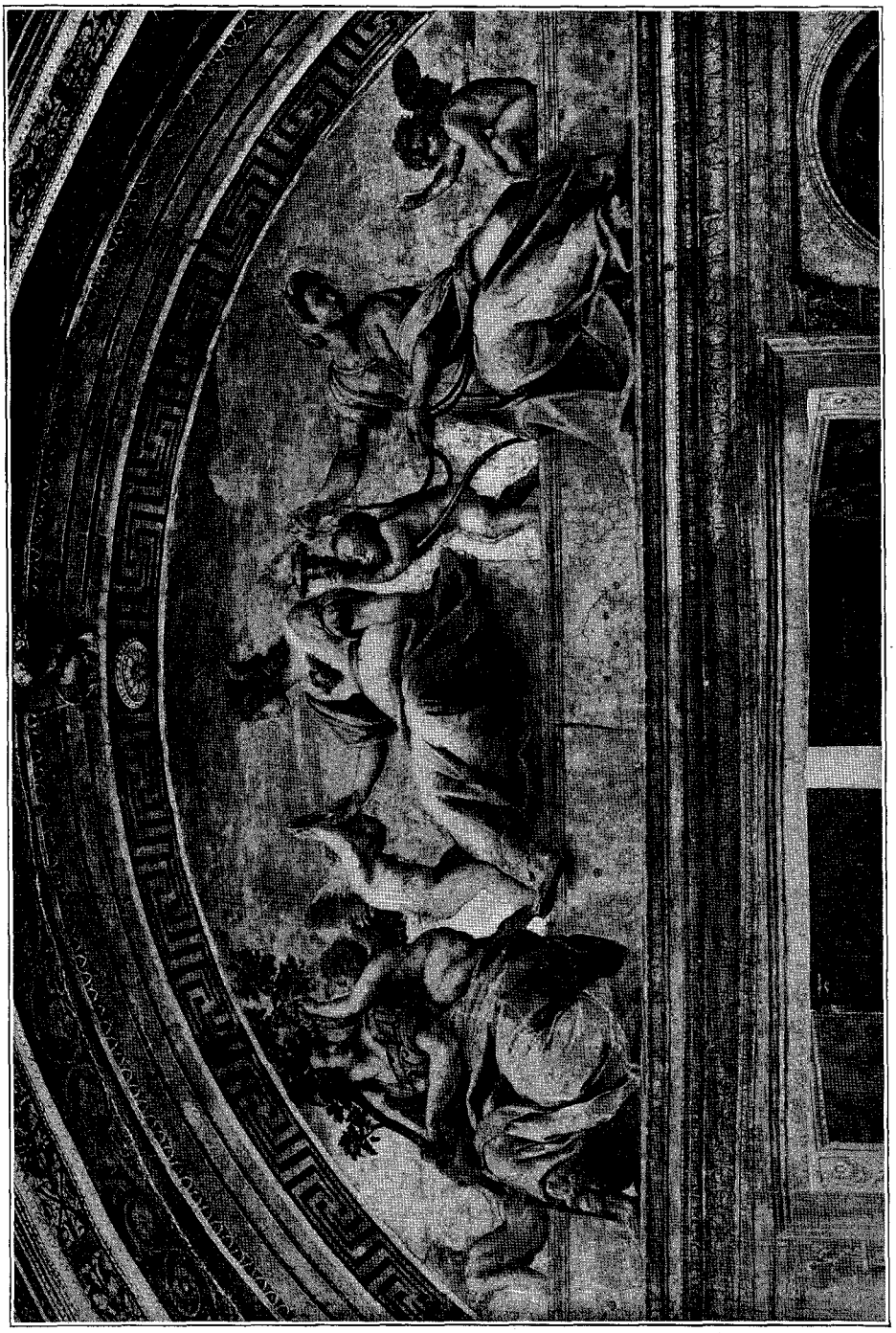

Jurisprudence. By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

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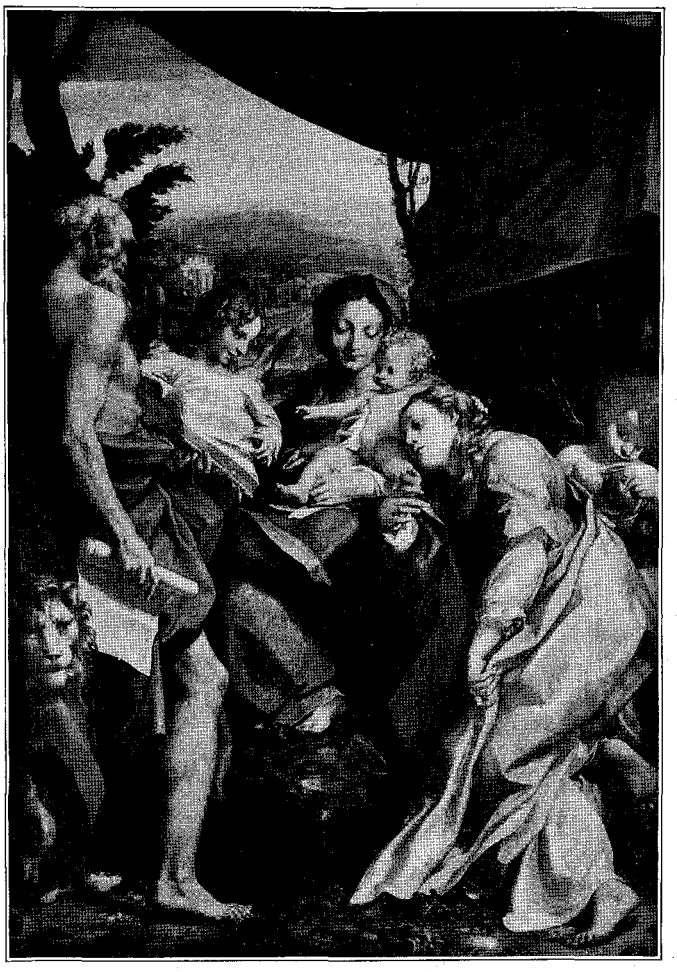
itself into two main streams which cross and intermingle, the stream of the Baroque springing from Michelangelo and "Descent from the Cross," which is, however, mainly interesting because it was imitated by Rubens. But the influence



Madonna with Saint Jerome. By Correggio.
In Parma.

the stream of the academic springing from Raphael. The later Florentine school is given over to an imitation of Michelangelo, to a frantic effort to simulate his energy by exaggerating his writhing poses and burlesquing his display of anatomy. One of the worst instances of this sort of thing is Bronzino's "Christ in Limbo," a monstrous affectation that makes one wonder how its author could have produced his grave and admirable portraits. A better work is Daniele da Volterra's of Michelangelo, modified by that of Correggio, runs through the whole art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, wherever it is not academic, and even the Rococo of the eighteenth is ultimately traceable to them.

As Raphael was above all the apostle of order, it was inevitable that his works should become a sort of canon, and that what he chose freely to do or not to do should be made a binding rule upon his successors. What he had chosen to do

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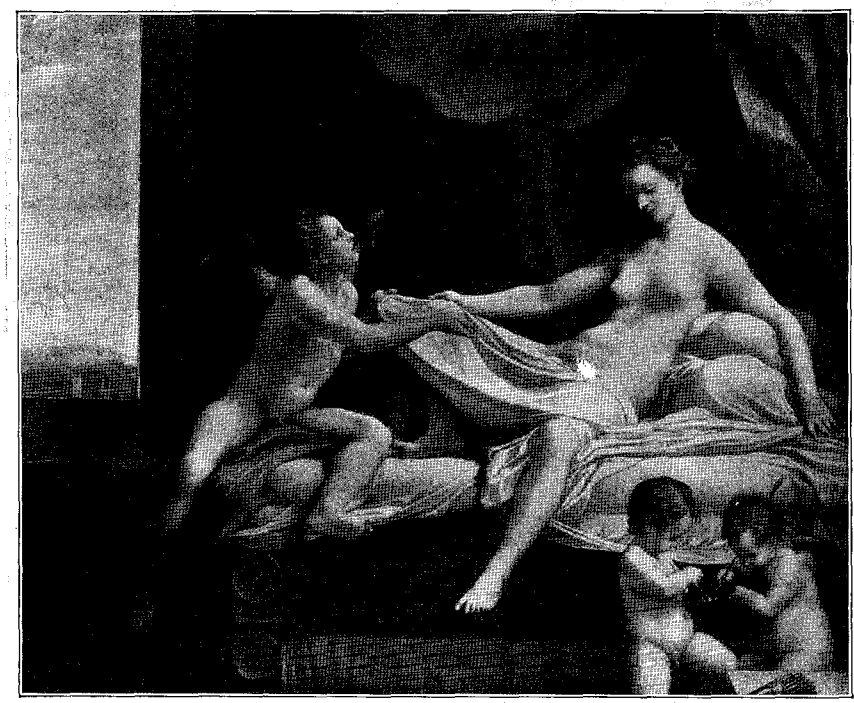
was right; what he had not chosen to do was wrong. He was supposed to have fixed the limits of "the grand style" and to have pointed out the only road for those who would produce an elevated and "correct" art. But there have always been those who could distinguish between the natural felicity of Raphael's own invention and the rigidity and woodenness of his imitators, and in our day we have relieved him of some of the poorer works that he carelessly allowed to pass under his name. Whenever and wherever there has been an artist of truly classic feeling and of true power of design there has been a devoted admirer of Raphael who has made the master a source of inspiration rather than a principle of inhibition. Among his right followers we may reckon Poussin and Ingres and Paul Baudry.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century the Caracci founded the school of the Eclectics, which endeavored to unite the merits of all other schools; to compose like Raphael, draw like Michelangelo, use Correggio's chiaroscuro and Titian's color. Like all attempts to be a little of everything, it became not very much of anything. The qualities it tried to reconcile were incompatible in their nature, and the refusal to sacrifice one to another ended in the sacrifice of all. The school lasted near a hundred years and produced many most respectable and accomplished but rather tiresome pictures which it was once the fashion to admire only less than those of the greatest masters. More recently it has, perhaps, been the tendency to underrate them, and something might now be said in their defense if one had time and patience for it. Later still, and perhaps as a revolt against this school, came the Naturalists, coarse in feeling, violent in light and shade, blackish in color, but with a certain brutal strength and vitality. They, at least, had the capacity of being ancestors and, through Ribera, they begat the Spanish school of the seventeenth century.

But Italian art was dying. Henceforth the living art of the world was to be produced elsewhere.



Danaë. By Correggio.
In the Borghese Gallery, Rome.

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Drawn by Arthur E. Becher.

"None o' that, now! Ye'll be puttin' yer hands up ower yer heids—the baith o' ye—or it'll be the waur f'r ye!"—Page 569.

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STRANDED IN ARCADY

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

XVI

MARCHONS!

PRIME leaned against a tree and took a full minute for a grasping of the new situation.

"I more than half believe you are right," he admitted at length. Then, with a crabbed laugh: "If there is any bigger dunce on earth than I am I should like to meet him—just as a matter of curiosity. I'll never brag on my imagination after this. I could see plainly enough that the fellow was fairly eaten up with suspicion, and it would have been so easy to have invented a plausible lie to satisfy him."

"Don't be sorry for that," the young woman put in quickly. "If they arrest us we shall have to tell the truth."

Prime was frowning thoughtfully. "That is where the shoe pinches. Do you realize that the story we have to tell is one that no sane magistrate or jury could ever believe, Lucetta? These two men, Beaujeau and Cambon, must have started from some known somewhere alive and well. They disappear, and after a while we turn up in possession of their belongings and try to account for ourselves by telling a fantastic fairy-tale. It's simply hopeless!"

"You are killing the only suggestion I had in mind," was the dispirited rejoinder. "I was going to say that we might wait here until they came for us, but that won't do at all. We must hurry and disappear before they come back and find us!"

"I think it will be best," Prime decided promptly. "If we had a reasonable story to tell it would be different. But we haven't, and the chances are that we should get into all sorts of trouble trying to explain for other people a thing that we can't explain for ourselves. It is up to us to hit the trail. Are you fit for it?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she asked, but there was no longer the old-time buoyancy in her tone.

"I have had a notion the last day or two that you were not feeling quite up to the mark," Prime explained soberly. "It is something about your eyes; they look heavy, as if you hadn't had sleep enough."

"I can do my part of anything that we have to do," she returned, rising; and together they made a judicious division of the dunnage, deciding what they could take and what they must leave behind.

The uncertainties made the decision hard to arrive at. If the tramp should last no more than three or four days they could carry the necessary food without much difficulty. But they could scarcely afford to give up the blankets and the shelter-tent, and Prime insisted that they must take at least one of the guns and the axe. These extras, with the provisions and the cooking-utensils, made one light load and one rather heavy one, and under this considerable handicap the day's march was begun.

The slow progress was difficult from the very outset. Since the river was their only guide they did not dare to leave it to seek an easier path. By noon Prime saw that his companion was keeping up by sheer force of will, and he tried to get her to consent to a halt for the afternoon. But she would not give up.

"No," she insisted. "We must go on. I am tired; I'll admit it; but I should be something worse than tired if we should have to stop and be overtaken."

From the beginning of the day's march they seemed to have left behind all of the former hopeful signs, and were once more making their way through a primeval forest, untouched, so far as they could see, by the woodsman's axe. Their night camp was made among the solemn spruces by the side of a little brook winding its

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Stranded in Arcady" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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way to the near-by river. Prime made a couch of the spruce tips, the folded tent cloth, and the blankets, and persuaded Lucetta to lie down while he prepared the supper.

When the meal was ready the substitute cook was the only one who could eat. Lucetta said she didn't care for anything but a cup of tea, and when Prime took it to her he saw that the gray eyes were unnaturally bright and her face was flushed. Whereat a great fear seized upon him.

"You are sick!" he exclaimed, grappling helplessly with the unnerving fear. "Why didn't you tell me before? I thought—I hoped you were just tired out with the long tramp."

"I shall be better in the morning," she answered bravely. "It has been coming on for a day or two, I think. Why did we camp here in this close place, where it is so hot?"

Prime gripped his fleeting courage and held it hard. It was not hot under the spruces; on the contrary, the evening was almost chilly. Bestirring himself quickly to do what little he was able to do, he moved the sick one gently and set up the tent to shelter her, dipped the remaining bit of the soft deerskin into the brook and made a cold compress for the aching head, and then sat down with a birch-bark fan to keep the mosquitoes away.

As the night wore on he realized more and more his utter helplessness. He had had no experience with sickness or with the care of the sick, and if the remedies had been at hand he would not have known how to use them. Time and again, after Lucetta had fallen into a troubled sleep, he made his way to the river bank to stare anxiously in the darkness up and down the stream in the faint hope that help might appear. But for all his longings the silent river gave back neither sight nor sound.

In the morning Lucetta's fever had abated, but it had left her weak and exhausted; much too weak to continue the march, though she was willing and anxious to make the trial. Prime vetoed that at once and tried his best to concoct something out of their diminished store of provisions that would prove appetizing to the invalid. She ate a little of the broth prepared from the smoked deer meat merely to please him, and drank thirstily of the tea; but still Prime was not encouraged.

During the afternoon Lucetta's temperature rose again, and, harassed and anxious as he was, Prime was thankful that the fever did not make her delirious. That, he told himself, would be the final straw. So far from wandering, she was able to talk to him; to talk and to thank him gratefully for his earnest but skilless attempts to make her more comfortable.

"It is simply maddening to think that there isn't anything really helpful that I can do," he protested, at one of these pathetic little outbreaks of gratitude. "What do they do for people who have fevers?"

"Quinine," she said, with a twitching of the lips which was meant to be a smile. "Why don't you give me a good big dose of quinine, Donald?"

"Yes, why don't I?" he lamented. "Why do I have to sit here like a bump on a log and do nothing!"

"You mustn't worry," she interposed gently. "You are not responsible for me and my aches and pains. You must try to remember that only a little more than three weeks ago we were total strangers to each other."

"Three weeks ago and now we are two vastly different things, Lucetta. You have proved yourself to be the bravest, pluckiest little comrade that a man ever had! And I—I, whose life you have saved, can do nothing for you in your time of need. It's heart-breaking!"

The night, which came on all too slowly for the man who could do nothing, was even less hopeful than the previous one had been. Though he had no means of measuring it, Prime was sure that the fever rose higher. For himself he caught only cat-naps now and then during the long hours, and between two of these he went to the river bank and built a signal fire on the remote chance of summoning help in that way.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning the fever began to subside again, and the poor patient awoke. She was perfectly reasonable but greatly depressed, not so much over her own condition as on Prime's account. Again she sought to

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make him take the purely extraneous view, and when that failed she talked quite calmly about the possibilities.

"I have had so little sickness that I hardly know whether this is really serious or not," she said. "But if I shouldn't—if anything should happen to me, I hope you won't—you won't have to bury me in the river."

"For heaven's sake, don't talk that way!" he burst out. "You're not going to die! You *mustn't* die!"

"I am sure I don't want to," she returned. "Especially just now, when I was beginning to learn how to live. May I have a drink of water?"

He went to the brook and got it for her, raging inwardly at the thought that he could not even offer her a drink out of a vessel that wouldn't taste tinny. When her thirst was quenched she went on half musingly.

"I am glad there isn't any one to be so very sorry, Donald. I know it must be fine to have a family and to be surrounded by all kinds of love and affection; but those things carry terrible penalties. Did you ever think of that?"

"I hadn't," he confessed. "I've been a sort of lonesome one, myself."

"The penalties work both ways," she went on. "It breaks your heart to have to leave the loved ones, and it breaks theirs to have you go. I suppose the girls in the school will be sorry; they all seem to like me pretty well, even if I am a 'cross old maid,' as one of them once called me to my face."

"I can't imagine you cross; and as to your being old, why you're nothing but a kid, Lucetta—just a poor little sick kiddy. And, goodness knows, you've had enough to knock you out and to make you think all sorts of grubby thoughts. You mustn't; you are going to get well again, and we'll march along together the same as ever. Or perhaps the sheriff will find us, after all. I've kindled a big fire down on the river bank so that he won't have any excuse for overlooking us. Day before yesterday I would have tramped twenty miles to dodge him, but to-night I'd welcome him with open arms."

"We were foolish to try to run away," she said. "And that was my fault, too. The—the next time you are kidnapped, you must be careful not to let yourself be tied to a petticoat, Cousin Donald. They are always in the way."

"If I hadn't been tied to a petticoat that could swim, I shouldn't be here to-night fanning the mosquitoes away from you," he retorted, with a laugh that was meant to be cheering. And then he reverted to his one overwhelming and blankly insoluble problem: "If I only knew what to do for you!"

"When I was a little girl we lived in the country, and my mother doctored the entire neighborhood with roots and herbs. It is a pity I haven't inherited a little of her skill, isn't it?"

"There are lashings of pitiful things in this world, Lucetta, and we are getting acquainted with a few of them right now. But I mustn't let you talk too much. Try to go to sleep, if you can, and get a little rest before the fever comes on again."

She closed her eyes obediently, and after a time he knew by her regular breathing that she was asleep. For a patient hour he kept the birch-bark fan in motion and with the first streakings of dawn got up stiffly to make his way to the river bank, dragging with him a half-rotted log to turn the pillar-of-fire signal into a pillar of smoke.

XVII

ROOTS AND HERBS

THE dawning of the second day in the camp under the great spruces found Prime still struggling desperately with the problem of what to do. Lucetta's condition seemed to be rather worse than better. There was the usual morning abatement of the fever, but she was evidently growing weaker. Prime's too vivid imagination pictured an impending catastrophe, and the canoe thief, no less than Watson Grider, came in for wordless and despairing maledictions. If the canoe had not been stolen they might by now be within reach of help.

It was when matters were at this most distressing pass that the writing-man's invention, pricked alive by what Lucetta had said concerning her mother's skill with simples, opened a temerarious door of hope. Making his charge as comforta-

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ble as he could, and leaving a cup of water where she could reach it, he told her he was going for a walk.

Taking the brook for a pathfinder, he traced its course until it led him into a region of opener spaces where there was a better chance for ground growth. In the first weed patch he came to he began to pluck and taste. Unhappily, his knowledge of botany was perilously near a minus quantity; there were few of the weeds that he knew even by name. At the imminent risk of poisoning himself, he went on, chewing a leaf here and there, not knowing in the least what he was looking for, but having an inchoate idea that a febrifuge ought to be something bitter.

The tasting process gave him a variety of new experiences. The leaves of one weed burned his mouth like fire, and he had to stop and plunge his face into the brook to extinguish the conflagration. Those of another made him deathly sick. Finally he came to a tall plant with bluish-white flowers which looked familiar, in a way, though he could not recall its name. A chewed leaf convinced him at once that he need seek no farther. There was the bitterness of hopeless sorrow in its horrible acridity; it clung to him tenaciously while he was gathering an armful of the plant, and went with him on his return to the camp—this, in spite of the fact that he stopped frequently to wash his mouth with brook water.

"What have you there?" was Lucetta's query when he came in with his burden.

"I don't know, but I am hoping you can tell me," he said, giving her a spray of the weed to look at. "Have you ever seen it before?"

"Hundreds of times," she returned. "It is a common weed in Ohio. But I haven't the slightest idea what it is."

Prime groaned. "More of the town-bred education," he deprecated. "But never mind; they can't call us nature-fakirs, whatever other foolish name we may be earning for ourselves."

"What are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Wait and you'll see."

With the bread-mixing tin for a stew-pan Prime made a rich decoction of the leaves. When the mess began to simmer and steam the poor patient raised herself on one elbow to look at it.

"You are not going to make me drink all that, are you, Donald?" she protested weakly.

"Oh, no; not all of it. Wait until it's properly cooked and I'll show you what I am going to do with it."

The cooking took some time, but the culinary effort offered a mild diversion and was at least a change from the deadly routine of doing nothing. The steam rising from the stewing leaves gave off a peculiarly afflicting odor, and Lucetta sniffed it apprehensively.

"It smells very horrible," she ventured. "Is it going to taste as bad as it smells?"

"That, my dear girl, is on the knees of the gods," he returned oracularly.

"How did you find it?" she wanted to know.

"By the simple process of cut and try. And I can assure you that, however bad it may smell or taste, it hasn't anything on some of the leaves I've been chewing this morning."

When the dose was sufficiently cooked Prime fished the leaves out of the liquor with a forked twig, and carried the stew-pan to the brook to take the scalding edge off of the ill-smelling decoction.

"Are you ready to be poisoned?" he asked when he came back.

"You're—you're sure it *isn't* poison, aren't you?" she quavered.

"No, but I am going to be," and with that he shut his eyes, held his breath, and took a long drink from the stew-pan of fate, disregarding easily, in the frightful bitterness of the draft, Lucetta's little cry of dismay.

"Merely trying it on the dog," he gasped when he put the pan down and turned away so that she should not see the face contortions—grimaces forth-showing the resentment of an outraged palate. Then he went to sit on his blanket-roll to await results. "If—if it doesn't kill me, then you can try it; but—but we'll wait a few minutes and see what it's going to do to me."

When the results proved to be merely embittering and not immediately deadly, he became a nurse again.

"I have left it as hot as you can drink it," he said, offering the basin. "It

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seems as if it ought to do more good that way. Take a good long swig, if you can stand it."

Lucetta put her lips to the mixture and made a face of disgust.

"Ou-e-e-e!—*boneset!*" she shuddered. "I'd know it if I should meet it in another world—it takes me right back to my childhood and mother's roots and herbs! I can't, Donald; I simply *can't* drink all of that!"

"Drink as much as you can. It's good for little sick people," he urged, trying to twist the wryness of his own aftermath into a smile. "If the horrible taste counts for anything, it ought to make you well in five minutes."

Lucetta did her duty bravely, and when the worst was over Prime tucked her up in the blankets, adding his own for good measure. Then he made up a roasting fire, having some vague notion brought over from his boyhood that fever patients ought to sweat. Past this, he made a sad cake of pan-bread for his own midday meal, and when it was eaten he found that Lucetta had fallen asleep, and was further encouraged when he saw that fine little beads of perspiration had broken out on her forehead.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke and called him.

"Are you feeling any better?" he asked.

"Much better; only I'm so warm I feel as if I should melt and run away. Can't you take at least one of the blankets off?"

"Not yet. You like to cook things, and I am giving you some of your own medicine. This is Domestic Science as applied to the human organization. Just imagine you are a missionary on one of the South Sea Islands, and that you are going to be served up presently *à la* Fiji. Shall I try to fix you up something to eat?"

"Not yet. But I feel as if I could drink the brook dry."

"No cold water," he decided authoritatively. "The doctor forbids it. But you may have another drink of hot boneset tea."

"Oh, please, not again!" she pleaded; and at that he made her a cup of the other kind of tea, which she drank gratefully.

"Taste good?" he inquired.

"It tastes like the boneset—everything is going to taste like boneset for the next six weeks."

"Don't I know?" he chuckled. "Hasn't it already spoiled my dinner for me? I could taste it in everything." Then he told her about his experiment in pan-bread, adding: "I have saved a piece of it so that if you wish to commit suicide after you get well, the means will be at hand."

"Do you think I am going to get well, Donald?"

"Sure you are! You'll have to do it in self-defense. Just think of the oceans of bitterness you'll have to swallow if you don't. What is puzzling me now is to know what I am going to feed you. Do you suppose you could tell me how to make some pap or gruel, or something of that sort?"

She smiled at this, as he hoped she would, and said there was no need of crossing that bridge until they should come to it. Shortly after this she fell asleep again, and by nightfall Prime was overjoyed to find that her breathing was more natural, and that the fever was not rising. With the coming of the darkness a fine breeze blew up from the river, and he was overjoyed again when it proved strong enough to drive the tormenting mosquitoes back into the forest.

That night he was able to make up some of the lost sleep of the two preceding nights, and when daybreak came another burden was lifted. Lucetta had slept all night, and she declared she was feeling much better; that the fever seemed to be entirely gone. This brought the question of nourishment to the fore again, and Prime attacked it bravely, opening their last tin of peas and making a broth of the liquor thickened with a little of the re-ground flour. Lucetta ate it to oblige him, though it was as flat and tasteless as any unsalted mixture must be.

"Are you always as good as this to every strange woman you meet, Cousin Donald?" she said, meaning to make the query some expression of her own gratitude.

"Always," he returned promptly. "I can't help it, you know; I'm built that way. But you are no strange woman, Lucetta. If I can't do more for you, I

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couldn't very well do less. We are partners, and thus far we have shared things as they have come along—the good and the bad. What is troubling me most now is the same thing that was troubling me last night: I don't know what I am going to feed you. You need a meat broth of some kind."

"Not any more of the smoked venison, please!" she begged.

"No, it ought to be fresh meat of some sort. By and by, if the fever doesn't come back, I'll take the gun and see if I can't get a rabbit. I saw three yesterday morning while I was out chewing leaves. You won't be afraid to be left alone for a little while, will you?"

"After what we have been through, I think I shall never be afraid of anything again," she averred soberly. "And to think that I was once afraid of a mouse!"

"That is nothing," he laughed; "you probably will be afraid of a mouse again when you get back to an environment in which the mouse is properly an object of terror. I shan't think any the less of you if that does happen."

She smiled up at him.

"Men always talk so eloquently about the womanly woman: just what do they mean by that, Donald? Is it the mouse-coward?"

"It differs pretty widely with the man, I fancy," he returned. "I know my own ideal."

"She is the imaginary girl whose picture you are going to show me when we get out?"

He laughed happily. "You mustn't make me talk about that girl now, Lucetta. Some day I'll tell you all about her. Perhaps it is only fair to say that she is not so terribly imaginary as she might be."

"Of course not—if you have her picture," was the quiet reply; and a little while after that she told him she was sleepy again, and that he might take the gun and go after a rabbit if that was what he wished to do.

She did go to sleep, but Prime did not go hunting until after the midday meal; and thus it happened that when Lucetta awoke, along in the afternoon, she found herself alone. For an hour or two she was content to lie quietly, waiting for Prime to return, but when the afternoon drew to a close and he still failed to put in an appearance she got up, rather totteringly, and replenished the camp-fire.

Another hour passed and she began to grow anxious. The spruce grove was plunged in shadows, but the sun had not yet set for the upper regions of the air. By the time it was fully dark she knew that Prime was lost, and in this new terror she was able to forget, in some measure at least, the effects of her late illness. Bestirring herself once more, she put more wood on the fire, hoping that it might blaze high enough to serve as a signal for the wanderer.

It was all she could do, and having done it she sat down to wait, her anxiety growing sharper as the evening wore on and there was neither sight nor sound to foreshadow the lost one's return.

XVIII

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

If she had not known it before, Lucetta was to learn now that sickness in any sort is but a poor preparation for a battle of anxiety and endurance. On the one other occasion when she had been thrown upon her own resources Prime had been at least visibly present, and his helplessness had given her strength to fight off the terrors. But now she was alone and the terrors pressed thickly.

What if something had happened to the rabbit-hunter? She knew his utter lack of gun dexterity, and her terrified imagination conjured up harrowing pictures of the missing one lying wounded and helpless in some distant forest solitude, a victim of his unselfish effort to provide not for his own needs but for hers. The thought was a keen torture, but she could not banish it, and as the hours lengthened it threatened to drive her mad. There was nothing she could do save to keep the fire burning brightly, and this she did, breaking the monotony of the unnerving suspense from time to time by collecting dry wood to heap upon the blaze.

It was nearly midnight before the agony came to a sudden end. She was lying on the blanket pallet, with her face

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hidden in the crook of an elbow when she looked up and saw Prime standing beside her. It was not in human nature to undergo the revulsion from the depths of despair calmly.

"Donald!" she shrieked faintly, and forgetting her weakness, she sprang up and flung herself into his arms, sobbing in an ecstacy of relief.

He took it in good brotherly fashion, and if the fraternal attitude was not strictly sincere, it was made to appear so.

"There, there, little woman," he comforted, "you mustn't turn loose that way—you'll make yourself sick again. It's all over now, and I got your rabbit. See, here it is"—drawing it from his pocket and dangling it before her as if it were a new toy and she a child to be hastily diverted.

The diversion was not needed; she was freeing herself from the clasp of the remaining reassuring arm, and her cheeks were aflame.

"I didn't know I could be so silly! Please don't hold it against me, Donald," she begged. "If you only knew what I have been through since it grew dark! You'll forgive me and—and not remember it after we—after we——"

His weariness fell from him like a cast-off garment. "Not if you don't want me to, Lucetta. But it was rather—er—pleasant, you know—to find that some one really cared enough about what had become of me to—to sort of forget herself for a moment."

The firelight was strong, and if he saw the adoring look that flashed into the gray eyes he was magnanimous enough, or modest enough, to pass it over to the sudden transition from despair to relief.

"It must have been something fierce for you," he went on; "but I did the best I could after I had been idiotic enough to get lost. Of course, since I had the gun with me, it was hours before I got sight of a rabbit; and even then I had to shoot at half a dozen of them before I could manage to hit one. By that time it was getting on toward sunset, and I had lost the brook which I had taken for a guide."

"I knew you would," she broke in. "But that wasn't the worst of it. I kept imagining that you had shot yourself accidentally, and every time I closed my eyes I could see you lying wounded and helpless!"

"You poor little worrier!" he pitied; "I knew you would be scared stiff if I didn't get back by dark, and in my hurry I bore too far to the right; a great deal too far, as it turned out, for when I reached the river I recognized the place. It was just this side of the grove where we were camping when the canoe was stolen."

"Horrors!" she gasped faintly. "And you have walked all that distance?"

"No," he grinned; "I ran a good part of it. When I came in a few minutes ago I was dead from the waist down; but I am all right now. You sit down and think broth while I skin this rabbit. It's a juicy one—as fat as butter."

Fifteen minutes later the rabbit was stewing in the larger skillet, and Prime found time to ask Lucetta how she was feeling.

"Just plain hungry," she returned. "The fever hasn't come back any more, and if I ever have a medicine-chest of my own there will be boneset in it; great, big, smelly packages of it. Aren't you going to let me make a bit of bread to eat with that delicious gravy broth?"

"If it won't tire you too much," he consented, and at that he sat back and watched her while she mixed the bread, a housewifely little figure kneeling before the fire and patting the dough into a cake with hands that not all the rough work of the adventure weeks had made misshapen.

Somewhat beyond this they made their post-midnight meal, and were once more light-hearted and care-free. In the aftermath of it, when Prime had lighted his home-made pipe, they were even buoyant enough to plan for the future.

"We'll go on again to-morrow, won't we?" the young woman assumed. "We can't be so very far from the towns now, with the river grown so large."

"I fancy we are nearer than we thought we were," Prime replied. "Over to the west, where I went this afternoon, there is another and still larger river. On its banks the timber has all been cut off and there is nothing but second and third growth. It is a safe bet that the two rivers come together a little below here, and if we are not stopped by our inability to cross the bigger river——"

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"We are not going to be stopped," she prophesied hopefully. "I have a feeling that our troubles, or the worst of them, are all over."

Prime smiled. "The joyous reaction is still with you, but that is all right and just as it should be. We'll keep on going until we come to a town or a railroad, and then——"

She was sufficiently light-hearted to laugh with him when he glanced down at his torn and travel-worn clothes.

"And then we shall be arrested for tramps," she finished for him. "There is one consolation—neither of us will look any worse than the other."

"When we find a town we shall find clothes," he asserted. "Luckily we have English money to buy with."

"Would you—would you spend that money?" she asked, half fearfully.

"Why not? I'd hock the dead men themselves if we had them, and there wasn't any other way to raise the wind. But I have some good, old-fashioned American money, too."

"I shall have to borrow of you when we get to where we can buy things," she said, with a sudden access of shyness that was new to him. "I had a purse with a little money in it that night at Quebec, but it disappeared."

"What is mine is yours, Lucetta; surely you don't have to be told that, at this stage of the game."

"Thank you," she said softly. "That goes with everything else you have done for me." Then, after a pause: "Will you tell the other girl about this—about this adventure of ours, Donald?"

"Don't you think I ought to tell her? Isn't it her right to know?"

She took time to consider.

"I'm not sure; women are singular about some things; they don't always understand. Perhaps they don't care to understand—too much. Then there is always the difficulty of explaining things just as they were. I could tell better if I knew the girl. Is she young?"

"Why, y-yes—some years younger than I am. But she is all kinds of sensible."

"Is she in New York?"

"No," he answered soberly. "She is not in New York."

She took it as a hint that she was not to ask any more questions about the girl and changed the subject abruptly.

"Will you go and look for Mr. Grider after we find a railroad?"

"Not immediately. I shall first see you safe at home in your girls'-school town in Ohio," he assured her firmly.

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she protested. "I have travelled alone many times. And I have my return ticket; or I shall have it when I get back to Quebec."

"Nevertheless, I am going home with you," Prime insisted stubbornly. "It is up to me to see you out of this, and I shall make a job of it while I am about it. When it is done I shall come back to Canada to find out who shanghaied us and what for. And when I find the people who did it they are going to pay for it."

"Even if they include Mr. Grider?"

"Yes, by Jove! Even if the man higher up happens to be Watson Grider. I don't mind the kidnapping so much for myself, but the man doesn't live, Lucetta, who can make you go through what you have gone through in the past month and get away with it."

"I don't ask you to fight for me, Donald," she interposed. "And, besides, it hasn't been all bad—or has it?"

"We have agreed every little while, between jolts, that it hasn't. I'll go farther now, and say that it is the finest, truest, happiest thing that has ever happened to me—hardships and all."

"You mean because it has given you new working material?"

"No; I wasn't thinking so much of that, though the new material, and more especially the new angle, are worth something, of course. But there are bigger consequences than these—for me—Lucetta." Then he broke off and plunged headlong into something else. "How much of an income should a man have before he can ask a girl to marry him? Does the Domestic Science course include any such practical data as that?"

"Is that all you are waiting for?" she inquired, ignoring his question. "Have you asked the girl?"

"No; I haven't asked her yet. And the money is the main thing that I shall be waiting for from this time on."

"I should say it would depend entirely

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upon the girl—upon what she had been used to."

"I think—she hasn't—been used to having things made so very soft for her," he answered rather uncertainly. "But she has at least one ambition that is going to ask for a good chunk of money at first, until she—until she gets ready to—to settle down."

"And that is——?"

The suggestive query was never answered. As Prime laid his pipe aside and was about to speak, the dark background-ing of shadows beyond the circle of firelight filled suddenly with a rush of men. Prime saw the glint of the firelight upon a pair of brown gun-barrels, and when he mechanically reached for his own weapon a harsh voice with a broad Scottish burr in it broke raggedly into the stillness.

"None o' that, now! Ye'll be puttin' yer hands up ower yer heids—the baith o' ye—or it'll be the waur f'r ye! I'd have ye know I'm an under-sheriff o' this deestrict, and ye'll be reseestin' the officers o' the law at yer peril!"

(To be concluded.)

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By John Taylor

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

MY friend Galib, or, if you want to be polite, Galib Effendi, sells rugs and antiquities across the street from the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople. His prices may surprise you, but his rugs and antiquities are the best of their kinds, and if you do not buy he knows where there are those who will in London, in Paris, and New York, if he only waits long enough, and the Orient has long since learned to wait.

If you are one of those who really know what he deals in, or are only one of those who are rich enough to pretend that they do, you will be ushered with some ceremony to the little room hung with old Bokhara embroidery, where the illuminated Korans in their faded green bindings and the Persian miniatures of simpering maidens against pallid green gardens are kept. There you can sit on such a divan as I am sure must once have existed in every Turkish harem, and drink such coffee as you will find hardly anywhere else. Do not drink too many of those tiny cups, however, for the true believer long ago found out that coffee made men see visions, and you may come away with a battle-axe embossed in gold, or one of those improbable-looking instruments, first cousin to a mandolin, inlayed with pearl and ivory, which Galib will assure you were used by the soft-eyed lights of the Sultan's harem to solace their long hours under the cypresses in the old Seraglio across the Golden Horn. Perhaps they were, but you will find it hard to stow away such trophies of travel in the series of communicating closets which are rented as apartments in the United States of America.

I never bought a rug from Galib or even a mandolin, but we were friends, as men of the same tastes and knowledge easily become. I had the fullest confidence in him; that is, of course, I would have trusted him as far as you can trust any dealer in antique rugs. I am in the trade myself. I always saw him on my long journey through Constantinople to Persia, from which I returned, after how much bargaining, with tiles and an occasional carpet so old and worn that only those who feel the color of dying roses and the charm of daylight just as it fades into night can appreciate and buy. Naturally, to those who can really appreciate the charm of old and decaying things which still stay beautiful and are also unique, the price should be a matter of quite minor importance.

I had finished my third cup of coffee

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and had taken up a Koran with a title-page which was as fine as though spiders had woven their nets about the iridescent feathers of a humming-bird, when a Persian cat, dreaming too of iridescent birds, woke from her sleep and jumped upon the table beside me, sending the muddy grounds of the coffee over the rug at my feet.

I started to apologize, when Galib broke in upon me with: "Let it stay. It is there to accumulate antiquity. Soap, sand, and the water of the Bosporus will give tone. Ah, my friend, what are coffee stains? Color and a story. Some pearl of the harem dropped her cup there as her master with his slaves broke in upon her and her lover. Let it stay."

I started to apologize, when Galib broke in upon me with: "Let it stay. It is there to accumulate antiquity."

The cat came to my knee and I put down the Koran. "What is the attraction of the harem?"

"That of unknown things and places. Now I have no doubt that the harems of my Turkish friends are exactly like the houses of my Armenian acquaintances, except that they have lattices at the windows."

"And have slaves lying about the floors."

"Ah, my friend, slaves begin to be an impossible luxury since those Italians have taken over Tripoli."

"But your Armenians have only one wife."

"So do the Turks now. They cannot afford any more."

"Still the tourists who are beginning to come to the hotel across the street do not know that."

Galib broke in: "And would give anything for the sight of a veiled face, and pay anything for such a cup of coffee as the cat has just spilled if they drank it behind the closed lattices of a pasha. I have long considered the matter. We need money, more money, my friend, and what should supply it but the unwisdom of our kind?"

The outcome of this conversation, and of many subsequent conversations and of many cups of coffee, was my visit to Olga of the Garden of Delights and to that alert matron her mother, Madam Danieloff. The Palace of Delights belies its name. It is just round the corner from the Grande Rue, but it is far outstripped by the lights and attractions of its competitors, the Palaces of Winter and of Looking-Glasses. The dancers at The

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Delights are but commonplace and the acrobats beneath contempt, while the seedy musicians in the corner do not even pretend to be Tsiganes, and the men who gather there to drink beer and raki are clerks from small offices and small merchants from Adrianople and the Balkans. Their collars are always dirty, as though they put on those trying concessions to civilization only when they went abroad, removing them promptly when they reached their lodgings.

Olga, however, is a very pearl of pearls. Her great green-gray eyes are those of a cat watching a bird, and her active young legs deserve the most delicate silk stockings in place of the cotton ones she displayed so freely when she danced. I rather think that they must be silk now, that is if she is wearing any, caught up as she must have been by one of the eddies of this war. But she spoke only Greek, Turkish, and Bulgarian, which definitely places her in Pera, that cosmopolitan quarter of Constantinople where, in the four or five languages you must know, French is essential. Her mother, a large fat woman with a mustache, knew French, however, and with her arrangements were possible.

The arrangements ended in a house in Eyoub on the other side of the Golden Horn, a house which Galib leased and furnished and for which I paid, and the Palace of Delights knew Olga no more. I do not know whether the palace even missed her. I doubt whether the men who sat there and watched the haggard old dancers who had come from Paris by way of Buda and Bucharest so many years before even realized how dim and dingy the place had become without her presence. It was as though you had turned out half the lights.

One has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed.—Page 572.

Inside of its dull, unpainted wood walls the house at Eyoub was beautiful. Galib undoubtedly has taste, and its interior was what a harem should be, what a harem always is in pictures, and what I imagine a modern harem never is.

Olga made a beautiful lady of the pasha's heart—a mythical pasha exiled somewhere to the wilderness about Van—and Madam Danieloff admirably filled the rôle of the half relative, half housekeeper, and guardian of the purse who, I understand, is always in the background of a Turkish household. For the faithful slave we engaged Nejib. He at least looked the part, for he was a polished blue-black.

Before letting it be discreetly whispered abroad that there was a harem to which introductions might, under certain rigid conditions, be possible, we had a dress rehearsal one dark and rainy evening. We went wearing the fez, and with Nejib scouting in front of us, for even if

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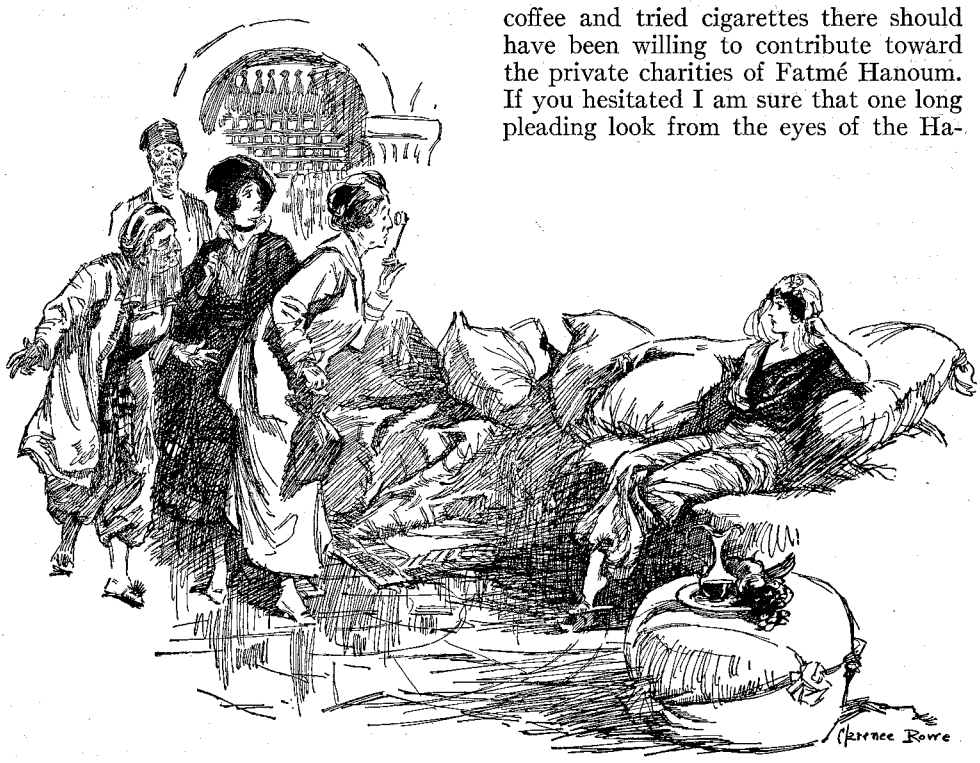
the harem is no harem and the house but a stage-setting, one has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed safe from the profanation which would come from even the look of an unbeliever upon his grave. The police might well have interfered with us, and even if they agreed to take their bribes in peace there were fanatical Turks over there quite capable of arranging a disappearance in which we would have played the principal parts. I thought of it as our caique touched the quay and Nejib helped us out.

The plan worked really very well. Every one on our carefully selected lists wanted to see a harem, and the amount we cleared was rather absurd. Constantinople was looking up that year as a stopping-place on the way from Egypt, and the word was whispered about among the guides and the hangers-on of tourists that there was the wife of a pasha, a Turkish lady of rank and position who had never left her harem, but who was more than anxious to meet a few women who really represented the aristocracy of America. After you had crossed the Golden Horn in a caique with rowers in white and scarlet, and had been met by Nejib in a frock coat and fez, and had gone up the narrow street to where the lattices of the long unpainted house opened upon a Turkish cemetery all cypresses and leaning headstones, you felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.

Olga as Fatmé Hanoum began to grow fat, and still I cannot imagine a more charming picture than she made the only time that I saw her in her establishment, reclining on the divans covered with some of Galib's best rugs. Madam Danieloff as the duenna acted as interpreter, for she had acquired a useful knowledge of English, strong at least on the financial side. I believe that woman could tell you the exchange value of a pound and a dollar in every language used anywhere in the Levant.

It was natural that the ladies who took coffee and tried cigarettes there should have been willing to contribute toward the private charities of Fatmé Hanoum. If you hesitated I am sure that one long pleading look from the eyes of the Ha-



You felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.

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He missed his boat and then he missed another boat.—Page 575.

noum would have brought you round. Madam Danieloff could on occasion become eloquent on the need for uplift and for schools in Circassia, where Olga's relatives were supposed to be still defying from their mountain lairs the barbarous Cossacks. I do not like to think how much she got from that rich old widow who came in a yacht, and how much the lady from Los Angeles whose husband had made a fortune in oil contributed to the sanitary milk service which Fatmé was arranging back home. There were others too. I am sure that Madam Danieloff underreported receipts most abominably when our little association met in the back room at Galib's. Of course I knew from Nejib, whom I paid, whom he had taken to the house, but that only gave me the rough basis for an estimate. We had a fixed tariff, you see, for charity, but I never knew how much the side lines, the unusual donations, brought in. Then I am sure that Galib sold some of his rugs and antiquities through Madam Danieloff. They were worth buying, but not at the price which I am confident he got. I did not come in on that either. You simply cannot trust a business man in the Levant.

Still things went on beautifully. So well that I began to wonder whether it would not on the whole pay me to postpone my journey to Persia and remain to look after my investments. I am not going to tell you how much I was making. It was very good money, cash down, you know, every Friday night. The Persian tiles I had my eye on could wait, and the carpets I had bargained for the previous year would still be there when I arrived, and would only be the older for the delay. So I stayed on. Then something happened. Of course I knew that it would. But it happened with the unexpectedness of long-expected things.

Of course it was a man who did it. What could you expect with those cat eyes of hers? He arrived from Peoria, where his father was making money. I am sure that Willie, his name was Willie Macginnis, would never have made any for himself, and he wanted to see a harem. We met at a bar and he told me that he did not care for mosques, and that the inside of Santa Sofia looked like a railroad-station which needed repainting—there are points of resemblance when you think of it—and that the factory chimneys in Peoria looked for all the world like minarets; that is, of course, if they had conical tops on them, which would come with the smoke-consumers they were already talk-

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ing of putting up. But he wanted to see a harem. Not the outside but the inside, and he wanted to see some of those languorous odalisques he had been seeing pictures of on the cigarette advertisements.

I admit I was a fool, but it looked good to me. He was going on the next steamer. He would not have bought a single carpet, and I was not getting any commission on the champagne he was buying at the Palace of Looking-Glasses. Of course, I know the risk in playing for easy money, but it did look like a sure thing. Finally I told him that I had a friend who had a friend who knew the wife of a pasha off in Anatolia somewhere, and that the lady belonged to the oldest Circassian nobility. Perhaps she did—Madam Danieloff was always vague about her husband. The lady was most anxious to meet a real virile American. She had heard so much of them. I warned him of the danger of the visit. There was danger. Although the pasha was a myth the women in Eyoub could see very well through their lattices, and a European entering a Turkish house might well have brought the police, or if not the police something worse might have happened. It's a possibility over there in Stamboul.

He was really in love.—Page 575.

Naturally, the danger lured him on. It does lure men whose acquaintance with adventure is limited to the movies. He was not frightened, even when I told him that I rather imagined that the Hanoum would expect a contribution to her charities. To see her in her harem he was willing to contribute to any charity she chose an amount so large that I saw at once that the Peoria business was a very good one. I did not have any scruples anyhow. People came to Europe to spend money.

He took tea with her next day at five o'clock, Turkish time; that is about nine at night. He came back fascinated. I do not know how much they got out of him.

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He would not say. I am sure that it was more than I had suggested. I could see that by the expression of calm beatitude on the ample countenance of Madam Danieloff when we met on the following day to divide profits. And Macginnis stayed. He missed his boat and then he missed another boat. Then he took to visiting the house in Eyoub in the afternoon. Naturally, our carefully selected line of American ladies had to stop theirs; a harem was not worth paying money to see if you found a young man from Peoria sitting cross-legged on the biggest divan. I knew that he sat that way by the looks of his trousers. And my nice steady little income stopped. Then it became a scandal. I knew it would and warned him. He told me that he was studying Turkish, and that the Hanoum was giving him lessons. He also said something about being all white and twenty-one.

Then what I feared all the time happened. The police acted. But they sent for me. I thought that I knew Ali Hakki Bey rather intimately, as we had spent many long evenings at the various palaces on the Grande Rue, but over at the prefecture of police I found an Ali Hakki I had never known, an Ali Hakki who talked of the good name of the Eyoub quarter and the respect due the standard-bearer of the Prophet, who lies buried there behind the mosque. I had disturbed the sleep of the standard-bearer. I had made scandal. When, figuratively speaking, he got me against the wall about the time we finished our third cup of coffee from the corner of his desk, I referred him to Madam Danieloff. He would not hear of Madam Danieloff. It seemed that in Stamboul they still dealt with men, and as it was by no means convenient to have Constantinople closed to me I had to pay. Next morning I brought it in cash. It was a very painful drive that one of next morning to Stamboul, and when I came back I moved at once to a smaller room in a cheaper hotel.

Willie Macginnis found me there two days afterward and we adjourned to the bar of my former habitation. As I passed the gorgeous Albanians at the door an even fuller realization was borne in upon me that it was Willie, and Willie alone, who had forced me to move out. A disinterested observer might have put part at least of my misfortunes on me, but I have always found it impossible to be disinterested in considering myself. Hence it was with a certain contained but intense flame of joy that, after the second whiskey at his expense, I leaned forward while he poured into my avid ear the story of his love. It seemed he was a good young man, was Willie, and if not religious he had an intense feeling for the conventionalities of life as accepted in Peoria. He was really in love. One of those violent attacks which have all the symptoms of a burning dyspepsia.

To his mind that the lady was married constituted no obstacle at all, for a Mohammedan marriage, however binding under the shadow of the Koran, could not be considered the slightest impediment to a strictly up-to-date marriage ceremony conducted in a recognized church with the conventional wedding-march shaking the very flowers on the altar. That was the kind of wedding he understood and could recognize. That in the past some form of heathen ceremonial had been performed

In the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff.—Page 576.

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over the lady meant nothing whatever and simply did not count in his scheme of existence. It might perhaps be considered as barring the orange flowers and wedding-veil, but Willie knew even a widow or two bereaved either by relentless fate or by due process of law who had worn them. As I saw my just vengeance personified in Olga established in Peoria, I fully agreed that if the law of Islam was to be considered a law at all it did not run outside of the Levant, but the question was how to get her out of its clutches.

Willie had arranged everything. They were to leave on the next steamer and be duly married in Greece by a clergyman domiciled there, whom he had heard of. The plan was obviously simplified by the fact that Olga, or rather Fatmé Hanoum, spoke Greek with the fluency of that nation whose voices still resound down the ages. He had managed things by an ingenious use of a dictionary from which the critical words, so to speak, to express his feelings and desires had been underscored to correspond to a brief and businesslike statement, typewritten on his own folding typewriter bought to describe his travels to the admiring home circle. He had found it very useful in manifolding extracts from his collection of guide-books. Olga's understanding of this method of communication had undoubtedly been materially aided by presents of jewelry, one piece of which was a necklace whose price, revealed about two in the morning, gave me an added respect for the business acumen of Willie's father, while it made me feel that if I had any stock in the concern it would be well to get out before Willie took over the paternal possessions.

Everything had been arranged, even their passports had been properly viséed. I wondered how her passport had been explained to him, but he was in the condition of agreeing to everything and asking no questions, and he had a thorough belief that with judicious expenditure you could accomplish anything in Stamboul. He may have been right. He had certainly drawn heavily on his letter of credit.

I also wondered how the vigilant Madam Danieloff had been hoodwinked. But it came out that she had not been, and, after a further judicious expenditure, had agreed to accompany them to Patras, in Greece, where the clergyman was to be found. A chaperon was a concession to propriety which even his month in the Levant had not taught him was unnecessary. Knowing Madam Danieloff, I realized that her presence would be expensive, but then he was going to be married. At some unearthly hour of the night I bade him good-by and went out into the rain toward my lodgings, so distinctly inferior to his that I felt the difference between them could be only partly paid for by what I was sure would happen when he reached Peoria.

I wandered into the Pera Palace next evening to purchase a drink to remove the taste of a dinner which only my financial condition would have forced me to consume. I do not mind oil and garlic when I am travelling, but the taste is bitter when forced to eat them by an overconfidence in human nature. In the lobby of the hotel Willie Macginnis was struggling feebly in the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff, who was weeping into his collar and down his back while she appealed to heaven and the police in the four languages she used most fluently.

Olga and Galib with the money and jewelry had left by the Oriental Express for Budapest and Vienna.

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IN QUEST OF THE COCK-OF-THE-ROCK

A FIELD NATURALIST'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES FROM POPAYÁN TO SAN AGUSTIN IN SEARCH OF A RARE BIRD

BY LEO E. MILLER
American Museum of Natural History

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING BY L. A. FUERTES AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

"The Quest of the Cock-of-the-Rock" could be successfully achieved and recorded only by a naturalist with special qualifications, physical and mental.

Mr. Miller was one of the naturalists sent with me by the American Museum of Natural History on my trip through South America, when we went up the Paraguay and across to, and down, the Amazon. He speedily showed the qualities most necessary in the scientific explorer and collector who is to do really valuable work. He was trained in the hard life of those who venture into the unknown or partially known tropic wilderness, being cool, hardy, resolute, and resourceful. He was a first-class collector of both birds and mammals. He was a keen observer both of the wild life of the forests and also of the strange, remote, out-of-the-way human life which is led on the shifting borderland between pure savagery and a left-behind civilization. In addition he possessed the power which so many good observers lack, the power of vivid and faithful presentation of the thing observed.

Among the most notable of all the birds of the western hemisphere is the cock-of-the-rock. It is striking in shape, in color, in habits, and in the nature of its haunts; and it is also noteworthy because of the place it has held in the religious and cultural ceremonial of certain of the native races, for in or near the regions where it dwells civilization after civilization, utterly alien to our own, had sprung up, flourished, and withered away to nothing during the dim ages before the Italian and Spanish seafaring adventurers first crossed the western ocean. The journey to the homeland of this strange and brilliantly beautiful bird and the discovery of its nest are achievements of real interest.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FROM out of the gray and penetrating mist that seemed to envelop all the world there rose a low, ominous rumbling, distant, yet of thunderous volume; and the mud-walled, grass-thatched inn shuddered violently in unison with the trembling earth.

Through the open door of the adjoining room I heard the scratching of matches and saw the flicker of yellow light reflected on the whitewashed wall. A moment later the pious Señora, surrounded by her little ones, was kneeling before the shrine of the Virgin, chanting a litany in low, monotonous tones. Two tapers flickered hazily. The gaudy tinsel flowers that decked the image gleamed in the uncertain light, but the pitiful squalor, ignorance, and general misery of the surroundings were mercifully left in darkness.

Without, all was silent, save for the barking of a pack of stray mongrels which had been asleep on the doorsteps of Morales. The village again slumbered, and the chill, damp fog clung to the earth.

Alone I made my way up the only street, through the mud, to the eminence on which the adobe church stands, overlooking the valley and affording a view

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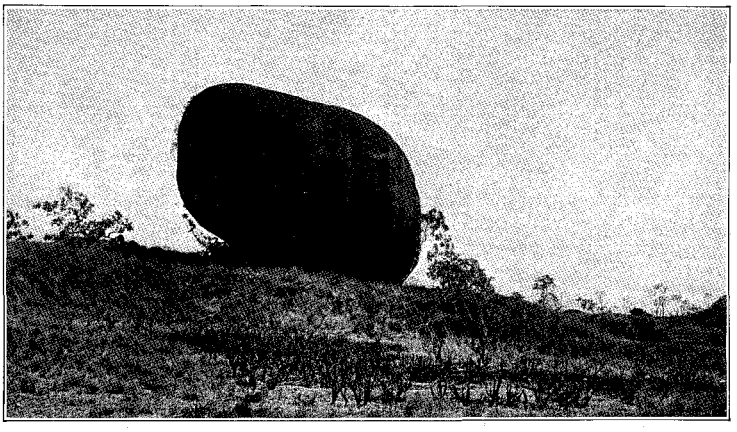
of the tremendous range on each side; for it was nearly the hour of daybreak and the sun rising above the lofty peaks of the Andes presents a scene of matchless beauty.

With the first faint glow of light in the east the banks of vapor became dissipated and gradually disappeared. Peak after peak reared its head above the ocean of snowy whiteness. First of all was Puracé, the hoary monarch that dominates the southern part of the Cordillera Central and spreads terror through the land with threats and warnings similar to those we had just experienced. This great volcano has been active for untold ages. A huge column of smoke and vapor ascends continually straight into the clouds, and this, reflecting the light of the rising sun, makes a magnificent picture. Occasionally at night the eternal fires within the gaping crater may be seen tinting the low-hanging clouds and the snow that crowns the summit, 14,500 feet high, with rosy red. All about, the great barren lomas are strewn with black boulders, some of immense size, that serve to remind the wayfarer of the cataclysms of bygone ages. Everywhere they dot the hillsides and tower above the trail that winds among them. Who shall say that these grim monsters, in some remote and unrecorded period, were not hurled from the seething mouth of Puracé and sent crashing down to their final resting-place?



Black boulders, reminders of cataclysms of bygone ages.
Everywhere they dot the hillsides and tower above the trail.

Just below rises the silent mass of Sotará, crowned with the snow of centuries; the precipitous slopes are seamed and worn by the frequent slides of ice and stones from above, and the deep snow-filled gashes extend far down below the glittering dome in a ragged fringe. At night the moonlight steals softly up the frigid heights and reverently bathes the ancient head in a halo of dazzling splendor.

As the sun mounted higher and higher the peaks of the western range appeared one by one, like islands in mid-ocean, led by the awe-inspiring Munchique and followed by his lesser satellites. Between the two ranges, in the fruitful valley of the Cauca, Popayán still slumbered beneath a blanket of billowy softness.

By six o'clock the arrieros had corralled the mules and riding-horses, and half an hour later we were on the march. We had come from Cali, the delightful metropolis of the Cauca, pursuant of our plan to reach San Agustin, beyond the Central Range, via the most southern trail. Our mission was to make studies and collections of the birds and animals encountered en route; but more particularly to secure material for a group of the rare and elusive cock-of-the-rock for the American Museum of Natural History. We had spent more than a year in the fruitless quest, and expeditions before ours had failed to secure this desirable material. The bird, one of the most beautiful of the

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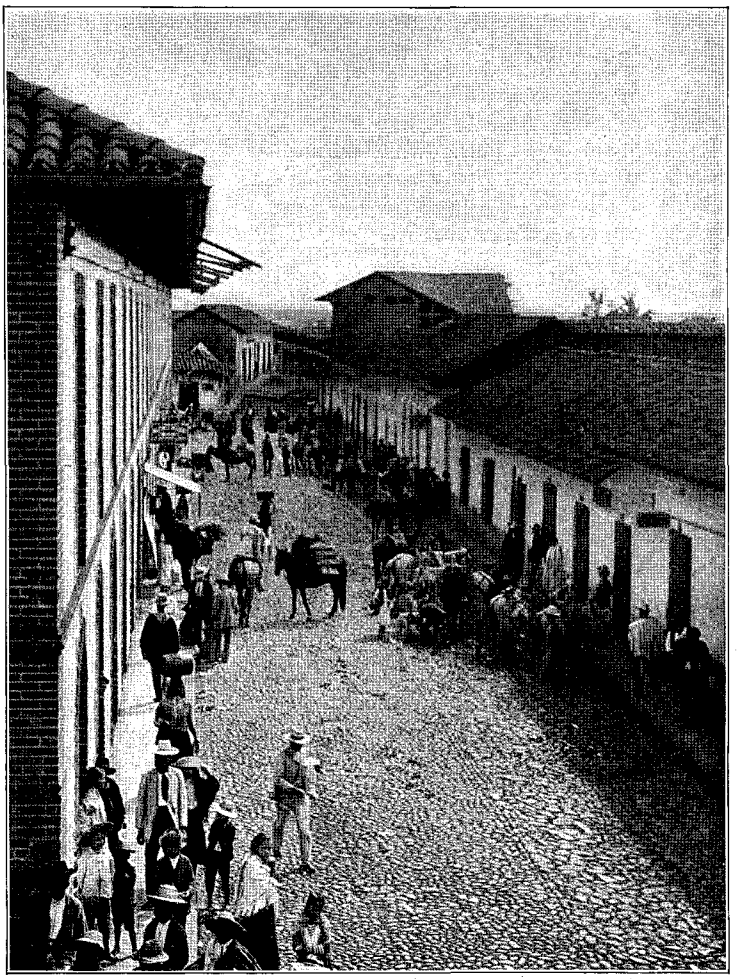

Street scene in Popayán.

The streets, crooked and narrow, are paved with cobblestones.—Page 583.

cotingas, lives in the narrow gorges and dense ravines of the Andean torrents, usually above an altitude of 5,000 feet, and so difficult of access are its dark retreats that it has been but rarely encountered by white explorers and naturalists.

Replacing the dry and barren lomas, or rolling hills, supporting only short, tough grass, over which we had ridden steadily since leaving Jamundi, we now found a bush-covered country with occasional long strips of low forest in the hollows; but the trail was still an exceedingly difficult one owing to the rocky nature of the country and the great boulders that obstruct the way. Frequently a small stream had to be crossed, such as the Rio Piendano, which is spanned by an arched bridge built of large, hand-made bricks, a curious relic of olden Spanish days. Down goes the trail five hundred feet or more at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then up again on the other side, the mules snorting and puffing as they creep along at a snail's pace. All the rivers seem to flow through deep gorges. Only sure-footed mules are of service on this trail, each carrying not more than two hundred pounds.

The distance from Morales to Popayán is not great; without cargo mules it is an easy day's ride, but with a caravan of

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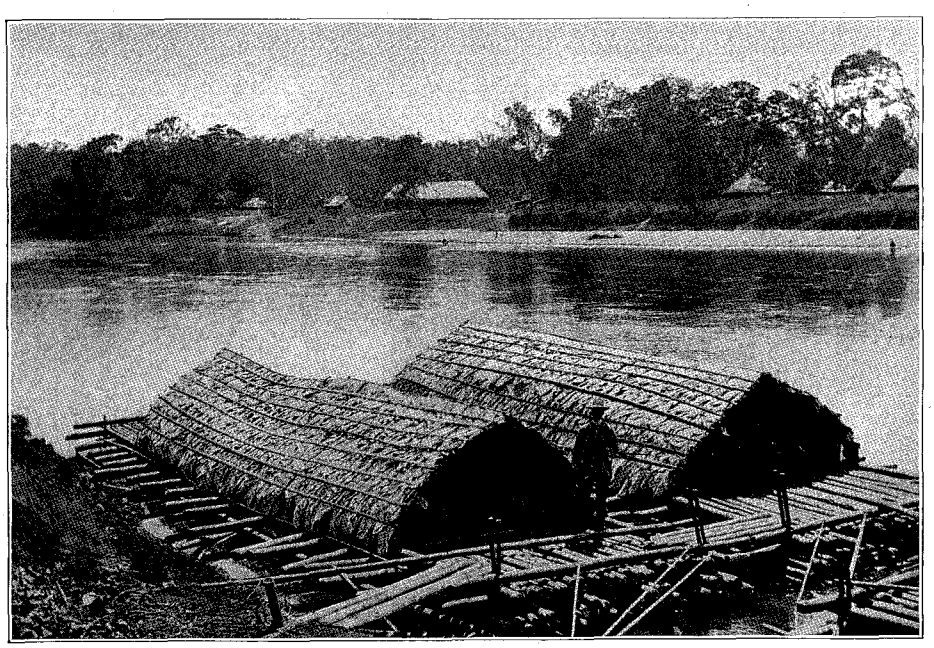
tired, heavily laden animals that have come all the way from Cali it is the part of wisdom to spend the night at the little posada La Venta and ride into the city early the next morning. Here a room and a good meal can usually be had on short notice, but one must carry his own cot and bedding, as luxuries of this kind are not furnished in Colombian inns except in the larger cities.

We were up and on our way early the next morning, for it was market-day—the day when the inhabitants from miles around flock to the city to buy and sell and to have a good time generally. It was our first visit and we could not afford to miss such an interesting and typical sight.

While still several miles distant from Popayán we began to meet small parties of Indians that dotted the trail, slowly wending their way toward the Mecca of the Upper Cauca. By the time we had reached Belen, a settlement of about twenty houses, the trail had widened into a beautiful thoroughfare and was crowded with oncoming hordes. These Indians are probably descendants of the ancient Guanacas, while some are doubtless the offspring of the tribe of Pæces which inhabits the Cordillera Central to the north. Many no doubt still preserve the original purity of the old stock, but the vast majority have mingled and intermarried with the native Colombians until one finds every possible stage of intergradation.

Before us passed the motliest crowd imaginable, each bearing the fruit of his toil, to be appraised and sold in the public plaza. There were small family parties, the man leading a decrepit mule that threatened to collapse at every step, laden with fruit and vegetables, firewood, hemp ropes and bags, calabashes, pottery, or any one of a hundred different things. The wife, acting as auxiliary beast of burden, carried the surplus. A band passed over the forehead supported the heavy pack; usually a small child was carried in a sling at her side, while several larger children clung to her skirt or trudged behind. As she walked she worked, spinning from a bunch of wool or cotton tucked under her arm, the spindle, a sharpened stick with a potato stuck on the end, dangling from her hands. The most characteristic occupation of the women is the making of



Bamboo rafts on the Cauca River.

Each raft is capable of carrying many tons of freight. They are poled up-stream and left to drift with the current in descending.

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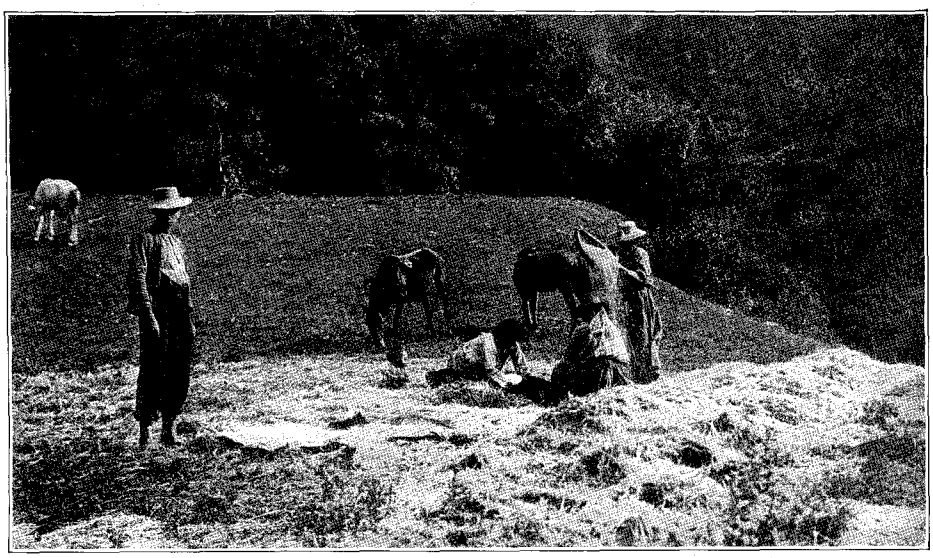

Threshing wheat.

After the grains had been beaten loose from the chaff large pans full were held high above the head and poured out. . . . The wind blew the chaff and the wheat dropped upon the mat.—Page 586.

small fibre bags, or *muchilas*, from hempen cord. They are meshed entirely by hand as the overburdened worker trots along, and when completed somewhat resemble a lady's shopping-bag. If the meshes are close it requires weeks to finish one which would fetch forty or fifty cents.

The men are dressed in loose white-cotton trousers that come below the knee; then there is the inevitable square of home-spun woollen cloth, usually brownish, gray, or blue, called *ruana;* the head is thrust through a hole in the centre so that it drapes down to the waist, the corners often touching the ground and giving the same effect as the toga of a Roman senator. At night the ruana serves the place of a blanket under which the whole family sleep. A broad-brimmed, high-crowned straw hat completes the outfit. The women are fond of dark-blue skirts (also the product of their industry), pink waists, and a shawl of almost any color so long as it has fringes. Their hats are similar to those worn by the men. The feet of both sexes are, of course, bare.

Half an hour after leaving Belen we were cantering across the great brick bridge that spans the Cauca and forms the entrance to Popayán. This bridge is really a marvel of ancient Spanish architecture, five hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and supported by a series of arches.

Popayán is one of the oldest and most picturesque of Spanish-American cities, though by no means the largest. I doubt if its population exceeds ten thousand. The early history of the city is full of interest, and from it one gains an insight into the conditions attendant upon the conquest and colonization of a large part of South America. Spurred on by the love of adventure and the lust for treasure, the Conquistadores overran vast portions of the continent, establishing depots here and there from which they could start anew in search of El Dorado, which they were destined never to find. In this manner Popayán was founded in the year 1536 by Sebastian de Belalcazar, the son of a peasant from the border of Estremadura and Andalusia, in the south of Spain.

After founding Popayán Belalcazar extended his raids down the river and formed the settlement which is to-day Cali, the largest and most important city in the Cauca. Being a fair example of the usual type of Conquistadore, he showed no mercy toward the Indians, but nearly exterminated them; the country which had been a fruitful province was turned

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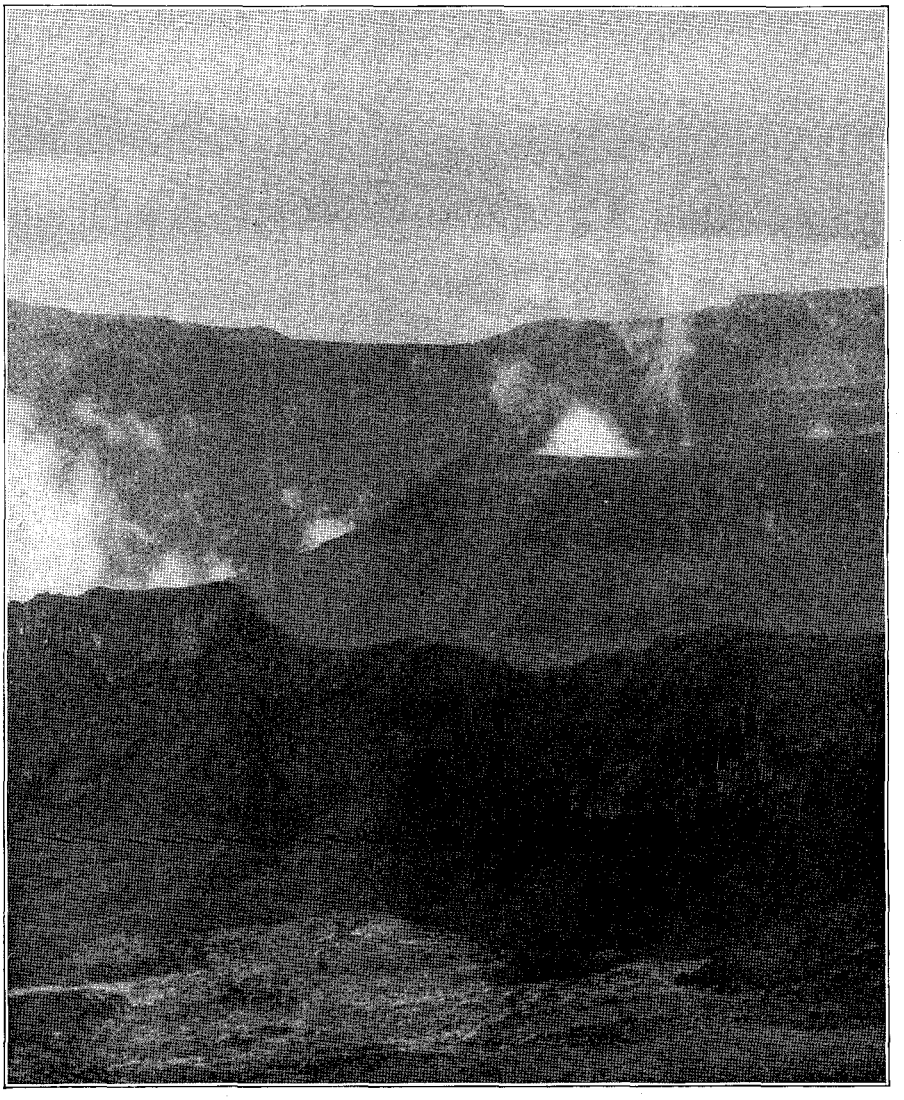

The high, flat-topped panorama of the Andes.

Such regions are impassable during the winter or rainy season on account of the violent winds and electrical storms.

into a famine-stricken waste. In the meantime Pizarro had sent an officer, Lorenzo de Aldana, to arrest his erstwhile lieutenant; but Belalcazar, satisfied with his conquests, set sail for Spain in 1539 for the purpose of securing a charter before he could be apprehended.

The city lies high up on the level plain, more than 6,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by rugged peaks, some snow-capped, others unbridled as yet by the hand of time, presaging catastrophe and disaster; and still others covered with impenetrable growths of virgin forest, untrodden by human foot, and known only to the wild creatures that lurk within the dark recesses. Above all hang the fleecy clouds that encircle the lofty pinnacles, dip low to meet the earth, and then vanish again into space. About the city prevails an air of calm repose; an air of sanctity and mysticism that radiates into every nook and corner, permeating every fibre. The city is famous as a centre of learning.

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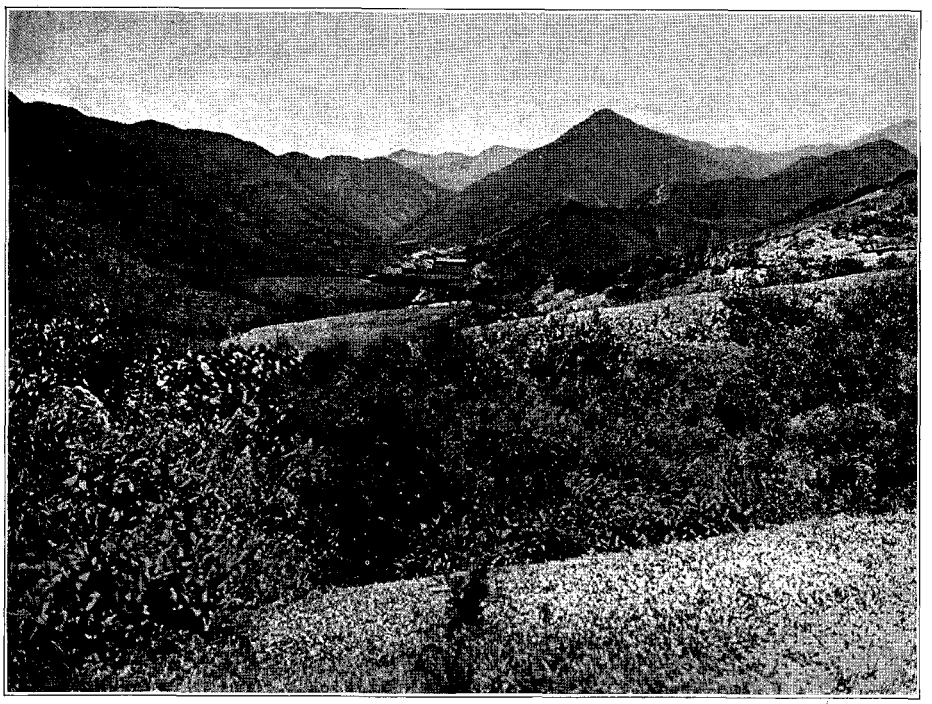
Its colleges and university, conducted by the Order of Maristas, attract the youths from all parts of the country. There are numerous old churches, all very ancient, the gilded interiors rankling with the damp of untold years. Bells of antique workmanship, and covered with verdigris, one-story and whitewashed, with red-tile or sod roofs. Glass is not used except in the churches, but the windows are heavily barred. Recently a few modern brick structures have been erected. A look into the corridors and inner courts, of which there may be several in one house,



Village of Santa Barbara.

We had reached the top of a ridge 10,350 feet high, having passed the little villages Timbio, San Miguel, Santa Barbara, and La Vega.—Page 586.

dangle in open niches in the walls or in the low, square towers, and hourly call the faithful to prayer in monotonous cadence. The cathedral was completed in 1752 after many years' work. In one of the streets a delightful view may be had of three successive chapels, one above the other, and of the streams of pious penitents wending their way up the rocky path. There are also the overgrown ruins of a house of worship, but I could never quite decide whether the edifice had fallen into decay or whether the medley piles of bricks and rubbish between the four crumbling walls were still waiting to be placed in position. The streets, crooked and narrow, are paved with cobblestones. The buildings are of the old adobe type, conveys an insight into the domestic life of the people. The front courts are very attractive with their flowers, shrubbery, and trees, but the rear ones are anything but inviting, the dungeon-like enclosures reminding one of the stories of atrocities and persecutions carried on here in the turbulent times of the Spanish Inquisition.

On an average, the people are of a higher class, both intellectually and physically, than in most Colombian cities of equal size; comparatively few negroes are seen, and the good health and bright looks of the inhabitants are the natural result of a cool climate and pure mountain air.

One day, at noon, as I was photographing in the vicinity of Popayán, after

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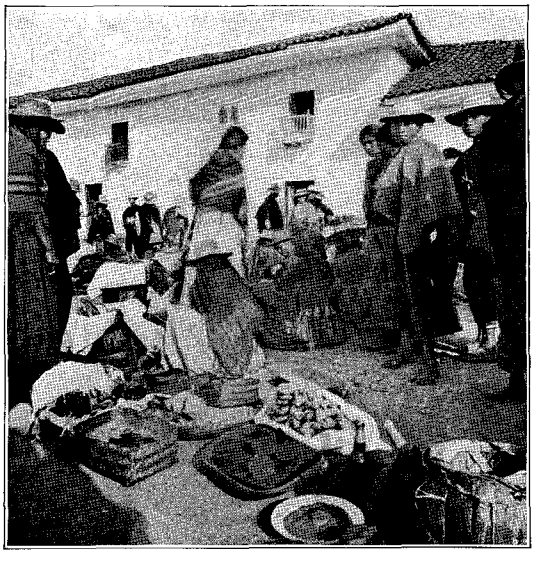
Indians taking coca leaves to market at Almaguer.

Many Indians visit the town on market-days, bringing coca leaves, lime, and "sera."—Page 588.

having ridden perhaps five or six miles from the city, I was accosted by an elderly woman who invited me to stop at her humble cabin where she had prepared a really palatable lunch. Her reason for doing this was that she had recognized me as a foreigner. During the course of the meal she tearfully related that she had had a son, of about my own age, who had gone to the States many years before. Had I met him, and could I give her any tidings? I could have, but I did not. By a strange and inexplicable coincidence I knew that her son had not left the country. Instead of going to the coast he had engaged in one of the revolutions common enough at that time and had been captured and shot; but what right had I to remove the only support that maintained the spark of life in her aged body? It was only the hope of seeing her boy again that gave her the strength to resist the onslaught of advancing years. Doubtless, she still waits, hoping against hope for the message that will never come. Hers is the mother love that never despairs. How clearly it shows that human nature is very much the same the world over, even among the lowly!

On June 23 I was fortunate enough, while in Popayán, to behold one of the religious celebrations formerly all too numerous in Latin America. It was the



Market-day at Almaguer.

The plaza is filled with tradespeople, usually women, squatting on the ground with their wares before them.—Page 589.

"Fiesta del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús." Troops of soldiers and bands were lined up in front of the cathedral; all were quiet and orderly while the sacred rites

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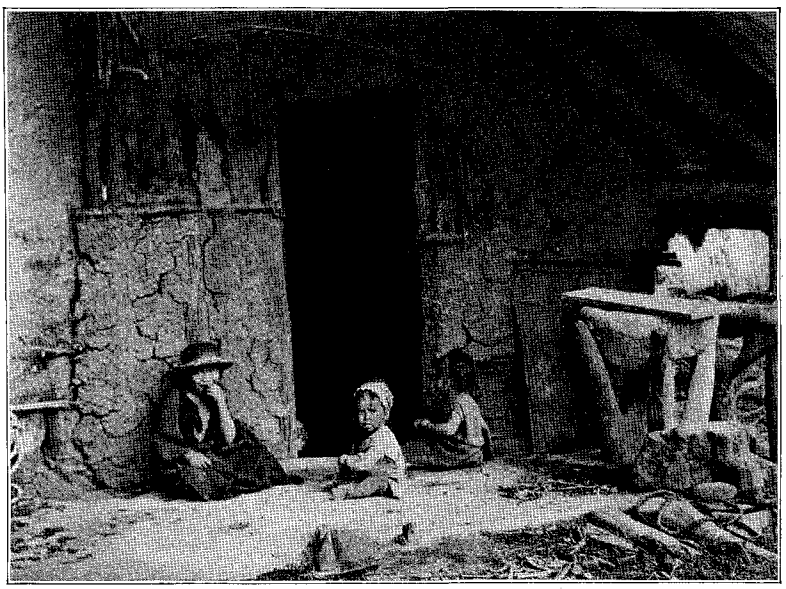
were being performed within. Suddenly the doors burst open, bells boomed and jingled, and the contents of the vast church poured through the portals in a steady stream. First came the altar boys



Indian hut on the Valle de las Pappas.

It is said that the ancient Indians cultivated the potato in this valley; hence its name—"The Valley of Potatoes."—Page 590.

in white surplices and red cassocks, carrying gilded crosses on long poles and lighted tapers in silver holders, followed by the small children, the girls with tinsel wings, resembling tiny angels. Then came the governor of Cauca, the prefect of Popayán and their staffs, each bearing a standard. Next in line were the maidens, covered with large black shawls, or "mantas," with folded hands and downcast eyes which, however, they were not averse to raising to meet the admiring glances cast by some of the onlookers. The students from the seminaries and a choir of singers preceded a life-size statue of the Patron of the feast, borne aloft on the shoulders of the stalwart youths; then came the archbishop and the higher ecclesiastics in tall mitres and gorgeously embroidered and glittering robes. Those of the general public who chose to march fell in line behind the bands that followed, chanting prayers. The remainder knelt in the streets with bowed, uncovered heads as the procession passed. All the buildings, even the trees, were gayly decorated with banners, a mixture of the papal and national insignia. Colombia is perhaps the only remaining country in the New World in which religion still dominates the government.

On my fourth visit to Popayán we had to remain in the city the greater part of a week, arranging for the continuation of our journey across the Central Andes to the headwaters of the Magdalena. Hereafter we were to travel on foot, partly due to the fact that some of the trails we would encounter were impassable, both to riding and pack-animals, and partly to enable us to be in a position better to study the wild life of the region we traversed. I was accompanied on this particular expedition by Doctor A. A. Allen and Mr. J. T. Lloyd, of Cornell University, neither of whom had visited South America before.

On February 27 we left Popayán on foot, the mule train following some little distance behind. The route lay through undulating country, rather well cultivated, where there were numerous huts at which we found shelter for the nights.

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The forest above Almaguer.

The trees seemed to be breaking under the weight of the creepers, orchids, mosses, and lilies that burdened every trunk and branch.—Page 588.

At one of these stopping-places the natives were engaged in threshing beans. The pods had been heaped upon a straw mat and the family were beating them with heavy flails. Wheat was threshed in the same manner, but after the grains had been beaten loose from the chaff large pans full were held high above the head and poured out in a thin, steady stream; the wind blew the chaff from the falling column and the wheat dropped upon the mat. At another hut men were manufacturing "cavulla" by stripping off, between two sticks, the fleshy part of the leaves of the yucca plant. The tough fibres remaining were mixed with horsehair and braided into strong ropes. Food was scarce, the natives subsisting upon the inevitable "sancocho" of boiled green plantains, and corn-meal "jarepas." However, we managed occasionally to pick up a fowl, some green corn, and once we succeeded in purchasing a live sheep; this, in addition to the provisions we carried, enabled us to fare passably well.

On March 7 we had reached the top of a ridge 10,350 feet high, having passed the little villages Timbio, San Miguel, Santa

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Barbara, and La Vega. La Vega means "fertile plain," and the surrounding country fully justifies the name. Far as the eye could see the gently sloping mountainsides had been divided into a network of small, irregular plots by rows of high, thick hedges. Wheat, corn, cabbage, and rice flourished under the cultivating hand of the Indian; there were also small flocks of sheep, and occasionally a few head of cattle. Small mud-walled huts, singly and in clusters, dotted the maze of green landscape, and over all breathed an air of quiet and contentment.

Indian porters.

The packs, consisting of boxes, steamer trunks, and bags were tied to the boards which fitted the men's backs.—Page 591.

The trail had gradually led upward though often descending into gorges and ravines a thousand feet deep. We had passed through patches of barren country, and then entered a wilderness of lovely flowering rhododendrons. The masses of red, wild oleanders were beautiful, but the lanes of a species of shrub covered with small waxen blossoms of purest white, mingled with the deep-green foliage and the fronds of monstrous subtropical ferns, surpassed any picture that pen can describe or the imagination conjure. From afar we could hear the steady buzz of bees and other insects that swarmed about the flowers, and frequently a humming-bird whirred into the arena, hovered a few moments, and then sped away; myriads of nocturnal insects appeared at night, and great sphinx moths took the place of the hummers.

The top of the ridge is covered with tall, magnificent forest. We saw numerous signs of bird and animal life. Toucans of several species yelped and clattered their bills in the tall trees above. There were also yellow-shouldered troupials, blue and yellow cotingas, brown creepers, and many bright-colored hummers and dragon-flies. The latter possessed a special interest for Lloyd, who immediately erected breeding-cages and began to study their life history. The larva of the dragon-fly resembles a good-size black beetle and lives in water. It is the possessor of a voracious appetite, feeding upon aquatic insects, the larvæ of mosquitoes, and even upon members of its own kind. Finally it rises to the top, hatches, and continues the cycle of its existence as an aerialist, the terror of the winged insects upon which it preys. Penelopes, a small turkey-like bird, were abundant, and proved to be excellent eating. One day we succeeded in taking two specimens of a rare, beautiful tanager (*Serricossypha albocristata*) that lives in small flocks in the tall tree-tops. It is as large as a robin, of a velvety blue-black color, with a white crown and breast of deep scarlet. With such a display of lovely colors one might expect harmony in song; but apparently the vocal ability of the gorgeous creature was limited to a few shrill "peeps" like those of a strayed pullet. Deer also were abundant, and one day we took a fine cat of the ocelot family.

We pitched camp in the heart of the forest. The vegetation was really wonderful. In spots the lower growth consisted entirely of climbing bamboo, so

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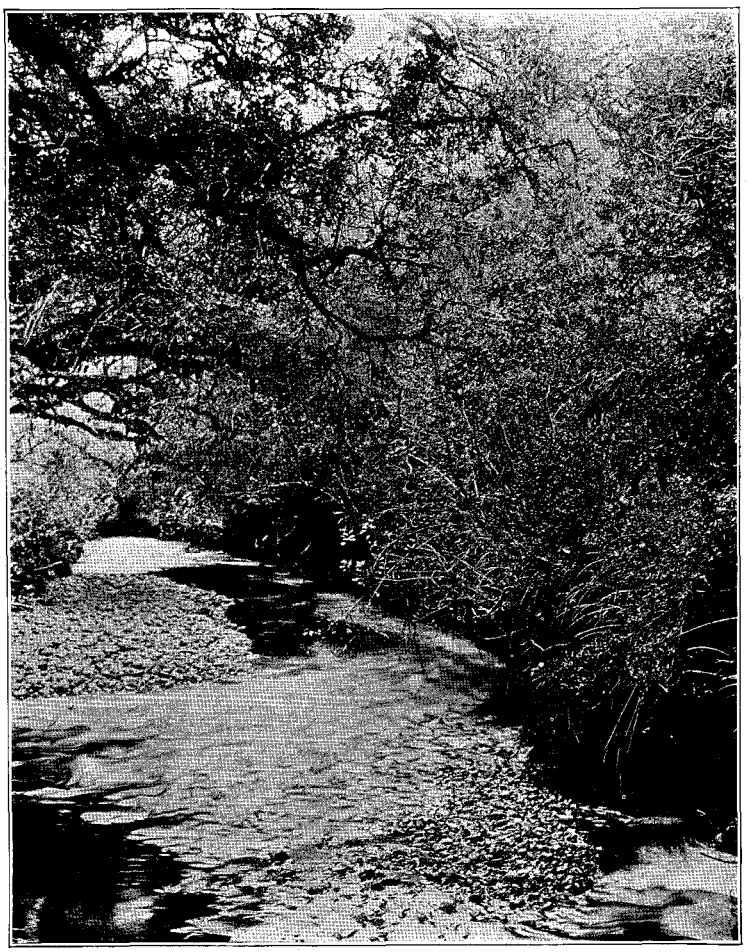
dense as to be impenetrable; the moss carpeting the ground was often knee-deep, and the trees seemed to be breaking under the weight of the creepers, orchids, mosses, and lilies that burdened every trunk and branch. It rained a good deal, and when the downpour stopped there was always the drip, drip of the water that had been absorbed by the spongy masses overhead.



The Magdelena River on the Paramo de las Pappas.
Probably the only time this mighty river has been photographed so near its source.

The forest zone extends along the top of the ridge for three or four miles and down about 1,500 feet on the other side, but the slope immediately below this line is either bush-covered or cultivated and bears every evidence of having been cleared. Fifteen hundred feet lower down we came upon the little settlement Almaguer, which boasts of about one hundred adobe houses and two severely plain little churches, but all are whitewashed and present a clean appearance. The main industry is the making of Panama hats of a rather coarse kind. Many Indians visit the town on market-days, bringing coca leaves, lime, and "sera," a kind of vegetable wax obtained from a berry that grows in the mountains, and used for making candles. Pigeons are very fond of the berry, and as they ripen the great band-tailed species congregate in flocks to feed upon them, becoming so

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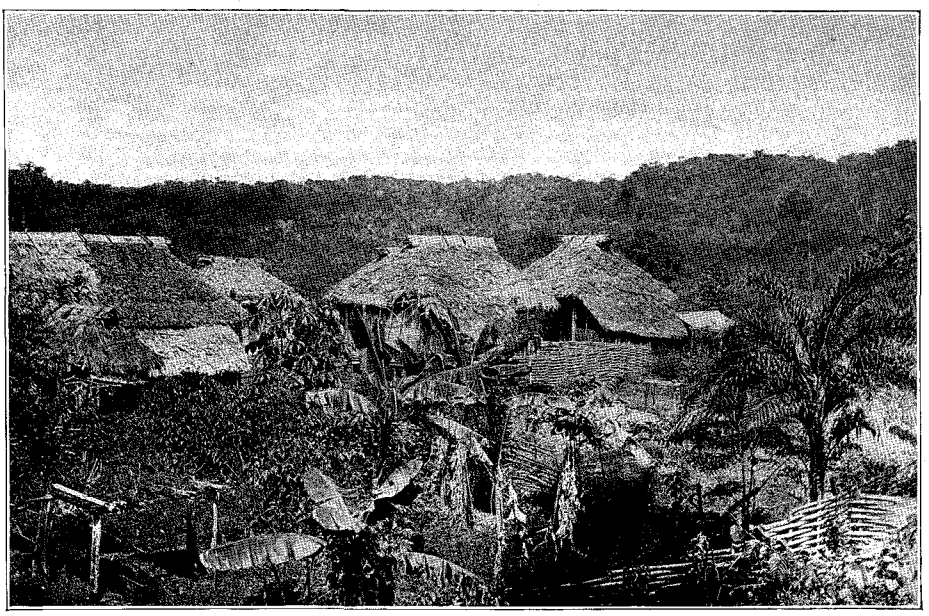

A bit of San Agustin, showing the peculiar basket-weave fences and the typical back-yard vegetation.

fat that they finally pay with their lives for the short season of feasting. The candles made of "sera" are green, but burn well and are generally better than the ordinary tallow dip. The lime, or "mambe," is used for chewing with the coca leaves, which is a confirmed habit in this part of the country.

As elsewhere, the weekly market at Almaguer is a day of great activity and is looked upon almost in the light of a fiesta. Early in the morning, usually at four o'clock, a cow is killed in the plaza and all the inhabitants gather around to watch the skinning of the carcass.

At eight o'clock the plaza is filled with tradespeople, usually women, squatting on the ground with their wares before them in wooden trays, bags, or baskets. All that these simple people deem necessary to existence, and even some luxuries, may be had. There are rows of venders of bread, cakes, and dulces; others with vegetables, rice, coffee, corn, and cheese; occasionally peaches, apples of an inferior quality, oranges, and a few plantains are brought up from some sheltered valley; but the greatest space is always taken up by the coca merchants who unquestionably do the most thriving business, as every one takes advantage of market-day to have their "mambero" replenished. Sometimes a buyer of hats visits the market. On such occasions the day is ushered in with an unearthly hammering noise that proceeds from all the houses, and investigation will disclose the women industriously pounding the Panamas into shape on a wooden block. Later they carry them to market on their heads, where the buyer, after a casual examination, makes an offer which varies from forty cents to a few dollars, according to the texture of the hat.

At night the temperature falls rapidly as the cold winds sweep down from the mountains and howl through the streets. We have every reason to remember our night's experience in Almaguer. The pack-animals had failed to catch up and we carried nothing with us, so we spent the long, cheerless hours until sunrise shivering in our bare, dusty room in the posada.

The first night from Almaguer was passed at an old mill on the banks of the Caquiona, built by monks many years ago. They had thoughtfully provided a large room to house the Indians who formerly came to have their wheat and corn ground, even to the extent of providing rough bunks; and just outside stood a massive stocks, doubtless also

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provided for the use of the Indians, but it must have detracted somewhat from the effect of the hospitality extended by the good monks. There was plenty of tender, luscious grass for the mules. Near the river large numbers of butterflies settled on the moist sand to drink; the boulders on the bottom of the clear, cold stream had many houses of the caddis-fly cemented to them—little pebbly mummy-cases in which the owner lay snugly ensconsed in the silky lining and quickly repaired the break if we opened them. The next day we passed San Sebastian, the last settlement, and climbed steadily higher toward the cold, bleak paramo that marks the dividing line between the Cauca and the Magdalena.

Reproduced from a photograph by A. A. Allen.

The tyrant flycatcher and nest.

A gigantic nest for such a little bird. They are found along streams and near pools.

After four days we reached the marvellous Valle de las Pappas, just below the mist-enshrouded paramo, and took refuge in the pretentious house of old Pedro, a full-blooded Andaquia, while preparing for our final dash across the great barrier.

The Valle de las Pappas is a great level stretch of marshy land covered with a growth of tall grass and small clumps of forest, between 10,000 and 11,000 feet up. The tops of the ridges hem it in on all sides and somewhat protect it from the icy winds. It is said that the ancient Indians cultivated the potato in this valley; hence its name—"The Valley of Potatoes." An elaborate network of canals or drains runs through the valley, but the climate and soil are such that I doubt if cultivation could be carried on to any great extent. Often, for many days at a time, rain and hail fall steadily and the mist is so thick that one cannot venture far on the treacherous boggy soil. Yet, strange to say, cattle thrive wonderfully on the high plateau, and their rearing is the occupation followed by the few Indian families who live in these heights. Beautiful orchids abound in the trees, especially in the forest that reaches up to the valley; we saw many of yellow, purple, and snowy-white. Some of the trees are of the evergreen family, including a kind of holly. There were many indications of deer and tapirs, although we shot none. Large snipe and ant-thrushes were plentiful, and on the streams we saw a number of peculiar little torrent ducks, or merganettas; large white gulls, which the Indians say are old birds that come up from the sea to die, soared high overhead.

At one end of the valley lies a small lake, of which we had an occasional short view when the clouds drifted up the slopes. All about grew clumps of mullen-like plants with thick, velvety leaves, called frailejon. Two streams leave the grassy borders of the lake, mere rivulets ten or twelve feet wide, through which we waded daily; one flows down the extreme eastern slope and develops into the mighty Caquetá that helps to swell the yellow flood of the Amazon; the other breaks through the ridges to the northeast, and dashing down the mountains in a series of rapids and cascades forms the Magdalena, which empties into the Caribean many hundreds of miles away.

Allen had contracted a fever in the

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Chocó four months before, and was suffering considerably. Instead of being benefited by the high, cold climate as we had hoped, his condition grew steadily worse and we found it necessary to continue our journey sooner than we had anticipated. I hastened back to San Sebastian to engage Indian porters, as mules are unable to carry packs beyond this point, and was assisted by the schoolmaster, who took a sympathetic interest in our undertaking. He was a pathetic example of a man who might have accomplished great deeds had the opportunity presented itself. One of his most highly cherished possessions was an old magazine containing illustrations of an aeroplane and an article on wireless telegraphy.

Reproduced from a photograph by Doctor Frank M. Chapman.

The goddess of sculpture.

It seems not improbable that the greater number of the images represent idols which were worshipped by the ancient people.—Page 594.

With a great deal of difficulty I succeeded in arranging with a dozen Indians to carry our luggage across the cordillera the following week. They were of splendid physique and as fine a looking lot as I had ever seen. The price agreed upon was about seventy-five cents per arroba of twenty-five pounds, each man carrying from two to four arrobas. The journey would require five days, and each man was to carry his own food for the trip in addition to the pack. The charge was high, judged by local standards, but on account of the rainy season the trail was all but impassable; also it was the Semana Santa, one of the greatest fiestas of the year, when all good Indians should roam the streets dulling their senses with an excessive use of coca leaves and guarapo, and fighting, while the women spent the greater part of the days in church acquiring grace for themselves and their delinquent husbands. A small advance was made to each man to enable him to purchase a supply of ground corn, cane sugar, and coca. His acceptance of this advance is considered equal to signing a contract, and they rarely if ever go back on the deal.

On Wednesday, April 3, the day set for our departure, the men appeared, each provided with a board and strong cords. The packs, consisting of boxes, steamer trunks, and bags, were tied to the boards which fitted the men's backs; a broad band was passed over the forehead and two bands across the chest. Each man carried in his hand a forked stick, or "mula," as a means of aiding him in going up and down the slippery inclines and in walking the logs that crossed the streams.

After a short, steep climb we were out on the bleak paramo, in the midst of the rain, hail, and mist. The wind blew a gale and the cold was intense. Through an occasional break in the banks of fog we had glimpses of the valley on each side filled with dense clumps of frailejones. We continued on in the face of the blinding storm for several hours, and with the

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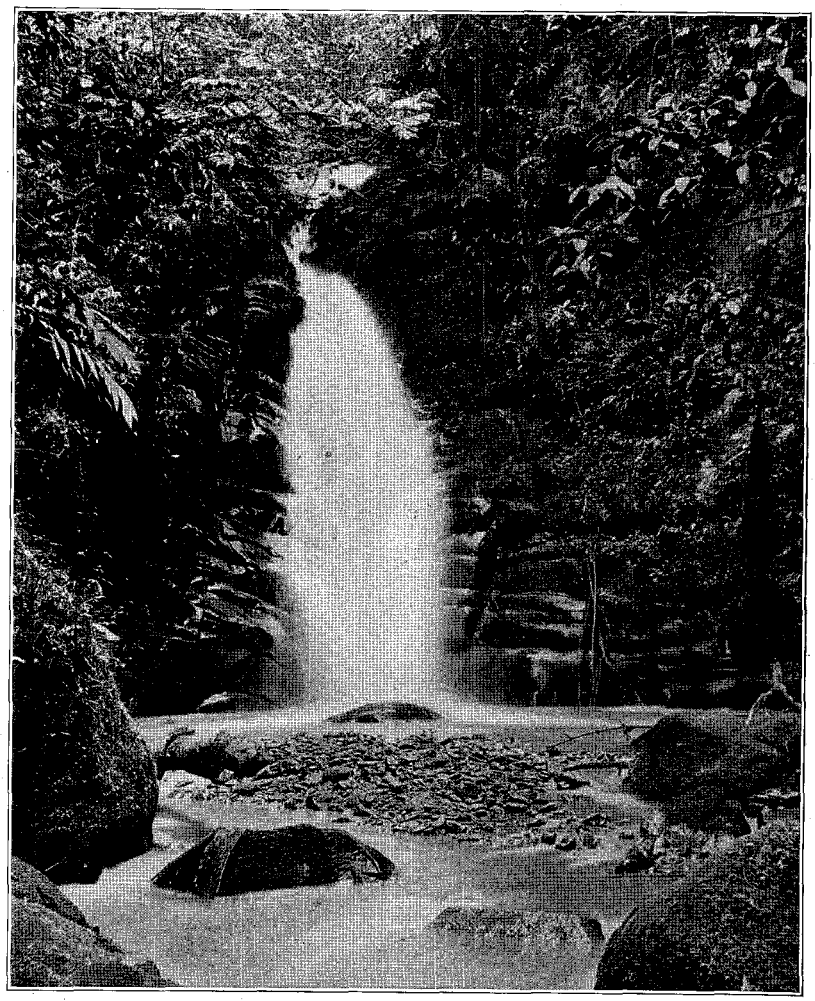

Reproduced from a photograph by A. A. Allen.

A mountain stream such as the Rio Naranjos.

It is in places such as these that the cock-of-the-rock spends its existence.—Page 597.

coming of darkness the trail left the wind-swept zone and started downward, winding along the canyon of the Magdalena; in the failing light the scenery was bewitchingly beautiful. High, rugged peaks, sheer cliffs, and black masses of forest towered above the sparkling stream that bounded from rock to rock in a succession of falls. Allen and Lloyd had gone on ahead, and after dark I came upon them camped in a unique spot. They had thrown their blankets on a ledge in the face of a cliff that towered several hundred feet above them. A tiny waterfall dashed over the edge of the precipice, cleared the ledge, and joined the greater torrent below. The regular night's stopping-place is known as Santa Marta, which the Indians reached at nine that night.

Immediately after reaching the camping-site the porters boiled corn-meal, which they ate with brown sugar. Each man had brought a sheep-skin to use as a bed, and these were dried beside the fire while their food was cooking. Before starting in the morning they had another meal of mush and sugar. During the gruelling day their mouths were kept well filled with coca and lime, and the amount of sustenance and endurance derived from the herb is extraordinary; nor does it seem to have any bad after effect, though in Almaguer I saw a number of shaky old women with bloodshot eyes and black-

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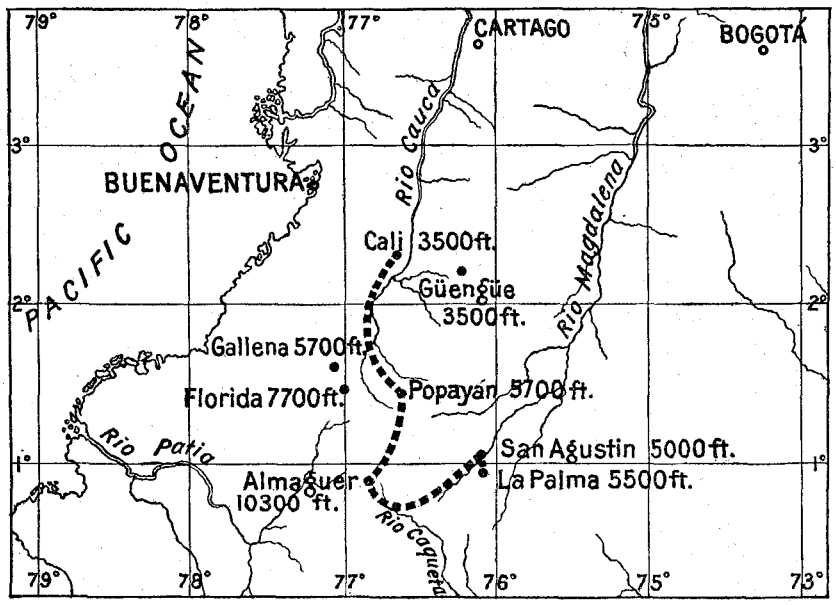
ened lips and teeth, said to be due to the result of excessive indulgence in coca.

The second night we failed to catch up with the men who had gone on ahead. We had waded streams and knee-deep mud the greater part of the day as the result of the steady downpour which rendered the trail indescribably bad; everything was drenched and it required more than an hour of hard work to start a small fire. However, the day dawned bright and sunny, and we lingered to watch the tribes of feathered folk that began feeding and chattering in the tree-tops. The ripening fruits had attracted great black guans, trogons with rose-colored breasts and metallic green backs, and wonderful curve-billed hummers with long white tails. Along a stretch of bamboo we saw scores of large, pearly butterflies flapping about lazily, the iridescence of their wings flashing like bits of rainbow in the sunlight; but not a glimpse did we have of the main object of our long wanderings.

In the afternoon the rain again fell in unrelenting torrents, and we camped beneath a wall of rock hundreds of feet high, which the Indians called the Peña Seca, or dry stone. Great vines with bunches of scarlet flowers drooped a hundred feet below the top like gigantic serpents, but not a drop of all the downpour reached us. The base of the cliff was blackened from the numerous camp-fires kindled by Indians on their way to Tolima in quest of salt. By way of divertisement our Indians gathered incense, which is a kind of gum that collects on certain trees and which they intended to take home with them for use in the "santa iglesia." I watched the social bees that live in company with termites building tubular entrances to their apartment in the nest that may extend out eighteen inches or more like a coiled pipe-stem; apparently the two different inmates of the common domicile never clash.



Section of Colombia, showing the route from Cali to San Agustin taken by the author.

The third night we reached the hut of an old Indian who called himself Domingo, and who was as surly a creature as ever walked the earth. As he refused us the hospitality of his hut, we camped outside his gate.

We now occasionally passed through a cleared spot where grain and vegetables grew; cattle grazed on the long, tender grass, and dark-brown, wild-eyed children peered at us from under the fringed, low grass roofs of shambling Indian huts. On the top of every knoll was a row of

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tall wooden crosses, some newly erected, others decaying and ready to topple over; it is the custom of the natives to erect a new one each year on Good Friday, permitting the old ones to remain standing. We had reached the frontier of Huila.

On Easter Sunday we had our first glimpse of San Agustin, which was decidedly disappointing. All that we could see as we descended the last steep slope was a cluster of some fifty-odd mud huts protruding from the centre of a wide, barren plain; there is no forest within a mile in any direction, and very little cultivation is carried on in the immediate vicinity. The town is very old; the inhabitants are mainly of Spanish descent, but scattered throughout the surrounding country can be found small clearings, or *fincas*, cultivated by full-blooded Indians. These latter are of a reticent though friendly disposition, emerging from the seclusion of their forest-bound homes only on market-days to dispose of the products of the soil and of their flocks.

In recent years the name San Agustin has come into prominence on account of the prehistoric ruins and monoliths that are found in its vicinity, which are supposed to be of very great antiquity, dating back to a culture that has entirely disappeared and of which nothing definite is known. Even the Indians who to-day inhabit the region have no traditions or folk-lore of the vanished race, and scientists who have examined the ruins have, up to the present time, been unable to account for their origin. It has been suggested that they may represent the work of the tribe of Andaquies, but this statement is disputed by Carlos Cuervo Marquez, who points out that the mute reminders of an ancient civilization already existed in the same unknown condition at the time the Conquistadores overran the empire of the Chibchas.

The thing that first attracted our attention was the row of twelve stone images that stand in the centre of the plaza facing the village chapel, which vary in height from two to eight feet and are carved from a kind of sandstone and granite. Gigantic heads, with round faces and staring, expressionless eyes, are set upon short square bodies. Some are crowned with hats or head-coverings that range in pattern from the Turkish fez and sugar-loaf to curious curved caps that may have been intended to simulate the rainbow. Many of the figures are quite naked, while others are clothed in a narrow band, or loin-cloth. The teeth of many of the human beings represented are prominent, and each has two pair of great pointed canines like those of a beast. This row of images was placed in its present location by order of the priest who had charge of the parish; we may imagine at what cost of labor when we realize that many of the stones weigh several tons. Of course, there are no trails, and the only way was to drag them out of the forest with ropes.

One of the monoliths represents a woman with a small child in one arm and a club in the other hand raised in an attitude of defense; on one is carved a woman meshing a *muchila*, and on another a man is holding a fish. There is the hewn figure of a large monkey crouching over a smaller one, and some distance away stands an owl holding a snake in its beak. A flat slab in a recumbent position bears the engraved figure of a woman and possibly served as the covering of a coffin or a grave. Then there is the statue of a woman with a mallet in one hand and a chisel in the other, thought to represent the goddess of sculpture. It seems not improbable that the greater number of the images represent idols which were worshipped by the ancient people.

In the forest above San Agustin the most interesting examples are to be found. Under the giant cedars and tall cecropias that forest the slopes one finds works of a more pretentious nature, scattered among the dense low palm growths and covered with creepers and epiphytes. There a huge stone tablet may be seen supported on four richly carved stone columns six feet high, which probably served as an altar for the offer of sacrifice; or it may have been the entrance to a temple. Nearby is an underground gallery leading to two large caves, in which are carvings of the sun and moon with rays darting in all directions. There are many other statues within a radius of several miles, and doubtless a systematic search of the region would reveal rich archæological treasure-troves. The numerous mounds and caverns furnish abundant evidence of the existence of ruined tem-

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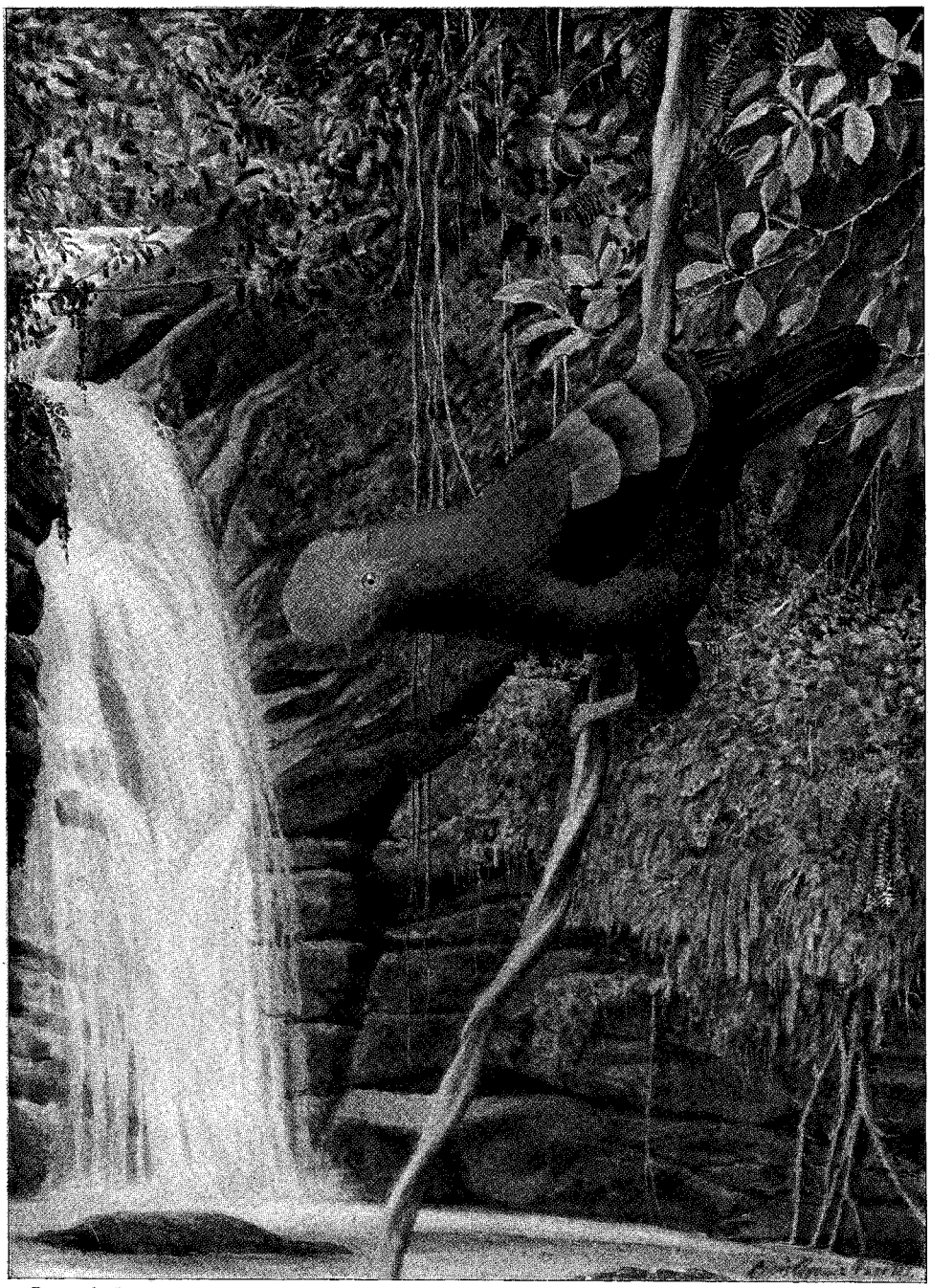

Drawn by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

The cock-of-the-rock as the brilliant creature appears in its favorite haunt—a wild, gloomy ravine rent by raging mountain torrents.

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ples and the remnants of works of art which have yielded to decadence with the passing of the centuries. Most of the known statues have been undermined by treasure-seekers and have toppled over; others have been broken by the excavators in their mad search for the small gold replicas or ornaments that are found in the graves, while several have been demolished by order of the clergy. The only thing that prevents the removal of the stones themselves is their great weight and lack of transportation facilities.

The ruins about San Agustin possess none of the ornate massiveness of those found in Guatemala and Yucatan, but rather has the work been executed along severe lines and in bas-relief; nor are they nearly so well preserved, which might tend to show that they date back to an earlier period. Hieroglyphics are almost wholly wanting. Doctor Karl Theodor Stoepel, who spent some time in San Agustin previous to our visit, has traced a similarity between one of the monoliths and an example found in Pachacama, Bolivia. In one or two instances the work resembles that of the Aztecs.

Just how to account for the advance of civilization to a point where art and architecture were encouraged and which supported a well-organized form of government, and then to explain its complete extinction, is a question on which students of the subject are at variance. Religion in some form or other has always wielded a powerful influence upon the life and customs of primitive nations; one evidence—almost invariably the deities and the temples erected for their veneration represent the supreme efforts of the ancient artists and alone have withstood the weathering of ages. This points strongly to the supremacy of a sacerdotal order; but whether the reigning classes who withheld their knowledge from the common people for selfish purposes were annihilated by an uprising of the servile hordes or by an outside invasion, or whether some great cataclysm of nature extinguished the progress of ages at a stroke, may forever remain a secret.

The bird life around San Agustin was varied and abundant. Trees were in blossom, especially one with a feathery, pinkish flower, and to this scores of hummers came. One species had a slightly curved bill and was green in color, with a patch of deepest purple on the throat; another of a blue color had tail-feathers six inches long. In the ravines there were many chachalacas that kept up a demoniacal cackling. The bushes were full of finches and lovely velvety red tanagers, while honey-creepers came to our table daily and gorged themselves on sugar. In the forest we saw many large, woolly monkeys, some bluish, others silvery-gray. There were kinkajous, agoutis, and peccaries. The two-toed sloth was abundant; the flesh of all these animals was greedily eaten by the natives. Numbers of large lizards or iguanas prowled about the town and feasted on the tiny chickens and ducklings. A flight of locusts covered the entire upper Magdalena, and for days the air was black with the pest; millions would rise from the ground in a steady cloud in front of us as we walked along through the fields. In a few days not a speck of green remained. The hungry, insatiable hordes moved on, but behind them remained a wide, brown desert, filled with sorrow and desolation, for the crops of corn, yuccas, and bananas had been destroyed and there would be famine for many months to come.

We scouted the forests daily, confining our search to the untrodden ravines of the Rio Naranjos, a turbulent, wicked stream that joins the Magdalena a short distance below. Great precipices flank its sides and the water rushes through dark, narrow gorges. Everywhere the river-bed is dotted with great boulders against which the water dashes with a force that sends clouds of spray into the air. The slopes of the mountains and ravines are covered with a dense palm jungle, the trees laden with bunches of purple berries. It is in places such as these that the cock-of-the-rock spends its existence. After several weeks of the most strenuous work our efforts were rewarded: we came suddenly upon a flock of male birds in the top of a palm, the bright scarlet color of the wonderful creatures flaming among the deep-green fronds in a dazzling manner as they flitted about, and with outstretched necks and raucous "*eur-rr-ks*" surveyed the disturbers of their time-honored solitude. We were the first human beings to penetrate their jungle fastness and excited curiosity rather than fear.

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The mere sight of these beautiful birds in their wild surroundings was worth all the discomforts of the long journey. In size they are no larger than domestic pigeons, but the color is of a most intense and brilliant scarlet, with wings and tail of black; the upper wing-coverts are of a light shade of gray, and the eyes and feet are golden yellow; a flat crest an inch and a half high completely covers the head and hides the yellow bill. The female is of a dull shade of brown.

We wanted to find their nests and to study their home life, of which little was known; also to secure material for the museum group. With the aid of Indians, and ropes made of creepers, we began to explore the face of the cliffs, some of which were a hundred feet high. On many of the steep slopes the palms grew so close together that we utilized them as ladders. As it rained nearly every day the footholds were very slippery, and many times one or another of the party fell, being saved only by the rope that bound us together from being dashed on the rocks far below.

One day, as we crept along slowly and painfully, we flushed a bird of sombre brown from a great boulder that rose from the centre of the stream. We waited breathlessly while she fluttered about in the palms and then returned to the rock. She flew many times back and forth, carrying food in her bill, and at last I discerned a dark object against the face of the rock upon which the bird centred her attention. There was no longer cause for concealment, so we moved to the edge of the torrent and saw the straw and mud nest plastered against the face of the rock; below raged a whirlpool, and on each side there was a waterfall. A more inaccessible spot could not have been chosen by the bird, whose haunts had never been violated.

After a consultation the Indians decided to build a raft, and accordingly cut down trees and lashed the trunks together, but no sooner had the craft been launched than it was caught by the raging swirl and spun about until the creepers parted and we found ourselves struggling in the whirlpool. A great liana which had been securely tied to the raft and fastened on the bank swept past, and this proved to be our salvation.

A tall tree was now felled, and its course so directed that the top should fall across the inaccessible rock island, but it fell several yards short and again we were outwitted.

The sun was now directly overhead, and the fierce rays entered the narrow confines of the canyon so that it was stiflingly hot. Angry peals of thunder warned us of the approaching storm, and the red howling monkeys, disturbed from their midday rest, roared dismally. Above, the river flowed like a greenish stream of molten glass; below, it dashed through the gorge with a dull roar, and to the towering boulder in the centre clung a treasure, to possess which men had risked their lives; but on the very verge of success we seemed likely to fail. Even the Indians, pioneers of the jungle, shook their heads doubtfully and wanted to return.

We tried the only remaining resource. With poles and lines, two of the Indians and myself picked our way to a number of small rocks that jutted out of the angry flood at the very mouth of the gorge. The other Indian spliced together joints of slender bamboo and climbed out into the branch of the fallen tree which had lodged against some rocks. From this precarious position he had made repeated thrusts at the nest; finally it fell and began its maddening career in the whirlpool. Around it went, many times, and then shot straight for the gorge, careening toward the rock on which Juan stood. As we shouted encouragement, Juan dived. In spite of the fact that he was a powerful swimmer we doubted if we would ever see him again, but after what seemed minutes he reappeared, battling furiously with the flood that sought to sweep him into the maelstrom. We threw him a line and dragged him ashore. In his mouth he held the precious nest, a young bird, drowned, still clinging to the grass lining.

Later, and under circumstances hardly less thrilling, we found other birds and nests with both eggs and young, but we took only those that were absolutely necessary. The others, and there were many, we left to the eternal mystery of the wilderness, to dance in the shadows and to woo their mates beside the rushing waters; to rear their young and to lead the life that was intended for them from the beginning.

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THE WAX DOLL

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

MOST women, I believe, are bad citizens; and I have come to the conclusion that they have to be. That is my only apology for having been a bad citizen myself. The sense of guilt is still heavy on me—after some years. I don't know why, unless it is because I used to be a suffragist; and if you take suffrage in a decent spirit, it develops your conscience. All that parading and speechifying, I suppose, did something to me; for though I acted on instinct, and all the worrying was done afterwards—well, I did worry. I am sure that I should have gloried in my behavior (or at least have thought it inevitable) if I hadn't once gazed at the vote as though it were a sacrament. My tale is not a suffrage argument—either for or against. I am not interested in suffrage any more. But I have had the Furies after me because, at one strange moment of my life, I ranged myself against the forces of government: ranged myself against them because I hadn't a principle to fit the case. I had to act as my feelings dictated, and my feelings had never had a bowing acquaintance with the criminal code. I am quite aware that a lot of women—perhaps most—will think I behaved very ill. I am nearly sure that I did. Yet would they, if caught unawares (oh, the mental "unpreparedness" of most of us!) have done differently? I should like to know—though I am now very far away from the scene of my civic turpitude, and very safe. What would a good citizen have done? And if he would have done the opposite of what I did, what good did the parading and speechifying do me, after all? Did I behave like a woman out of a harem? Or are there people who would think that my instincts weren't immoral? I put it all as a question, because the Furies have forcibly fed me some bitter doses. Of course, I know there was more than a dash of cowardice in my behavior; but it was the kind of cowardice that I had, from my earliest years, been led to consider honorable, for a woman. The whole thing is just a muddle. Why, even now, rack my memories as I can, I don't positively *know*. Still, at the time, I acted as if I thought so. . . . This story, by the way, has nothing whatever to do with suffrage: I only brought that in by way of showing that I, the protagonist—ah, no, not the protagonist!—wasn't wholly the old-fashioned woman. But shadows of the "keepsake" cling about us still, I suppose, though we may be as square-toed as you like.

I don't think my offense was extraditable. I hope not, though I have never inquired. But certainly it didn't seem, afterwards, as if America were the place for me, or I the person for America. I've stayed away ever since. It's more fun, too. And in so many strange and lovely places I've wandered to—for I've wandered like an Englishwoman in a pith helmet—my little adventure has looked, in retrospect, so innocent. China, for example, was a great comfort. Still, her face haunts me—always will. And not only hers, but the other one: the face I never, thank God, even saw! Perhaps, if I really had seen it, I should never have had to worry. But I don't really believe that: it's part of my trouble that I can't. The uncertainty is just the humor with which fate salts things. The dish will be a savory to the end of time. Well, here it is.

I had taken my ticket for Worden—a Connecticut village on the very edge of the Sound. The expresses flash by it too quickly for one to read the name on the little station, and most people probably have never heard of it. It was familiar to me because I often went there, spring and autumn, to visit the Peeles. Their place lay three miles from the village, on a lovely inlet all their own; and my dread of the journey on a New Haven "accommodation" came to be inhibited utterly by the prospect of delicious salty drives,

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in an open motor, along the curve of the coast. Worden itself I had never noticed much, for the Peeles never kept me waiting there. I should say it was a dreary, down-at-heel hamlet, like so many others: all ugly frame houses and one cheap brick block; with four or five little churches, all violently snobbish, no doubt, in the matter of creed, but making up for it by the communistic dreadfulness of their architecture. That is all I ever knew about Worden.

I had a little time to wait. (It was, by the way, the old Grand Central, not the new station that is said to have replaced it.) I had checked my luggage, and had nothing but a novel to carry. I was taking a disagreeably early train, and felt rather sleepy still. In spite of the gloominess of the women's waiting-room, I decided to stay there, for the big waiting-room outside was possessed by a chattering horde of immigrants: one of those organized alien crowds that appear sporadically in our big terminals, evidently ready to be shipped into the patient West. Every one knows the kind of thing I mean: huge parcels labelled "Disinfected," hatless women and fantastic infants, shrill and guttural sounds in the air, gestures of excitement and discouragement, somewhere in the background a responsible agent with—presumably—tickets. They swarmed over the big waiting-room, and I withdrew to the stuffier apartment. The matron was not about, and there were not many people in there—a few women washing their faces in the farther room, after a night journey, and one or two tired creatures with children.

There was nothing interesting to look at, in my half-hour, but I was determined to save my novel for the train, which I knew would stop everywhere and be a little later at every station. So I stared about—it was as much a matter of pure chance as that—at the few other women. I nearly remonstrated, I remember, with one woman who was crossly scolding a bewildered child for everything it did and did not do. I wish I had; for, by the look of her, a remonstrance would have led to a long and unpleasant conversation. In fact, that was why I didn't: so little do we know, at any given moment, what is good for us. My glance rested instead—driven by my own stupid intention—on a young woman sitting in a rocking-chair in the far corner. She rocked with a steady jerkiness, and at every forward motion one of the rockers grazed a battered suitcase that stood beside her. She herself was shabby, was uninteresting, I fancied, to the core. But I was determined to take my mind off the unreasonable mother near me. So I stared at her. She had been crying, I thought; and my imagination constructed mechanically a parting from some man. She did not look, at least, as though she would cry at leaving her mother. You know what I mean: she was young, and seemed respectable enough in a shoddy way, but her eyes were very big, and there was a sort of awareness in them. Still, she didn't powder her nose, or even open her cheap vanity bag to contemplate herself in a mirror, and I—still cogitating rather sleepily—was grateful to her. I was, already, so tired of those gestures! Heavens, but I was on the wrong track! But one will clutch at anything when one is bored.

Her face, if you will believe me, was not interesting in any way. I was sure that everything about her was cheap: her birth, her traditions, her ideas, her clothes, her fate. I dare say, at that time, I should have expected her to be transformed by a vote. Perhaps she would have been: it is not for me to say. But the only emotion she excited was the familiar one of wonder that there should be so many colorless common people in the world, and that those common millions should somehow manage to compound decent nations. She rocked away, as I say, without stopping. Once she dropped her vanity bag, and she bent down in a great hurry to retrieve it. All her money in it, I suppose. Just a shabby, young, scarcely pretty, totally unimportant creature. I finally felt, though she seemed not to have noticed me at all, that I couldn't bear to stare at her any more. She was too tiresomely ordinary. I have often felt aggrieved that, since a face was to haunt me, it should have been so uninteresting a one: neither tragic nor comic; just one of the boring millions. Oh, I've suffered.

I looked at my watch. It was high time

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for the train to be announced, and I sauntered forth into the big waiting-room to inquire. It would be five minutes more, I learned, before it was made up; and I went back. Think of it: I went back. And they write silly poetry about being the captain of one's soul. The immigrants were just too nasty and depressing: that was why I went back. And I might have been a free woman, if I hadn't gone.

Well, there she was. And just because I had been staring at this indistinguishable creature before, I turned to her again. Her eyes were shut, but she was still rocking—some people can't help it, once in a rocking-chair—and a virulent red flower in her shabby blue hat rocked with her. Did I mention that she had a red flower in her hat? I had noticed that before. It was the kind you can buy at a ten-cent store. Even with her eyes closed to the world, she was still clutching her vanity bag with tight fingers, as though her shapeless embryonic soul were in it—being incubated.

The matron came in and waddled across the room to put up the window-shade. (Where *do* station matrons come from? They all come, evidently, from the same place, and I never saw one who looked trustworthy.) My young woman's eyes were still closed, but the fat creature, in reaching the shade, knocked against her chair and startled her. The matron immediately waddled away and disappeared within, but the girl rocked wildly for a moment—on account, I dare say, of the concussion—and her foot, or the point of the rocker, something, anyhow, upset the battered suitcase. I was on my feet by this time, ready to walk out to my train, but I saw the suitcase open as it fell. Words cannot say how unnecessary, how fortuitous, it was that my eyes should have been turned, at that instant, in that direction. But they were. . . . The girl jumped; her vanity bag clattered to the floor, and she bent over the suitcase. Before I could turn away, she had managed to shut it, but also before I could turn away, I had seen a largish package done up in crumply white cloth—and, shaken across the edge of the suitcase as it opened, emerging from the loose, formless package within, a tiny, waxy wrist and hand. At the same instant—just the infinitesimal hint of time that it took for the girl to settle the bundle in place and fasten the feeble spring of the suitcase once more—I saw the girl's face perfectly white, as she crouched on the floor. Some women with bad hearts go white easily, but this was an inimitable, a symbolic whiteness. There was no question in my mind as I turned away—which I did as quickly as the gesture could be accomplished—that this was the pallor of the utmost possible human terror. You would look like that, not after the beasts got you, but at the very moment when you felt yourself being flung to them. In mid-air, descending to their hot breath, you would be white as she was white. Or, at least, so I take it. The peculiar startling hue of her face in that one glimpse has remained with me. I find myself matching other pallors with it and finding them creamy. I have stood above the wonderful whiteness of the dead, and her remembered face has turned that whiteness to ivory.

Yes, I turned away. I could not face her when she rose. The little waiting-room, I saw just then, had emptied itself, except for a woman asleep on a couch with her head on a carpet-bag. There were women in the inner room, but they could have seen nothing. I heard her sit down heavily again in the rocking-chair; I heard a little clatter and knew that she was picking up her precious vanity bag. But I could not have turned round and looked at her again. If I had, she would have known. Don't you see? That was my first instinct: not to let her dream that, in that gasping instant, I had seen. The most reassuring thing I could do, to put her out of her pain, was to walk slowly towards my train, like any woman walking towards any train. I tell you that whiteness was awful. I couldn't have beheld it again. The one important thing in the world seemed to be that she should get some blood back into her face. Oh, it didn't matter if she died, but it did matter that no one should be so afraid as that. Of course, even in those few steps, I was conscious of another point of view: I knew that I could speak to the matron. But I didn't want to bring her into it, with her sly, evil face and hovering fat hands. Crime seemed beside the point:

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I just couldn't augment a terror like that. I've never seen anything like it—though, as you might say, I live with it and see it every day. By the time I had got out of the women's room, I was saying to myself quite seriously that it might not have been what I thought. It might, you know—I still say it seriously—have been a wax doll. Any time, all these years, I could have gone into court and sworn that I didn't *know* it wasn't a wax doll. It was the whiteness, the awful whiteness, of the woman's face. That didn't fit any theory but the worst.

I had a few thoughts, in the midst of my general haze—little thready wisps hanging in a blur. I reflected, while I made my way through the crowd of aliens and officials of every kind, that my chance was not yet gone. Yes, of course: I could report my suspicion to any gray-coated official creature. "A young woman (a red flower in her hat) sitting in the women's waiting-room, with, beside her, a battered suitcase that might bear looking into." Oh, yes, I could do that. I was quite aware of it before I reached the gate. If I did, I might end in Bellevue; I should certainly end in the newspapers. I didn't see my way to doing it, and I marched on. I assure you I thought of those things, and I felt that it would be wilful and wicked, on the part of circumstance, to pillory me with her in the daily press, in court-rooms, under the insincere eyes of counsel. Dreadful things happen in the world all the time: why should I involve myself in a drama that did not concern me, that only wanted passionately (oh, that whiteness!) not to concern me? What were the police for? Was I to do their dirty work; to snoop about, and spy, and give information? There was a deep, deep aversion in me to being the instrument of the poor girl's undoing. It would have been like giving up, from my very hearthstone, some fainting creature the hounds were after. It was very ancient, of course, that aversion. She may have deserved anything the law could do to her. I dare say she did. But was I to hand her over, remembering that whiteness? It seemed like my duty to protect her from anything, no matter how righteous, that she was so afraid of as that. Could, indeed, anything be righteous, the contemplation of which turned a human being into that sort of pitiful pulp? I know that my attitude was full of flaws, morally and logically speaking, but it was my attitude, and I couldn't, all of a sudden, like that, get rid of it. It was "wished on" to me. I don't pretend that my dread of the newspapers and the courts was noble; yet that aversion, too, was ancient and decent—just as it was ancient and decent of me to think in that connection (as I did) of my relatives. I am not defending myself: I am only telling you how I felt. There was, besides, my constitutional and conventional unreadiness to believe that a thing which looks lurid really is lurid. Very likely it would have been masculine of me to report her, but I am sure that it was equally masculine of me to invent the wax-doll hypothesis and to envisage Bellevue. I don't know what the masculine mind would have done with the whiteness. I only know what my mind did with it; or, rather, what it did to me.

"In less time than it has taken to tell it," as the books say, I was in the Worden train, which was precisely as dreary as usual. I don't think any of my fellow passengers were so commonplace, quite, as the girl in the waiting-room, but they were not striking. They were merely the predestined prey of a New Haven "accommodation." Very likely you know the look. There was no parlor-car, and I settled myself on the shady side of the train, and opened my novel. The gesture, naturally, was mere bravado. Never was best-seller more vainly sold; for I've never read it. I threw it away later: flung it into the sea, wouldn't let Clara Peele read it. I could hold it open before me in the train, but I could not keep it by me longer than that. I felt as though it had a spot of blood on it.

The journey was not pleasant, but it came to an end as journeys do. I said poetry to myself all the way. Not that I got much out of the poetry, but there are some long things (Swinburne's *Dolores*, for example) that just settle into the clacking rhythm of the train itself and tide you over. It seems to be what they were written for. Before I got out at Worden I looked for Ellis Peele, and

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saw him waiting there with the car. I was glad. Indeed, I nearly upset him by the vigor with which I flung myself at him to shake his hand, and then rushed to shut myself into the tonneau. He wanted to look for my luggage, but I assured him it would not be on that train. They had promised me in New York that it should be, but I felt I couldn't endure the delay of his looking for my portmanteaux and carrying them to the car. Of course, Ellis paid no attention to me, and went down the platform to the baggage-car. I leaned over the side of the motor and contemplated, in real agony, the Baptist church. It looked, I remember, as though, on completion, it had been immersed, and there had been too much bluing in the water. You see . . . the conductor (symbol of authority) was still walking up and down the platform, and just as I got out of the train I had seen, alighting from the second car ahead, a shabby young woman (with a red flower in her hat) who carried a battered suitcase. I had been given another chance. Not that I could have taken it, once having thrown it away—I should by that time have been myself in a very inconvenient position. But the conductor was there to remind me, somehow, of what a bad citizen I had been.

Perhaps, if the girl had seen me, she would not have recognized me, but the most important thing to me in the world at that moment—I am sure every one will understand that—was that she should not see me. Of course, as I realized later, either she had never noticed me at all, or she didn't dream that I was on the Worden train. But I wasn't capable of realizing anything then except that I must lean over the side of the car and stare at the Baptist church. My back must have looked very seasick.

I felt better when the train puffed away; at least, the conductor had gone. There was the ticket agent left, to be sure, and he also had a uniform. Still, he didn't seem so official nearly, and he hadn't come from New York. I longed to look out of the tail of my eye and see what direction the girl had taken; I never in my life wanted to do anything so much. Yet never has my whole body wanted to do anything so little. Of course, I didn't turn—though I was ready to, with a jerk, if she should come in sight.

Ellis came back without my portmanteaux, voluble about the evils of the system. I had quite expected them to be there, but I patronized him for his credulity. It was all I could do to pay him back for my terrible five minutes of staring at the church. And then I found that that unconscionably domestic man had errands to do. I was to dodge the girl about the main street of Worden! Or so I feared. In point of fact, though my field of vision seemed unnaturally enlarged, as if I had grown eyes at the side of my head, I didn't see her anywhere; and when we finally took the road to the inlet I breathed again, as if my heart were a real heart.

The road to the inlet is winding and varied—and very bad. Sometimes you are within sight of the Sound, and sometimes you poke muddily through thin woods: unbeautiful, deserted, too scrubby even for Sunday-school picnics. The last part lies straight along the shore, but even in the first two miles, when you are beset by the scrubby woods, the salt is clean and stinging in the air. Released from town, I always immensely liked the drive. On that day, my one desire was to get to the Peeles' comfortable, safe house. My conversation was not up to much, for I could remember nothing discussable except the humble stridency of the Baptist church. "The woodspurge has a cup of three." I found that I had a much clearer picture of it than Ellis Peele, though he must have spent hours of his life, instead of five minutes, waiting opposite it. I got him to laughing in the end, and his laughter was delightful to my ears.

The car was crawling through deep, wet ruts, in the last stretch of woods before we were to come into the open. Ellis took a muddy turn very slowly . . . and ever so gently I groaned. "Sorry this road's in such beastly shape," he threw back over his shoulder.

"It is in beastly shape," I found strength to murmur. For me it was in beastly shape, indeed; since, a good way ahead of us, I saw a woman trudging with drabbled skirts, carrying a suitcase.

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Ellis presently noticed her. "Halloo! Somebody walking it—a woman. She must be going to North Worden: quite a jaunt. I say, Alice, suppose we give her a lift when we catch up?" He stopped the car just then, to get out and do something to one of its myriad organs.

"She'd probably be insulted if you did."

"Don't you believe it! Since these last rains people have been mighty grateful." His head was bent, and I barely caught the cheerful words.

"I won't have it, Ellis. I can't make conversation with strange people."

"Whew!" He straightened himself, came round, and got into his seat again. "Since when have you been such a snob? It's not a month ago that you made me take in an old couple—made me take them clear over to North Worden, for the matter of that."

I clutched the rail in front of me. "They were old, Ellis. This woman walks like a young person. It's different."

"You must be pretty far-sighted." He craned his neck to see. "She walks—to *my* eye—as though she were tired. Come, be a Christian, Alice. She's got a suitcase, too."

"I won't have it." My voice was very snappy. We were near enough then—though still crawling—for me to see a spot of color that I knew: a red flower nodding, as it must (I felt) have nodded, from the beginning of time, over the crown of the woman's hat.

"But she's got a suitcase—a heavy one. She's bent over with it."

My nerves had at last gone back on me. I believe, indeed, that I was just about to shriek in his ear: "I know she has a suitcase, you fool!" when luckily we met a deep lake of water, and splashed through it with noises of the Deluge. That gave me time to bite my words back; and at just that moment we passed her. She did not look up, but drew aside into the trees—not to be bespattered, one might plausibly have assumed. Through the Deluge noises I heard Ellis grunt peevishly: "Oh, very well, but I don't know what's struck you." Then, mercifully, we got past her, but not before I had recognized the hat, the vanity bag, even the contour of the averted face. I did not look back; I never saw her again. But Ellis Peele did, and I had to meet more kind protesting words: "I say, Alice, she's gone into the woods. She must think there's a short cut that way, and there isn't. She'll get up to her knees; get lost, maybe. Mayn't I just cut back and tell her—if you won't have her in?"

"You don't want to reverse the car on a road like this."

"No, but I could get out and walk back."

"I will not be left alone in the car."

He looked at me then. I shut my eyes. It was my good fortune probably to look very ill, for he suddenly became solicitous about me. "Are you ill, Alice?"

I didn't open my eyes. "Ill enough to be pretty anxious to get to the house."

"Oh, well, of course we'll get on." And there was no more talk of helping the woman. But he did give another look back, and I had a last report. "I can see her in among the trees. She's just resting, I guess—sitting on her suitcase, anyhow."

Before we made the last turn to the shore he stared back once more down the wood-road, but he gave me no information, and I took it that he did not see her—that she had stayed among the trees.

My sudden turn was purely nervous. I wasn't ill in any real sense, but I was very grateful that I had looked ill. I didn't know that one's nerves could so befriend one. I was made to lie down at once, but I couldn't stay on the couch more than an hour. Even that was pretty hard. Still, it wouldn't do for Clara to hear me pacing the floor. Feeling that I should surely want, at once, a lot of my own things, she insisted on sending Ellis back, in spite of my protests, to meet the next train from New York. Poor Clara! If she had known that she was giving me poison! I begged him to wait until afternoon; I assured him that I needed nothing, that he must be tired, that I couldn't bear to have luncheon put off—all the things kind people pay no attention to, taking them for mere manners. But he went.

I borrowed a tea-gown and slippers of Clara, I drank beef tea and took valeri-

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an, I was very affectionate to the baby, and cringed properly before its nurse. I think I talked a lot—cheerfully. I seemed to have entered on a new life: not a nice one. I could not imagine against what unwonted obstacles I might have to brace myself in that unfamiliar world. Lilliput or Brobdingnag could not be stranger. Perhaps I caught the first hiss of the Furies' wings as I waited for Ellis Peele to return. I know that, many times, as I lay on the long window-seat, that girl's face appeared and hovered before my seaward-gazing eyes. Very distinctly it came and hung there, white as nothing else has ever been, between me and the smooth gray of the Sound. I have never wholly rid my life of it; but it has never been so vivid since. The face, that morning, was the best sort of hallucination: something that you could take oath before a notary public that you had seen.

Ellis came back at last with the portmanteaux. He was very amiable, by way of showing me that I had put him to no trouble. By way of showing me also, I suppose, that he bore me no grudge for what he must have considered my abominable behavior earlier, he mentioned cheerfully an incident of the second trip.

"Do you remember the woman you wouldn't let me give a lift to?"

I didn't answer. I was looking out through the open window at the waves, and between me and the gray uneven horizon I saw, as clearly as I now see the pen with which I write, a white, white face. The irony of answering would have broken me.

"I picked her up again, going back to Worden—beyond where we passed her, a little nearer the village. But still in the woods. I hope you don't think it disrespectful to you, Alice, but this time I did offer to give her a lift. She was floundering about in the beastly mud, and looked awfully tired. You needn't have been afraid of her dignity, my dear; she got in like a shot."

"With you?" It almost amused me to ask that idle question, with the face outside there—a face of flesh; no ghost, mind you—so clearly communing with me.

"No, in your place. I tried to pass the time of day with her, but I didn't get very far. She must have started for North Worden and given it up as a bad job. But I took a leaf out of your book, there: I didn't ask her whether she had or not, because I might have had to offer to run her over. And the going is *too* much."

"What did you talk about?"

"Nothing. She asked about trains, and when she found there wasn't one to New York for two hours, she said she'd rather walk, thank you. I fairly stared at her—wanting to walk through that darned mud. It's one to you, Alice, for sure. Of course, I never make any one drive with me, so I stopped and let her out. I felt better about it when I handed over the suitcase. It was light as a feather; must have been empty."

A wave of nervous nausea kept me from speaking for a moment. I shut my eyes, and before I opened them again I turned my head from the window. Then I selected the piano to stare at. I was tired of faces.

"Did you see her again?"

"No. I wouldn't have. I pointed out to her the footpath across Merry's farm. It's full half a mile shorter that way and couldn't well be muddier than the road."

"You're a chivalrous creature, Ellis. I hope you feel rewarded for teaching me manners."

"Oh, you were done up. Of course, it wouldn't have done to take her in while you were feeling ill. And I don't think she was particularly grateful to me, though she was polite enough. As I said, I think it's one to you. My reward was just about commensurate with my deserts."

Clara yawned a little and got up. "What was your reward, after all—except boring Alice and me with your wandering females?"

"Oh, a very mediæval one. I found a big red flower in the tonneau when I got home. Must have dropped off her hat. But I'm not sentimental about it, Clara, my love. I gave it to the cook as I came in. She's always trimming hats. I assure you it was a lovely flower—awfully red and big."

I knew so well what to say that I turned to Alice and spoke directly to her.

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"Don't you think, if only on baby's account, it had better be put in the fire? *I* shouldn't want stray millinery in the house."

"Of course." Clara started off at once—for the kitchen quarters, no doubt.

"Oh, you women!" groaned Ellis. "What's wrong with a flower? And it's the cook, not the nurse. I'm sure she loved it. She doesn't know where it came from. I tell you it was gorgeous."

My calm was shattered. "Ellis Peele, it was a horror!"

He turned on me a face of wonder. "'Twasn't! But how in the world do *you* know?"

Clara, on the threshold, saved me. "Why, Ellis, of course it would have been—the kind of woman you say she was. Anyhow, we won't have it about. Men have no sense. If you gave it to the cook, she might think she ought to use it. And she often shakes her hats at baby and lets him pull the flowers."

She disappeared. For the first time in my life, I was grateful to Clara's particular weakness, which amounted to a hygienic muddle of wild apprehensions and even wilder precautions. I wasn't sure she wouldn't disinfect the cook before returning. For my part, Heaven knew, I was quite willing she should.

"Flowers!" It was a welcome cue to Ellis. "Insects, birds, fruits, trees! I assure you, bees and cats and all sorts of woodland creatures follow her bonnets home from church. The woman's a park!"

I laughed a little, very badly. But I admitted to myself that chance, having that day crushed me, was now staying its hand. Their mere foolishness had saved me from giving myself away. I hoped it was an omen. Still, I did not care to look out again across the water—just then. Clara returned, and I rose, a little waveringly, to go up-stairs.

"Well, is the holocaust over?" Ellis jeered.

"All over. How could you be so silly?"

Ellis raised his hands to heaven. "It's lucky the woman didn't leave anything I might have handed over to baby. A doll, for example."

I think Clara turned on him then. I heard: "Ellis, you never *would*." But at that point I fainted. I remember nothing about the swoon, of course—not even feeling ill before I fell. But they said I went down quite gently and limply. I fancy I was simply very tired of coincidences.

They kept me in bed for a few days, and must have given me heart stimulants and such, for I began to plot and plan very lucidly before I was allowed to get up. The events that I have enumerated had, by that time, arranged themselves neatly and vividly in my memory—no more detail, and no less, than what I have told you. My recollections of that day have never sifted themselves further. I remember, as I remembered then, everything I have set down here, and nothing more.

Several things were quite clear to me, before I came down-stairs. The first was that I must get away as soon as possible. I could not take drives in their motor; I could not go along the wood-road back and forth to Worden. That way lay hysteria, if not something worse. I could even see myself scratching and digging in the woods, round about a certain spot, wherever the sodden leaves had been disturbed. . . . I might not be able to avoid driving with Ellis and Clara to the station when I left; but I would sit with him, on however fantastic a pretext. Nothing—not if I died for it—would drag me into the tonneau. Yes, I must go at once, and I invented a specialist—in Boston. That took a little thinking, as well as, later, a good deal of lying; for life seldom took me to Boston, and the Peeles knew it. But it was perfectly clear to me—as clear as an axiom or two times five—that I could not take any train that would deposit me in the Grand Central station. I was very hard hit, you see, from the first; and living in the house with a good citizen would never make it better. From Boston, I remembered, a blessed through train curved down somehow to Washington, and I could get back to New York by railroads that, in those days, ended weakly in ferries. The hypothetical specialist in Boston could tell me a lot of interesting things about myself that I could neatly summarize in letters. My further plan was to get out of the country before I really needed to consult a specialist. Then,

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when I did have to, it could be a Frenchman. I knew the kind of question they put to you when your nerves are shot to pieces, and I could almost imagine myself, at need, telling my story to a Frenchman. You can see what I mean. Thank Heaven, I've never had to; the wide world has set me up again.

I followed my programme, got through it all successfully and plausibly. There was not a hitch. The baby, even, one day, ran a temperature, so that I could go down alone to the water and drown my novel. So smoothly did my mind work—now that I could no longer consider myself a moral creature; it hadn't worked smoothly while I still had my chance—that I led up cannily, for some hours, to the *geste* of borrowing Clara's blue glasses for the unavoidable last drive to Worden. They were an immense help. Clara sat behind with the portmanteaux. I was sorry for her, in spite of her ignorance; but, even could I have afforded it, there was not a pretext, in heaven or earth, for giving them a new car. And at least, I reflected, as we crunched along through the unchanging mud, *it*—the wax doll, I mean—had never been in the car.

That is really all. For I told you in the beginning what my life has been since that day. And, pray, do not think that I do not like my life, even though I seem to myself to be the only person in the world to know what whiteness can mean. I have times (on my worst days) of addressing myself in the cold terms of "accessory after the fact"; yes. But I have times, too, of thinking that if I had given her away, I should have loathed myself forever. Those are the days when the face comes back to me, and on the whole, you know, they are the best—except for the days when some miracle of height or valley or builded house so intervenes that I forget it all. I have occasionally a desire, so intense that it burns my mind, to know what a good citizen would think of me. But I know, too, what the desire is worth; for Ellis Peele is a good citizen—none better—and I was at exceeding pains not to ask him. I was wrong, by the way, just now, about my worst days. My worst days—but they come very seldom, for I'm in the main a sane creature—are those when I tell myself, in all sincerity, that I have no scrap of real proof that it wasn't a wax doll.

THE BOREEN À MHARU

By Mary Youngs

The roads the livin' follow, I've tramped them many a day,
All over Ireland, and far, far, away,
And all roads were good roads, no matter where they went,
But now I'm near the end o' them—my life and strength are spent.
Here, where I die, I'll find a grave, and when I'm called to go,
My body'll rest within it—but my soul in Aghadoe.
The roads I see before me—the ones I'm fain to tread—
They all lead home to Ireland, and the Little Road o' the Dead.

The Boreen à Mharu, it lies green and small,
Along beside the round tower, and the old fallen wall;
The great kings of Ireland along it led the way,
And the poor folk of Ireland, they follow, day by day.
And up the hill, and past the tower, my homesick soul'll go,
Up the Boreen à Mharu, that leads to Aghadoe,
And by the roofless abbey, where the long grasses creep
On the graves of all the old kings, my tired soul'll sleep.
Ah, all roads are good roads, but the best road I'll tread
Is the low lane by Aghadoe—the Little Road o' the Dead.

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ALONE

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

ACCOMPANIED by the tail end of the winter of 1913, Henri Baldeau reached Liao Shan—a big man and thick, with a crisp beard that crinkled away from his chin, and black hair that seemed in eager haste to curl back from his forehead. To his head clung a battered yachting-cap of serge, in his buttonhole drooped a ribbon, red in hue, and he favored his left foot as he walked. A proud man was Baldeau, and happy, for his dream had stretched into the day: half-way round the world again stood Carentan in Normandy, and in Carentan was Aude, better than bread, who waited for him to amass the dowry that must equal her own and the money for her passage to the East. And his great opportunity had now come, after the years in Saigon, where the regiment had left him when it sailed for home, left him with a jingal-ball in his ankle-bone—there had been troubles on the border—and the ribbon the slug had earned him on his breast.

His argosy came to him with the spring break-up of the river four weeks later. She was a squatty cargo-boat, with rust-streaked sides, and *Ta Tu-tzu*—The Big Belly—writ large in Chinese characters upon her waist. Around thin and towering funnel ran three bands, red and white and blue, and to him, Baldeau—next to Aude, it is understood—she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Feverishly he crammed the hold that gave her name with the brown bean-cake, and he sent her out to sea again, her engines thumping like the hammer of a tired iron founder, down the coast to Shanghai, a thousand miles away. It was three weeks later that she came back to him, and every three weeks after that. And on each return Baldeau's section of wharfage on the long stretch of gravelled *bund* would swarm with the half-naked, copper-colored coolies as they rushed the beans through the loading ports. And Baldeau rejoiced in it all, in the hum and bustle of his wharf, in the matronly figure of the *Ta Tu-tzu*—above all, in the fifty dollars Mexican that remained to him clear after each visit of his ship. There were compensations, he reflected, grand compensations. The *dot* grew here, grew faster than in Saigon, and one did not miss the street of Catinat, and Jacques and Pierre and Paul; that is to say, one did not miss them too much.

And then it was that he began to realize that he did miss them, all of them. It had been pleasant in the evenings down there, in front of the *Café des Étrangers*, with the palms whispering above one, and his *apéritif* placed there, ready for the sipping, on the white table-top. Yes, it had been pleasant and different from the club here. For Baldeau did not appreciate the club. What they said and thought and drank there was not as the traffickings of the street of Catinat. And it was dear, that club. So he did not like it, nor did he return there. One preferred to be alone—yes, alone.

And then, as he tried to swallow down the bitterness of the solitude, a way out came to him. It was late in a May afternoon, just after the *Ta Tu-tzu* had slouched off down the river, that he discovered Julius Rentloff discoursing bitterly to his —Baldeau's—compradore on the non-arrival of certain bales of German blankets, the bills of lading for which he flourished regularly under the compradore's impassive nose. A tall man was Rentloff and thin, with quick, bird-like movements, and a narrow, bird-like nose, under which dwelt the perpetual shadow of a scanty mustache. Baldeau knew him as a neighbor of his, for the German dwelt a short fifty yards from his house. Hastily he offered condolences and amends, all in the commercial tongue of the coast, which is to say, English. The blankets were probably mislaid. And meanwhile, if there were

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temporary embarrassment, or if, in fine, the blankets had failed to come as billed, he, Henri Baldeau, agent for the Franco-Chinese Company of the Packet Boats, would be glad to offer reparation as he now offered his sympathies and his regrets. And should they now go home?

Rentloff looked at him. Then, appeased and a little surprised, he spoke:

"These men, your friends at the club, and their wives—they do not like to see you in company with me." There was not the least trace of resentment in his voice. He might have been retailing trade statistics.

"These gentlemen—*hein*," replied Baldeau, and they swung out of the office together. Saying little, filled with the embarrassment of sincerity, they journeyed away from the water-front until they paused before Rentloff's house, built out of mud from the brown plain on which it stood, its windows brightened by shutters of red. Here Rentloff stopped and cleared his throat gutturally.

"Would you—would you stop to eat?" he finally put forth.

"But yes!" cried Baldeau, remembering his silent home with its reek of stale tobacco and its silent rooms that seemed to spread around for miles. And he repeated it eagerly: "But yes!"

They dined in Rentloff's garden, on opposite sides of a little round table hung in spotless white. And as the dusk crept up in the sky the tangle of vines around them unfurled great blemishless moonflowers, all in white, that drowned out with their odor the pungent smell of the stumpy tamarisk-trees. And in the pond of a near-by brick-kiln the frogs turned from songs of complaint to lullabys. The two men ate slowly, luxuriously, the volume of their talk increasing between the leisurely mouthfuls, but with great appraising silences still intervening. A woman served them, her hair drawn taut over the frame of her head-dress, her short robe swishing amid the vines.

At first Baldeau had started at being waited on by other than a man. Still, he thought, one could understand it. This was the why, he felt, of Rentloff's warning as to the social danger he would run in his company. And then vaguely he began to wonder anew. Who was this man with his great calm and his measured speech? Why did he never mention his native Bavaria? How did he reconcile the Goethe and the Sudermann that he quoted so glibly and translated into English for his, Henri Baldeau's, benefit, how did he reconcile them, and his Herbert Spencer and his Bernard Shaw, with the placid-faced woman that served them? Dully Baldeau wondered, and with the wonderment there crept over him the assurance that this man of the slow, rumbling voice must always be his friend, whatever be the keynote of his life. And he breathed the certainty in with great, body-filling breaths.

The climax of it all came at the meal's end. Without a word the woman took her stand a little to the right of Rentloff's chair—expectant. The German looked at her for an instant, rose, hesitated once again, and then kissed her, kissed her full on the lips. Baldeau made a quick movement of repulsion, then relapsed into the tolerant taciturnity of the East. With all his knowledge of the strange ways in which matters are compounded along the Yellow Seas, never before had he seen nor heard of a native woman being kissed. At last he raised his eyes. Rentloff was in his seat again and the woman was gone.

"That," stated the Bavarian, "that is a mistake." And he went on, with neither pride nor regret in his voice. "I shall tell you. I am come here eight years ago. I am young and proud, and—and there is a maiden in my homeland. But I do not like it here; the man I do not understand; I am alone, full of the *Heimweh*—the nostalgia—and I am alone. So—I am very foolish—I get me this woman. She is called Ying Hua. There is my mistake. I treat her *wie eine Dame*—as a lady. Each night, as now, I kiss her; I kiss her on the lips. And then, then I learn my mistake. I cannot send for Minna. These, the ladies of the port, will not pay her calls. She will be alone, and I know that she cannot suffer it, this loneliness." His voice stopped, but only for an instant. "Also, I cannot send away Ying Hua—she is used to being clean, to being kissed each night. Her family will not take her back. Also she cannot understand her family now. She will be alone. What can I do?" He relapsed into the vernacular: "*Mei-yu fa-tzu.*"

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Again the silence fell, until Baldeau agreed gravely: "Yes, there is no remedy." Then his thoughts shifted back to himself. "And you, you also have found yourself alone?"

"I also," assented the German. Then he elaborated: "But all men are alone, *nicht wahr?* We are not but animals to others. To be himself man must be alone." And he summed up his argument once again: "*Mei-yu fa-tzu.*"

And Baldeau, breathing in the atmosphere of friendship with the smoke of his manila, nodded his agreement.

He went home late, his head high, drinking in great drafts of the night-steeped air, feeling that he was at the beginning of things. And so he was. All the long summer he spent his evenings behind the tamarisk clump, for the most part listening to Rentloff as, in his rumbling bass, the German passed judgments, definite and gentle all, on men and deeds and times. Bit by bit he learned much of Rentloff too, of Minna and of Ying Hua, and of his life that had been before. He learned to endure the nightly kiss for the clean, silent Chinawoman with no more than a flicker of the eye to indicate the discomfort of his soul. He learned of his host's beliefs—*Theorien* Rentloff called them—the beliefs that had exiled him from Oberantelhoh. "I was idealist," the Bavarian would say. "I was idealist, and I could not suffer the war service. I was young, and I thought them"—with a wave of his hand he indicated many of "them" of high rank and of exalted fame—"I thought them wrong. Now I think they were only mistaken. They do not know." And even to Baldeau, to him who had served his time, served it ungrudgingly and carried a jingal-ball planted there in his ankle, even to Baldeau he seemed justified in his fleeing of the Empire's armies.

Yes, it was a glorious summer, with the *Ta Tu-tzu* coming every three weeks and leaving on all her trips some fifty dollars clear to be added to the *dot* which must equal that of Aude. And then one day Baldeau received a document appointing him consular agent for France, and he broke out the tricolor at the top of a modest staff in his compound. And finally, in July it was, there came a time when the dowry was complete and changed into good French gold; and Baldeau put himself to his final task of saving fifteen hundred francs, six hundred odd dollars, to pay Aude's passage to the East. In Marseilles, as marked on the big wall map in his office, he stuck a pin, and he advanced it along the steamer route to Shanghai in proportion as the passage money grew. And then—then came chaos. At the first rumors he repaired to Rentloff.

"Yes," said the German, "yes, it is war. It will be a terrible and a hard." He stopped for an instant, then went on reflectively: "Yes, they will even want me. See, here is a paper. They will forgive my desertion—they call me deserter—they forgive me it if I report at Tsing Tao at once."

Baldeau was silent as he chose his words aright. "I regret it," he pronounced at last. "But you, now you can return to Min—to Oberantelhoh—when it is over. It is better so."

"I? I do not go to Tsing Tao."

"But—and your country?"

"My country mistakes. They mistake. They do not know. Here"—he pointed to his head—"here it tells me that I cannot go. And so I shall stay here." In the final rise of his voice there was more than the usual German note of expectancy.

But Baldeau did not heed the glance that sought his tolerance, his friendship; he was intent on presencing the crumbling of a god. And then, out of the chaos that was himself, he heard a voice that seemed his own. "I regret it. The enemy of my country I can respect. It is necessary to despise the enemy of his own country. I regret it." And he turned on his heel and left, regardless of how Rentloff's eyes were focussed on infinity, and fighting vaguely at the sorrow that possessed him.

But he did fight it down. For the three months that followed, the life of Liao Shan might have been regulated by the comings and goings of the *Ta Tu-tzu.* Every three weeks she would leave, bound South, the red of her underbody looming high in the air, her half-naked propellor chopping at the brown river, her strong-box heavy with the passage moneys of a thousand Southern coolies, bound for their native Shangtung after

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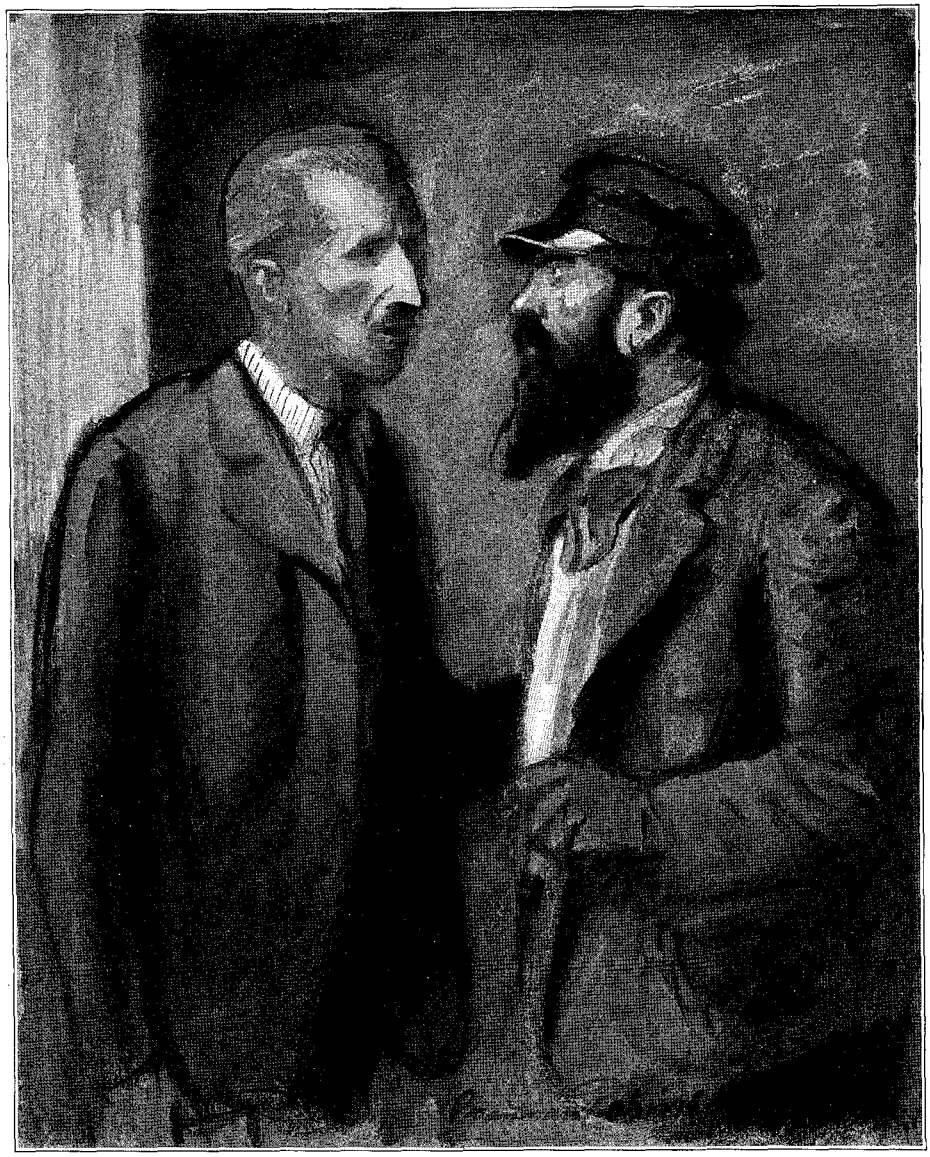

"The enemy of my country I can respect. It is necessary to despise the enemy of his own country."
—Page 610.

laboring for the summer in the Manchurian fields. And the Frenchman added to the labor of it all by a careful overhauling of ship and of cargo on each return. For she was precious, this ship of Baldeau's, and were there not complots abroad against French ships, and against France? And did he not represent the France? Had there not been a camel expedition from Peking against the Trans-Siberian Railway? Should not one be on guard against all this? Eh, well! And Baldeau was busy, very busy, too busy to think of the red-shuttered house and of its garrison until came November and the first ice, and the buoys had been taken up from the channel and officially the port was pronounced closed. Winter had come.

Then it was that Baldeau began to take

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stock of himself and to realize the void that Rentloff had left in his life. Slowly he became conscious of it, and just as slowly there arose in him unrest and, with the longing that he did not dare express, a great disgust. It was Rentloff who was responsible. How it was he did not know, he did not dare to ask. But it was Rentloff, clearly Rentloff, who had left him thus alone. And he began to hate Rentloff, to hate him with an anxious, restless hate that he laid to his nationality, his perfidy, his weakness, everywhere except to himself, Baldeau. And, hate him as he might, he could not throw off the fascination that there was for him in the man, and he but hated him the more for it. And he was very much alone.

Day after day Baldeau would take his seat in the little dusty office—the godowns were empty now, and the river a sheet of ice that thickened every day—and at his desk he would transact his few shreds of business. Then his gaze would wander to the big steamer chart, with the pin that was Aude stuck just short of Colombo. That pin had not moved since the close of navigation, nor would it stir until the spring brought the *Ta Tu-tzu* back to him. And then, on the pretext of examining the great convoys of bean-carts that streamed by, each balanced on its six-spoked wheels and tugged by its mass of shaggy ponies, his glance would stray out of the window, only to bring up against the red shutters and the red-rimmed panes of Rentloff's windows. And he would invoke God's thousand thunders on his curiosity—and turn to look again.

Came a day when, as he looked, he found those red shutters closed tight. Rentloff would be sick, he felt, or gone. Perhaps he was gone, gone to serve his emperor, to be hated legitimately. Baldeau made cunning inquiries from his own servants. No, they told him, the master of *Te Mao* had not left. He was hurt, he was at his bed. He had run on his iron shoes over the river, very far, and now had spoiled his ankle and suffered cold. And Baldeau, beginning at *Tai-tzu*—which is very downright even for Chinese—ran the astonished coolie through the whole upper category of revilings, and left him.

But he could not keep himself away from the dusty office that commanded a view of Rentloff's dwelling; and that night found him there, turning the pages of a tattered *Vie Parisienne*. Slowly, but as always, his eyes sought the window, and in it the space where Rentloff's house would be. Then his gaze halted and he started, for one of the windows—one of those that had been barred all day long, it is understood—had become the frame of a yellow square of light. And as he looked he felt that that light had always been there, that all the nights since August it had been there, and that Rentloff had meant it for him, Baldeau. The next day the house was the same—all the windows were screened from the sunlight—all save one, the one of the yellow light. And so it was the day after. On the next morning the Frenchman noticed that the shutters were flung wide—Rentloff was well—but that night they were all closed again except the one that flung out the light. And Baldeau, convinced now that it was to him the German called, loathed him the more; for, he told himself, Rentloff was not only to be hated for his stubborn strength but to be despised for his weakness. And he scourged himself with his loneliness and gloried in the pain.

Slowly the winter wore away. Baldeau with his maimed ankle was tethered to his house, close to Rentloff. There he stayed, looking at the red-garnished windows by day, at the square of light by night. There was no escape, and the insistence of the lamp's plea awoke in him only a dull spirit of bitter remonstrance. That German—why should he put himself always in the face of him, Baldeau? And he prayed for the coming of the *Ta Tu-tzu* with the spring.

This last came slowly, but at last there was a day when the lifting of the tide broke out the ice as far as the port's wharves, and, swirling the floes boisterously on its brown waters, the river floated them as tokens of its strength triumphantly down to sea. And with the going of the ice came the ships—tall ships sunk low. Eagerly they ploughed their way in, buffeting with the ice; and having moored at their wharves they let themselves be disgorged by clamoring crews of coolies. Amongst them, in the forefront,

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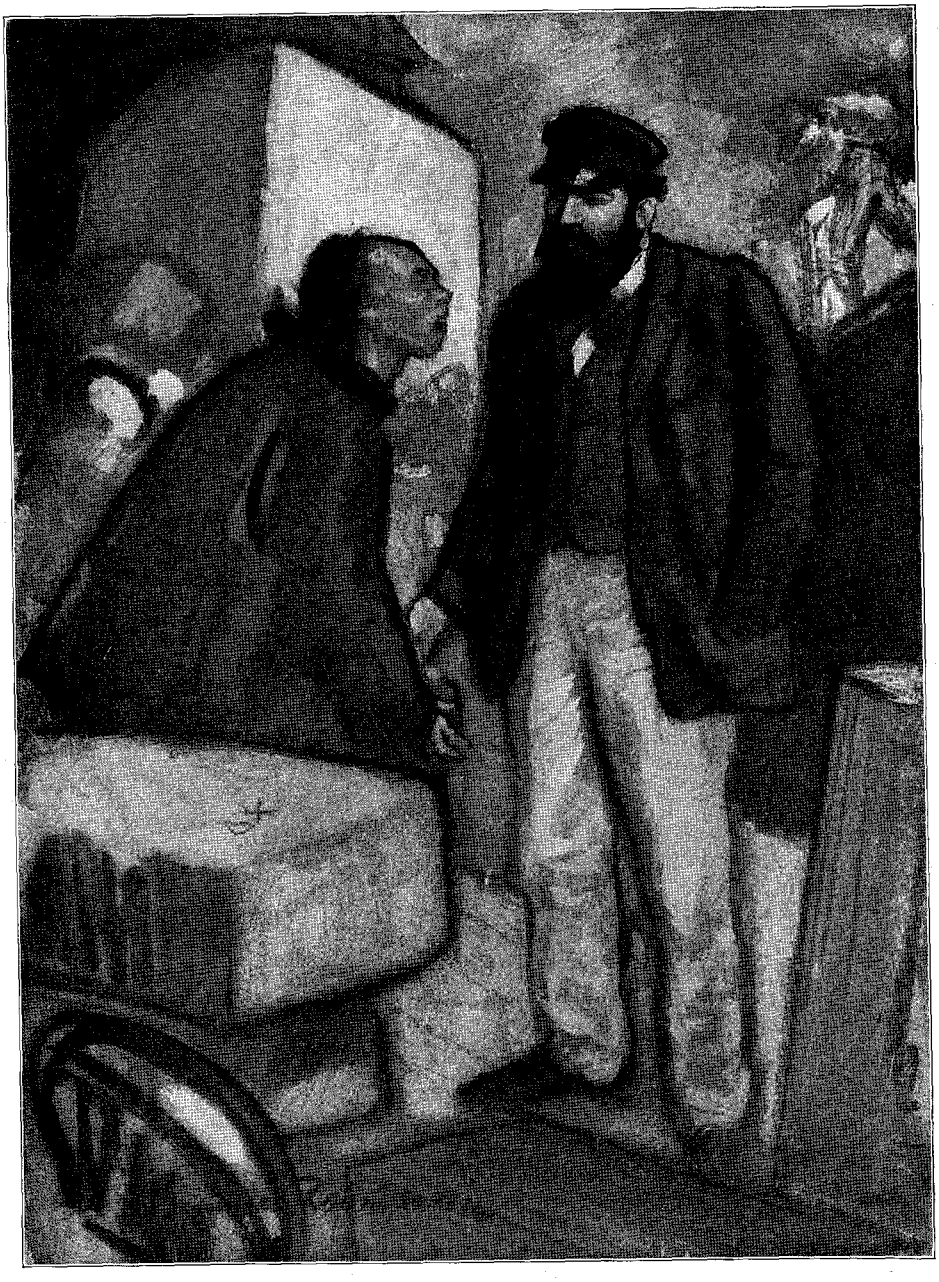

He was in haste, declared the Chinese.—Page 614.

flaunting a new tricolor, came the *Ta Tu-tzu*, and tucked away amongst other things inside her were three very innocent bales of piece goods that bore the invoice mark Triangle X.

Now, fate decreed that one of these three bales should jostle Henri Baldeau as he stood at the gang-plank (for was he not consul for France?) and watched for complots against his boat and land. And in the jostling it tore his coat and his attention was drawn to the wire that

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did the tearing. Wire of any sort has nothing to do with piece goods, least of all insulated wire suitable for small battery work. With his mind aflame the Frenchman investigated, and found two more bales marked Triangle X, with artfully hollowed centre that held fifty pounds each of greasy, yellow-wrapped bars, carefully packed, that bore the stamp, "Du Pont—Explosive."

And so, when a wordy native, giving the name of Ah Ling Fu, called for the bales, Baldeau questioned him a little. He was in haste, declared the Chinese. Those bales were samples to be taken to Chang Chun to-morrow, and he, the mean petitioner, had much to do before then. Chang Chun, reflected the Frenchman, was on the road to Harbin, and Harbin was on the Trans-Siberian, and if a Trans-Siberian bridge should go— He gave the man his consignment and spent the morning over three telegrams—to the French consul at Shanghai, to the Japanese colonel at Chang Chun, and to the Russian general officer commanding at Harbin. After which he returned to the *Ta Tu-tzu* and her loading.

"*Hein!*" he snorted, triumphant, "our road of iron, he does not go up, pouff!" and he busied himself for the next two days, his sturdy legs keeping a pace ahead of his sturdy thoughts, until the bean-cake crammed in the *Ta Tu-tzu's* hold pressed her down in the thin, fresh water of the river with her Plimsoll mark half a foot beneath the surface. Then he watched her around the bend as she trumpeted joyously for her papers, panting the mush ice with her fore feet, rejoicing in her lordship of the seas, and he turned back deliberately to glory in his triumph.

Eh, well, one could vaunt himself a little over an affair like this. If one was at home now, in the field, or if one was younger, such things and more would be the expected. But down here, when one was old and fat and had a Tonkinese jingal-ball in his ankle, oh, it would go——

And they, they of the club, who laughed and talked of "our allies," and boasted of the Carpathian passes as if they themselves had forced them. Bah! What had one of them, yes, all of them, done that would equal this? Not that it made a great noise, it is understood, but when one is old and limps— Not that they must know. Afterward, perhaps, but now, no, not even Rentloff, who hated the Hohenzollern most— But why was it always a question of Rentloff, Rentloff, Rentloff? Reflexively he gazed at the window. There, fifty yards away in the night, was the yellow oblong of the German's window. Baldeau crammed his gaze back within his own four walls.

He woke the next morning to find the earth in an honest sweat, ridding itself of the winter's chill. For once there was moisture in the air, for once the trees and houses did not stand out as if cut from cardboard and placed before a monotonous back drop of whitish blue. The horizon blurred now; the nakedness of the land had gone and the edges of the plain were hidden by a veil of vapor, thin, unpierceable, inviting the eye to plumb it, speaking of what it hid in terms of mystery. In the road outside Baldeau's compound the belated bean-carts splashed heartily through the mud that before, stiffened with ice, had only crumbled beneath their wheels and grasped them by the hubs. From high over the city, their bodies hidden in the mist, an occasional gaggle of geese sent down their strident call of northward ho! to the tundra, to the mating! as their phalanx ploughed through the steamy air.

It was spring in Normandy, reflected Baldeau. The ditches were beginning to stir with the restless life of six months' span; and their banks were splotched with the yellow of the buttons of gold, the buttercups; and the poplars were ashimmer with the spring. And Aude would be there—waiting, even as he waited. And did she find herself alone, all alone, he wondered?

Then it was that his eyes, in company with his thoughts, crept back from looking over the horizon's edge. Then it was that he noticed that every shutter in Rentloff's house was closed and barred. For an instant he stared uncomprehendingly, then he explained it to himself. He is fallen sick again, Rentloff. My sympathies— But he checked himself. His sympathies! Bah! And he turned to his dusty desk and shuffled papers until he was sick of them; then went out into his compound and supervised Huang, the

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gardener, as he planted tulip-bulbs. It was afternoon now, and he kept his back, it is understood, turned always to the wall that faced the compound of *Te Mao*.

He was still there, luxuriating in the unwonted twilight, when the telegram came. Its length filled out two white message blanks. The party of suspects—seven—had passed Chang Chun, they and their dangerous luggage, and they were trapped, all of them, surely. And as for him, Baldeau, there was praise for "intelligent and resourceful co-operation"; there would be citations and rewards when the naming of names would not endanger future operations; the Republic and the Empire would not show themselves ungrateful. Oh, it would go! For an ancient, one of the class of ninety-eight, with the bones of his ankle disarranged, it was not bad, not bad. They would be pleased, they of the *terrasses* at Saigon. They would be pleased, and in Carentan Aude would be proud, while here—the loneliness surged over him again. His body was rocked by the craving for society, for sympathy, for appreciation, at least for companionship. Before he realized it the shiny-visored cap was rammed down over his forehead and he had started for the club.

He stayed there just twenty-five minutes. Its populace, five strong, greeted him gayly, partook of a drink at his behest, and told him very badly in an Anglo-Saxon way a story that the world had heard from Rabelais well told. To them, at this, came Davis, the mission doctor, full of news, with a subscription paper crackling in his pocket.

Had they heard about Smithy, the royal naval reserve man? Dead off Gallipoli. Shell splinter. Baldeau looked at the doctor hopefully.

"That, that is very fine. I am glad—for him. One mus' die sometime, somewhere; and to die like that, at once, by the enemy, it is well. Do you not think?"

Scarcely. It was jolly hard lines, they thought. And then the doctor's voice dominated the chorus even as their words had drowned out the Frenchman's.

"Of course, of course. An' like most glorious heroes, he's left a liability. Not a cent of insurance, would you believe it, an' his mother left here alone. We're sendin' her home—gettin' up a subscription, y' know—an' we want you up at the head of the list. You're a consul an' a *taipan*, with your steamships that come up to your wharf every week an' eat out of your hand. I know you'll help us out?"

Baldeau looked at him blankly; then his face lighted a little as he thought of the Tonkin jungle of his own service days, full of the noise of the home-made Chinese shrapnel. Here, too, was a man that had served his country, this Smith.

"Yes, I shall help you. How much do the others give?"

"Of course, of course. I knew you would." He fumbled in his breast pocket and produced the crackling sheet. "The other consuls—Darnell, Yancey, Noguchi, Biasutti, are all givin' fifty dollars apiece." He paused expectantly.

And so they did not come to him, Henri Baldeau, until after the Englishman and the Italian and the Japanese—yes, and the American, who did not fight at all.

"Very well, verree well. I shall give the same."

"Thanks, old man. Knew you would. Of course, of course. Mrs. Smith's very grateful an' all that. No thanks, Edgey, no bridge. I'm busy to-night patchin' up all the natives that Baldeau's maimed with those rickety cranes on the *Ta Tutzu*. Goo' night!"

The door closed behind him with a slam, but Baldeau did not heed his going nor the clatter of the bridge party as they climbed up-stairs to the card-room. So this was the reception that they gave to him when one had done more than win a battle. And then figures began to insist themselves upon his brain. Fifty dollars was a hundred and twenty-seven francs, was a thousand miles and more on the steamer tracks that spanned the map upon his office wall. The pin would have to be set back, go back to Colombo. Fifty dollars, that was three weeks' savings; they would make three weeks in addition to all the other weeks in which he would not see Aude, that he would be here—alone.

The bar boy insinuatingly pushed the chit for the six drinks toward him. The Frenchman looked at it uncomprehendingly.

"Makee sign," suggested the Chinese.

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"And this, more?" expostulated Baldeau. "Oh, *c'est assez, c'est assez*, it is enough!" Scrawlingly he signed, then flung out of the club.

They were hours, he felt, that he took to cross the hundreds of yards that lay between himself and home—safety; and there was a song of thanksgiving in his heart as he scuffled up a smell of dust and stale tobacco from the unkempt rug. Instinctively he turned to the open window and started at the familiar yellow rectangle of light, not two hundred feet away. Then he reached for his pipe, lit it, and began to puff methodically, thoughtfully. Always his gaze was directed outward, now at the foggy stars that blinked at him solemnly, now at the lighted window that twinkled not at all.

How long he sat there he did not know. He never knew. But slowly there crept over him the calm of great silences, of great distances. Gradually the universe, as he knew it, began to distribute itself through space. Around him, around the world, was an atmosphere that insulated it apart, in the ether—alone. That was what made the stars to blur and changed the colors that clothed them from their rightful tones. And high above the film, burning bright, though he could not tell how bright they were, hung the stars among which his life had been used to wander. He named them fancifully—Pierre of the *Café des Étrangers*, Jacques Dubois, Paul Grimont of the Regiment, a dozen names he hoisted to the heavens; and he reserved the bright blaze that was Venus—only he had been taught to call it the Shepherd's Star—for Aude. But they were far, far away—and alone—and between him and them lay the vapors of solitude and many miles. And then he thought of the other stars, farther away still and smaller, that the mist kept him from seeing. And those, he thought, those were the people of Liao Shan, more remote than any of his friends despite the miles between. And toward them, too, his rancor flagged. They of the club came before him in all the simplicity of their readiness to drink or laugh or die, if only the way were shown them. They were good boys—*de bons gars*—good boys all, he thought, but they did not understand. They were too far away, and the clouds lay between, and more, they would not understand.

There was peace in the world for Henri Baldeau. For he did, at last, understand. And he was happy as he sorted his world into a proper perspective, and there was no sting in his loneliness. For he was still alone, he reflected, but peacefully; there was no one near. And then his eyes dropped to the yellow square of light that marked Rentloff's home.

Yes, there would always be Rentloff, Rentloff of Minna and of Ying Hua, Rentloff the Bavarian. But he could understand Rentloff now; he, too, was far removed from hate and fear and pain. Both were above the emotions of the earth-crust. And then the light in Rentloff's window began to flicker.

As he watched the yellow blotch, full of the exultation of his new-found peace of soul, it too, the sole reality in his world, was changed. The light began to dim. Dully he watched it at first, as a note of gray began to creep into the cheery glow, and he tried to persuade himself that the flickerings brought back the light each time more strongly. But within him he knew it was not so. The light, his light, was dying; and his hopes were ebbing with its flame. He struggled against the mockery that his balance of spirit should be shattered as soon as attained; and he prayed that the agony of the light might pass. Slowly, slowly the radiance ebbed; slowly the gloom of despair crept over him. Then came a flare that made the frames stand out sharp, then darkness. And blackness came over the soul of Henri Baldeau.

Slowly he woke from his illusion. Was he, Baldeau, an ancient of France, to be disheartened by the flickering of a light? And then the light and all that it had meant vanished from his mind and left it filled with a name, a man, Rentloff. Rentloff was fallen sick. His friend—and at the word something broke within him, and he felt tired, worn out—his friend, Rentloff, whom he loved, was fallen ill; and there was no one there to care for him. Assuredly no; or why did his light die? And he, Baldeau, would go to his friend, call him his friend, make him to be cured, forgive—yes, and seek forgiveness, for there was much to be forgiven him.

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Hastily he fumbled in the darkness for the old cloth cap. He sought out his bull's-eye lantern and, having lighted it, tumbled out of his door and stumped through the muddy lane to the house of the red shutters. At his knock the door opened, quickly, silently, and Ying Hua, placid, neatly attired as always, appeared in the lantern's glow.

"The master said you would come this side," she announced in the vernacular. "It is good. He forgot to leave money for the oil for me. There is one piece letter for you." She handed it to him. Mechanically Baldeau opened it and read:

"My Good Friend!

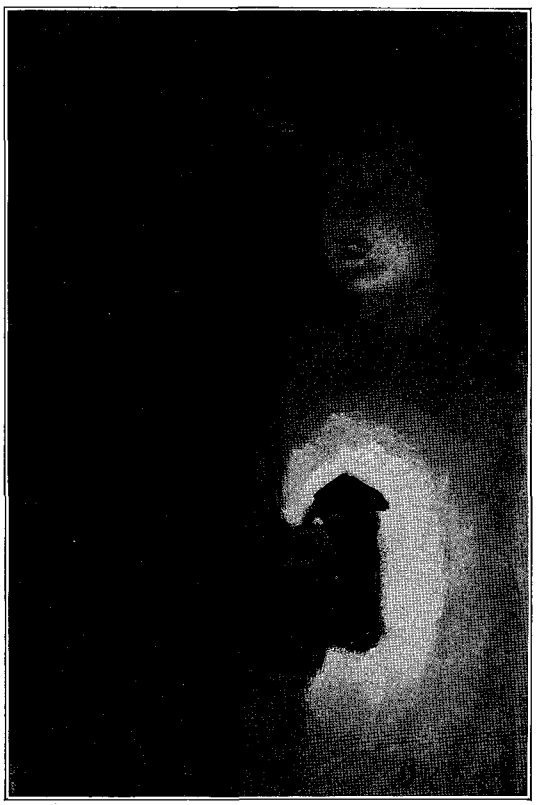
"You will come. I know you will come, and with this you will understand all.

"You see, my friend, you are a little to blame. You have taught me once again what it is to be alone. And I have been softened so much that I cannot face it here. It is too much, that loneliness. I have gone away, in violence to some of my *Theorien*, for the sake of the relief. I cannot tell you where I have gone. Perhaps you will learn. The philosophy should always yield before the heart. Adieu.

"Thy true friend!

"Julius Rentloff.

"Take care of Ying Hua."



"This small one does not know. He took the Japanese iron road."

Baldeau turned the light back to the woman, who looked at him expectantly, her face turned up.

"Your master, when did he leave?"

"Yesterday. He forgot——"

"What place did he go to?"

"This small one does not know. He

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took the Japanese iron road toward Chang Chun. He forgot——"

"Why?"

"The master talked of samples, samples of piece goods."

Baldeau looked at her blankly. Ah Ling Fu—the piece goods—"samples"—Chang Chun—all rushed pell-mell through his mind and brought with them the inevitable tableau—the image of the Harbin firing squad. He, who had done all, could do nothing, nothing. What could he do? What could he do?

The woman moved a step closer to him, her face still up. "He forgot—" she began again.

For an instant there flashed into Henri Baldeau's mind the wall map with the pin stuck in it just short of Colombo. Aude's name rushed to his tongue, but he swallowed it back. Not that way could his duty lie; he who must be true to his friend Rentloff, now dead. And he spoke to Ying Hua in the French that she did not understand at all:

"Eh, well, my friend, it will make a long time that we shall be alone!"

And bending down he kissed her on her upturned lips.

FROM EXILE

By Robert Emmet Ward

Oh, I want to be in Devon when the hedges are a-blush
With the joy of early April and the sap's young rush—
When the May is budding, budding, and the cuckoo wakes the wood,
And there cannot be a question in your soul that God is good,
For God made spring in Devon,
And I want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I think so yet.

Oh, I want to be in Devon when the winds are blowing free,
And it's winter in the high combes, but summer on the sea:
When spring has kissed the ash-buds that tell she's come to stay,
And the lanes are white and rosy and delicious with the May—
For God made spring in Devon,
And I want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I can't forget.

Oh, I want to be in Devon when the summer sun is high,
When the bees are at their labor and the larks are in the sky,
And it's shady under hedge while Lucy makes a cowslip ball,
And I'm half-asleep with watching her and hearing finches call.
Is it childhood, then, or Devon,
That I dream about as heaven?
It is long since I was seven,
But I can't forget!

It is long since I was seven, in the combes and by the sea,
And the years have taken more than they have given back to me.
It's the old days cling the closest: I've no dearer dream to-day
Than a cottage-door in Devon and a blossomed branch of May.
If God lets me die in Devon
I shall want no better heaven:
So I thought when I was seven,
And I think so yet!

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STANDARDS

BY W. C. BROWNELL

[THIRD PAPER]

V

THE INNER LIFE

A DELIGHTFUL character in a recent delightful story thus unpacks her elderly heart about the youth of the day:

"Bless me they all seem to me very worthy and very clever. They talk a great deal about humanity and what is good or bad for it, but the drawback is that they aren't human themselves. Besides they have no sense of what is congruous. They belittle big questions by discussing them in season and out of season. Now no surroundings are incongruous to one's thoughts. One can think of anything anywhere, but you can't talk of anything anywhere; at least you can't if you have any sense—I'm not sure whether to say of decorum or of humor. . . . The present generation all seem to me to have the lust of speech. No sooner do they think a little thought than they are in a desperate hurry to proclaim it far and wide. If no one hears it they feel it is wasted. They don't seem to take into account the immense importance of the thoughts that are not spoken, and consequently there is no background to what they *do* say."

The disappearance of the inner life could not be more cogently chronicled. The practice here implied of putting the stock instead of the samples into the show-window dissipates the perfume of personality inseparable from the radiation of the inner life—just as in art it sacrifices the suggestiveness that is of such signal interest to all minds but those devoid of association, blank of memory and bereft of imagination. And just as, according to Stevenson, one of the conquests of romanticism over the classic starkness, the change from Fielding to Scott, as he noted, was the consciousness of the background, so the development of the personality in richness, in solidity, in seriousness, in everything worth while, in a word, depends upon the background in which self-respect supports the more salient self-activities, the background secured by reticence and reserve and secured by them alone. Reserve is as important to a character of any force as reserves to an army. The "little thoughts" of real thinkers are otherwise considerable than those Mrs. Pimblett had in mind precisely because they have backing. What characterizes the transformation of romanticism into naturalism *à outrance* is in fact consciousness of the foreground. Life is brought into a single plane and that plane too close for an agreeable perspective. And consciousness of the foreground necessarily obtrudes consciousness itself—always something to be dissembled in the interest of both life and art. Carlyle's insistence that it ought to be suppressed altogether is, I think, an extreme view. But intensified into self-consciousness it is surely a foreign element that should be kept out of the picture. It is also sand in the artist's machinery. And there is enough of it at present in life as well as in art to be awkwardly apparent, and involve much discomfort to the spectator.

Our lack of personal reserve is indeed in not only the self-conscious but the polemic stage, and even more aggressive than awkward. The current ideal of being *both* naked and unashamed has no precedent later than that of the Garden of Eden, when, too, the basis of serenity in these circumstances was physical innocence rather than moral insensibility. An itching for publicity is no doubt an integral trait of the unregenerate nature, but in its present development besides illustrating a propensity unleashed it appears as a positive propaganda, vaunting the superior claims of its gospel and delighting in the dismay of dissenters. The

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only obligation attached to living one's own life is apparently that of living it in public. This is particularly one of the by-products of the feminist movement, which has done so much for those who need it and so little for those who do not. "Men serve women kneeling," says Thackeray; "when they get on their feet they go away." More go away, it is said, than formerly; perhaps because less needed they feel less wanted. One of the most successful lives I have known is that of a modern Cornelia, whose jewels, quite openly, consider it rather a failure because it has no literary, art, public uplift or other forensic laurels to crown it. This stage is no doubt a transitory one and one need not linger over the kind of taste it betrays. The next may see sufficient sense winnowed by the threshing of old sillinesses of artificial reserves and overnice reticences to constitute a new composure that will be an advance on the old. Meantime one mainly notes that these reformations, proceeding by reaction, proceed slowly, and that the present crisis of suspension of standards through the mere enthusiasm of energy would be advantageously shortened by an even greater development of self-consciousness—to the point, namely, where one perceives the figure he is cutting while engaged in savoring the satisfaction he achieves. In which case our fiction, for example, would display less of what even the public ward of the maternity hospital screens, and would be freer from those intimate ineptitudes that are only paraded in letters because they are curtained in life.

The life of the senses it is true has the great advantage over purely routine existence of having a positive ideal life of its own and therefore its own standards. In the antique world it developed a philosophy of extreme refinement. No social trait of pre-Revolutionary France is more familiar than that absence of grossness through which vice lost half its evil. Our own recent awakening to this life has been enthusiastic, and is still characterized by the protestant and reforming spirit, eclectic rather than evolutionary and inclined to imitate standards that contradict rather than modify those it now abjures. So that with the best disposition in the world we are still in the awkward age in our pursuit of the Epicurean ideal. The first thing the hero of "Locksley Hall," it will be remembered, proposed to do after he had "burst all links of habit" was not to rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things, but to wed some savage woman and to procreate an inferior race. Being the heir of all the ages, however, he soon perceived that his dreams were wild—or, as we say now in our progressive dialect, "it can't be done"—and even came to hold the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child. In a time when the heritage of the ages is regarded as a handicap and the barbarian though gray ranks higher than even the child if a Christian, we are inevitably thrown back on the natural man, whose propensities may be described as stable though standardless. What he is likely to do with them can be gathered from what happens anywhere when—in our graphic modern phrase again—the lid is taken off the social caldron. It can also be inferred from current social sentiment of one sort or another, such as the instinctive preference for the criminal to the police which sees a Jean Valjean in every thief, and an implacable Javert in every constable and which, if not yet thoroughly popular, is definitely professed by the more thoroughgoing exponents of the new freedom—not to speak of irregularities with which, as I have suggested, the individual man sometimes recoups himself for the "service" he is so ardently eager to render to mankind.

For all to whom it is a novelty, in fact, the life of the senses has its *dis*advantages. The first requisite for leading it is, of course, independence—the independence which is the first thing that the inner life recognizes as out of reach on any terms it is willing to accord. But independence is not the only requisite for leading it successfully. "It is when a man can do as he pleases," says Huxley, "that his troubles begin." They are not likely to be simplified if he takes the view of his independence that the newly-liberated prisoner does, and rejoices in it as an end in itself. His taste is apt to suffer from the crudity inherent in experimentation. His attitude toward his fellows still in

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the bonds of conformity, alternating as it does between compassion and contempt, makes him quite unaware of how unattractive the bravado that attracts him seems to the unemancipated. Speaking strictly, the cowboy "shooting up" civilization is hardly an exaggerated analogue of the figure presented, at least to the conservative mind, by some of the activities associated with the assertion of personal independence. To the conservative, that is to say, the experienced, mind, it seems for instance naïve to suppose that what is now so freely talked of as the single sexual standard will ultimately prove to be gold rather than silver. Meantime passing at parity, as economists warn us, the cheaper medium has the better chance. The life of the senses among us, in a word, will need to acquire standards in some degree constraining the desultory but constant impulses of the natural man before it can establish itself as a satisfactory substitute for the disciplines it aims at replacing. The self and the soul may be merely two conceptions of the same thing but the one which is mainly kept in mind distinguishes much conduct from that derived from dwelling on the other.

The pride that Meredith notes as distinctively Pagan resembles as little the modern egotistic egoism that he flayed as it did the Christian humility that succeeded it as an ideal. And one of the two is essential to the inner life. Either will do; but without the pride whose self-respect scorns egotism or the humility whose spiritual refinement shrinks from it, the inner life is a desert. And the vitality of the present time seems independent of both. I have been assuming all along, I find, that abstractly at least the value of the inner life is axiomatically apparent to every thoughtful intelligence—however little it may conduce to the grosser forms of "service." Intelligence has never been more wide-spread nor more thoughtful. And one would expect it to associate the inner life with that ideal of personality which it entertains, even though apparently unaware of its failure as mere individuality to attain it. But really when one considers the aggressive self-assertion, the love of publicity, the feeling for instance that the truth should be spoken at all times even in advance of determining what it is, the frank and loyal exposure of one's whole personal bag of tricks—to take the most practical view of the proceeding—that at present flourish as virtues, one can hardly fail to perceive that the current ideal of personality is as defective as its realization is illusory.

Nothing, for example, is more characteristic of the inner life than the sentiment of awe, which has practically disappeared in the clear-eyed and fearless view of the universe that is now quite generally taken. The starry heavens and the moral law no longer arouse the feeling they did in the breast of Kant. The imagination is no longer nourished by reflection on what speculation has vainly tried to solve. Only the sensible fragment of the vast pattern of the universal scheme occupies the mind of a time intensely preoccupied by what it perceives. Outside the range of its perceptions it disports itself in all the relaxation of irresponsibility. Hence its deification of Poe and Whitman—the incongruous constellation it has set in the firmament of our letters as the Castor and Pollux of a heaven else a milky way of negligible nebulæ. "My whole nature," said Poe, "utterly revolts at the idea that there is any being in the Universe superior to myself." And we know who it was that good old Walt celebrated, even when he doesn't candidly say so but extends his theme without essentially varying it to include his fellow men merely as his fellow men. Since egotism, thus, is the sole nexus between such otherwise temperamentally opposite types as the fastidious and the swaggering artist, it is probably what endears them both to a generation to which egotism is so congenial and awe so antipathetic as to lead it to exteriorize even its sentiments into sensations.

In this process ethics as well as the personal morality to which I have referred suffers modification. Even if it may be looked at as the science of getting the most out of life there are distinctions between means to the end in view. The sensuous ideal of repletion is perhaps easiest to realize, though the effort to leave one's life a sucked orange at its close is doubtless more or less exhausting.

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"Well," observed an American of genius on his death-bed some years ago, "I can say this: I've never denied myself anything." "What you mean is," comfortingly replied a candid compatriot of equal but more analytic genius, "that what you've had, you've had in excess." A bystander, without genius but merely better acquainted with the standards imposed by the inner life, might have reflected that the business of getting through life creditably, though involving far more effort, reaps *pari passu* far more reward than the success either claimed by the one or suggested by the other of these Epicureans, beside whom, too, those of the present day would seem amateurs in hedonism.

Morality, however, is in greater or less degree a matter of the *mores* from which it derives and, as Schiller, who did not foresee our eager and experimental age, says of mankind in general, "custom is its nurse." The springs of the present moment, which exteriorizes everything, are to be found more certainly in its attitude to the more fundamental matter of religion. The churches are no doubt fully alive to what confronts them in the militant and anarchic atheism that considers their agencies—of which it is grossly ignorant and which probably continue to administer the bulk of the world's beneficence—as outworn as their formal confessions. A theologically detached observer should perhaps confine himself to remarking that in any case they appear to have their work cut out for them. But remembering Arnold's characterization of religion as the most lovable of things, one can but reflect that it would be salutary to treat this attractive quality of lovableness a little less summarily than is sometimes done, and insist a little more pointedly on the truth that "service" is not a complete substitute for religion. Both Deuteronomy and the Gospel, dividing love into love of God and love of one's neighbor, assign the primacy to the former—in their own view we may be sure not conventionally but experientially. The reversal of this relation has very definite results, as we see in the case of France. France is such a splendid figure at the present time that the enthusiasm for her has reached the degree of *engouement*—an *engouement* that delights the soul of her earlier friends. Everybody can see it now. What she is and what she stands for shine over an area as wide as the world. At the same time one too long familiar with her conduct in crises to be surprised by her bearing now, may be permitted to recall his impression long ago recorded of routine France—namely, that to her reversal of the order of the two commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets, itself due to the high development of her social instinct, is due her ideal of social rather than personal morality, and the predominance in its following of the mind and heart over the soul. And plainly to the religion that has been so strong a formative influence even of Voltairian France, to Catholicism with its sense of social unity, is largely to be ascribed the even step which in France the heart has kept with the mind.

Our history is too different to justify the current disposition to take over her ideals *en bloc*—including her emancipation from the despotism of the individual conscience, which certainly has its drawbacks, and her development of the life of the senses, out of which as I have intimated she has long made a very different thing from that which has thus far rewarded our own efforts in this direction. Our ideality in the field of the conscience is now experiencing the modification natural to expect of an individualism so ingrained as to tinge even our socialism with the color of anarchy. Long accustomed to hear that the kingdom of heaven is within one, it is not unnatural that the decline of formal religion among us and the invasion of the inner life by egotism should accord with a feeling that there, also, are to be found "whatever gods there be," in the words made less popular by Swinburne than by Henley's pæan—unlike Wordsworth's Nun, sonorous in self-adoration. The idea is an advance on Comte's doctrine of Humanity, though worked out with considerably less thoroughness. And conceiving of God as simply some ideal of our own, the human mind being assumed to be the highest creative agency known in nature, is a shorter and easier way of dealing with the subject than Joubert's method

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of knowing God by ceasing to try to define Him. It makes a great difference practically, however, in the life of society as well as in the life of the individual whether God is conceived as the "Eternal Not Ourselves" or the "Eternal Ourselves." In the latter case, even in an age of egotism, it is easy for any one with a gift of introspection to see how in strict logic he may now and then become the very devil—in the letters and art, for example, which reflect the individual and communal life aforesaid. The inner life must at any rate be less and less effectively celebrated by letters and art in the degree of its consecration to the "Eternal Ourselves" within us, and perhaps its disappearance altogether would be involved in the survival of the sense of humor.

VI

THE CAUSE OF ART AND LETTERS

ARE art and letters to be sentimentalized out of their established standards by the comprehensive and militant democratic movement of our time? is the question in which our whole discussion ends. Still more succinctly, are they to be produced by and for the crude or the cultivated? Hitherto—miracles of genius excepted, as an incalculable element in any discussion—they have been produced by special and arduous training, for the appreciation of general and hardly less arduously attained culture—the rest of the interested public taking its cue from these as at least useful guides and not, as at present, instinctively suspicious of them as vitiated by professionalism. The expert it is true in all departments of effort has his own personal equation for which it is always prudent to make due allowance. But the field of art and letters is after all a circumscribed one in the world of mankind's activities, and its proper cultivation has reached a pitch of intensiveness that demands more knowledge and training than mere inkling and energy have at their command. The artist who with Mr. Clive Bell conceives art as religion easily brings himself to avoid difficulties painful to surmount, and naturally deems it a business of the soul. Like the water of life in the Apocalypse it is in his view to be taken freely and by all comers. Multitudes have certainly come, such numbers indeed as to put the principle of natural selection quite out of commission and make one look back wistfully to the old disciplined novitiate as a preparation for, at least, the priesthood of the cult.

Paul Baudry was not a great artist in the sense of being an artist of original genius. But consider his career and accomplishment as an example of what intelligent instead of sentimental democracy can produce. Mr. Low sketches it for us in his Scammon Lectures. He was the son of a *sabot* maker in a little provincial town. Instead of considering exclusively its own material needs the commune, having discovered intimations of genuine talent in him, taxed itself to send him to Paris. Hard work won him the prix de Rome. Years of study at the Villa Medici and the culture he as inevitably as unconsciously absorbed in the Roman atmosphere of elevated æsthetic achievement resulted in his decoration of the Nouvel Opéra, a work which, whatever its faults or shortcomings, simply pinnacles him as one of the salient figures in painting of the nineteenth century. The "expressor related solely to himself" may justifiably interest us less. Supposing this person to have condescendingly entered so banal a structure as Garnier's masterpiece he may quite legitimately, I think, note the weakness of Baudry's personal expression, the derivative character of his beautiful drawing and skilful composition, his attenuation of the Raphaelesque in his exclusive continuance of its tradition. But in the way of accomplishment, of perpetuating the spirit of the monumental and the beautiful, what is in comparison his own eager but wanton experimentation in an august field, entered without credentials of specific equipment or general culture? The contrast is striking but is merely typical of that necessarily constant between disciplined and so-called free art.

But conceding the artist's possession of his *mêtier* and the pitch of cleverness that our writers have achieved, the weakness of those young friends of Mr. Clive Bell, the weakness in fact of the prac-

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titioner in general in the field of art and letters at the present time, is that not as an artist or as a writer but as a man he does not know enough. The fact may be noted without invidiousness, since it only places him in the same category in which Arnold set Byron and Wordsworth—the two figures in English literature that after Shakespeare and Milton he deemed the most majestic. But it is not necessary to argue from august examples the value of knowledge to the criticism of life on a stately scale, in order to appreciate the importance to any specific work of intelligence of its intellectual connotation. It is indeed of primary importance that this too should be important in order to secure the importance of the work itself. If the work is to appeal to any observer or reader who really counts, it must stimulate associations of real value and not merely produce a reaction of the senses. Therefore the painter or the poet must himself have these associations. Otherwise how evoke them in others? It is a commonplace that no one can know anything well without knowing other things too. In point of fact the first thing we wish to know, to feel, to see in a work of art is just this: What and how much does the mind of the artist contain? What is its other furniture besides merely the special aptitude and equipment required for the production of this particular thing, of which this particular thing is but the sample? It is not the foot that interests us but Hercules. We are brought around finally, I think, to make the same demand of culture in the case of the artist, which I began by suggesting in the case of his public. To require the artist to know more is, however, to exact something quite out of keeping with the spirit of the time.

For example, there is Mr. Eastman's delightful and able book, "Enjoyment of Poetry," one of the most considered contributions that have been made to American criticism. Mr. Eastman is a poet himself. And more even than in poetry he is interested in increasing the stock of human happiness. Naturally he thinks of poetry as an ally. And a genuine and valuable ally he makes it out to be. It would be hard to find elsewhere so many penetrating observations upon the art of poetry, all quite new as well as evidently long pondered and fitting beautifully together in demonstration of his interesting thesis. But he certainly inclines to divorce the practice of poetry from the knowledge with which if it is important it is infallibly associated, in dwelling on its idiosyncratic quality, which is of course quite independent of knowledge. He says archly: "To attribute to it the origin of great poetry, is paying too high a compliment even to so valuable a thing as ignorance"—as if he knew anything about ignorance! But he adds that "there is a certain antithesis between poetry and knowledge" and that "poetry exists either before that is acquired or after it is surmounted." Naturally he can demonstrate what poetry *is* as distinguished from prose, by Whitman as well as by Wordsworth. And thinking thus of its distinctive character rather than of its comparative rank, ignoring thus one of the standards which measure its value—since it would be idle to maintain that any poetry is superior to any prose, that of the savage, for instance, to the prose of Burke—he comes winningly, but not quite convincingly, to suggest to all of us who wish to enjoy poetry to make our own. "Better even than understanding poetry as a way to learn the enjoyment of it," he concludes finely, "—and that without alienation from the better poem of one's own existence—is to create it for one's self." Mr. Eastman speaks, as the French say, *bien à son aise*. The rest of us may justifiably feel some self-distrust, and continue to get our enjoyment out of the born poets, more particularly those possessed of knowledge as well as faculty. *Possunt quia posse videntur* implies in this case too hopeful a view. But there is no doubt whatever that at the present time enjoyment of poetry is being largely extracted from its production. And so far as value is concerned the prodigious production of it that marks our epoch must be admitted to contribute far less to the enjoyment of others than the poetry which preceded it and which, if strictly professional, was far more intimately associated with that general knowledge now so generally disesteemed. General knowledge, too, quite aside, it is curious to note how much more lightly

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its special technic is taken in comparison with music, for example. A generation ago every young woman played the piano. Now she realizes the vanity of expecting to do so well. A generation hence, it may be, she will be convinced that poetry is a difficult art also.

Of course, as I began by saying, the public equally with the artist and writer has the cause of art and letters in its keeping. And so far as knowledge is an advantage in art and letters it is the business of the larger public—not to possess it, to expect which would not only be unreasonable but unnecessary—but to respect it, as it is the business of the "remnant" to exact it. To advocate any peremptory agencies to this end would be as illusory as Mr. Howells shows it to be in his amusing story, "The Critical Bookstore." The philanthropist who sets up this establishment to combine censorship with commercialism apparently deals in fiction exclusively—where certainly the field for both commerce and censure is so vast as perhaps to justify a monopoly of his benevolent efforts. His experiment proves multifariously unsatisfactory, and experiencing a total change of heart he shuts up his shop, and announces his conversion by expressing a repugnance to artificial selection which, even without his experience, we can all share. But he expresses also a resignation to the processes and results of *natural* selection in which it requires a very considerable amount of optimism to participate. "What is all the worthy family of asses to do," he exclaims "if there are no thistles to feed them?" Is the case so desperate as that? Is, indeed, this family to be regarded as a constant quantity? Why at any rate contribute to keep it so by pampering it with its favorite food? Why not, in a word, deplore the number of asses rather than the failure of the thistle crop? It is, no doubt, less a practical than a sentimental matter, but the more the cultivation of thistles comes to be looked upon with disfavor, whatever the demand for them, the more the taste for them is likely to diminish and even an asinine demand arise for different provender. No one considers morals a matter to be left to natural selection. Does the intellect need less help? The converted critical-bookstore keeper proceeds to state his view of the Republic of Letters as "a vast, benevolent, generous democracy where every one may have what one likes," and his conception of literature as "the whole world, the expression of the gross, the fatuous, the foolish, as well as the expression and the pleasure of the wise, the fine and the elect." But it is notoriously difficult to keep pace with the zeal of the convert, and one wonders if his ideal in this case is not fundamentally a humane rather than a literary one. How better express the distinction between mere printed matter and literature than by saying the latter is just this: "the expression and the pleasure of the wise, the fine and the elect"? And why not observe the distinction even while remembering the superior claims of human happiness? Perhaps after all some other way may be found of satisfying these claims than by adulterating figs with thistles, or by encouraging the critical inspector to "pass" thistles as figs, especially bearing in mind the tendency—observed by Renan—which the thistles have to get the upper hand. Perhaps after all figs in plenty would become more popular in quarters gradually finding it as uncomfortable to be viewed *de haut en bas* by the gentle heart as by the arrogant mind.

At all events it is to have in mind some other cause than that of literature, to conceive of it as an absolutely unenclosed domain—the common of civilization, so to say, whose weedy aspects and worn places and rubbish heaps are as legitimate details as its cultivated area. Ought not access to this territory to be made more difficult, as difficult as possible? At least let us have a gate—the strait gate whereby he who has some kind of credentials may enter in, and so far as possible win public opinion to approve the closing up of those other ways accessible to the thief and the robber. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Not the authority of autocracy certainly; nor even that of criticism whose function, as I said, is the exposition of the principles that are the test of standards, so much as the standards themselves which arise insensibly in the mind of the cultivated public and spread in constantly widening circles. Mankind, once more, is wiser than any man, and its correlative

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in the case of arts and letters is the public, whose co-operation is quite as important as that of their professional representatives. For it is always to be remembered that the cause of letters, the cause of art, is not that of its practitioners—hardly that of its practice—but of its constituting standards. Just as the cause of mankind is not that of the men who compose it, which it is the weakness of purely material philanthropy to forget. The idea is not a vague one. And since I have ventured to speak of routine France as more sympathetic than devout, I may note that, so far from being vague, it is an idea which is at the present time being illustrated not only splendidly, supremely, but with that precision which in the world of ideas is a French characteristic. We have before our eyes the demonstration of its definiteness by an entire people animated with the clear consciousness that what counts for them, in this brief interlude of time between two eternities, is not the comfort or even the lives of any or all Frenchmen, but the perpetual renewal of the consecrated oil that feeds the torch of France.

THE YOUNG MAN AND AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

By Irwin G. Jennings

THERE are some facts of life upon which statistics are not available but where none are needed to carry a conviction of their truth. The statement that a great many young men have chosen the wrong business or profession for their life's work can readily be believed, although there is no way of telling just how many such persons there are.

Everybody who reads this article can recall innumerable instances of bright young men who have chosen an occupation for which they are not suited, and by reason thereof have become mere drudges, eking out a precarious subsistence and with life holding out an unattractive future for them.

Such a condition will always exist to some extent, but this is no reason why an attempt should not be made to examine into the problem for the purpose not only of limiting the number of misfits among workers, but also of so organizing our labor resources that the best interests of our country may be subserved, especially at this time when it is necessary to recognize what those interests are and to make preparation to take care of them.

America has in the past been a land of wonderful opportunities. Our great resources of land in extent and productiveness, the great number of important things to be done, the very youth of our country, have made it possible for many men with limited educational resources and with little constructive preparation to reach a position of high material prosperity. This fact, in the eyes of many persons, has tended to belittle preparation and the intelligent organization of one's powers for life's work. "Abraham Lincoln became a great lawyer with little or no early education" has been the stock argument of all those who have opposed higher educational standards for entrance into the professions. The opinion prevails too generally throughout our country that an American can accomplish without preparation that to which the men of Europe give years of constructive work. It is assumed that the advantages of our natural location and a mythical tremendous reserve power will protect America in any event, and without material loss, against all phases of foreign aggression. Certainly it has not been deemed necessary to marshal our labor resources in time of peace in a way that would mean most for the welfare of the country.

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Only in times of war in which America has been involved, and for destructive purposes, has it ever occurred to our people that our young men should be efficiently organized. Will it not be profitable to reflect upon the advantages that may be derived from the marshalling of our young men for really constructive purposes, commensurate and in line with the opportunities that are being thrust upon our country by the exigencies of one of the most devastating cataclysms that has ever visited the human race?

A war, the most destructive in the history of the world, is not only consuming the surplus savings of mankind for generations and centuries past, but is depleting at a terrible rate the three sources for resupplying this wealth, namely, land, labor, and capital.

Those who have visited the battlefields of Europe say that immense tracts of land, the finest and most productive that civilization possesses, have been turned into a desert waste and cannot be reclaimed for any useful purposes in centuries. European countries are losing their men by millions, and the very ones who would have been able to supply most efficiently that important source of wealth, labor. Reliable financial agencies estimate that the war is costing the world more than a hundred millions of dollars each day, and to this extent that other source of European wealth, namely capital, is being depleted.

Basing their judgment upon the experiences after other wars, there are some who feel optimistic that these European countries will quickly recover from their terrible ordeal, but such predictions are at best only a guess. No such expenditures for destructive purposes have ever been made before in history. Never have the original sources for the production of wealth been so impaired. Never before were the existent sources of wealth turned into such unproductive channels, and never has a work so tremendous been contemplated as to turn again these same sources of wealth from their present destructive employment into the productive channels of civilization. Never since the development of the present wonderful Western civilization, which has contributed so much to the comfort and welfare of mankind, has its entire spirit been so endangered as in this war.

The immense resources of Europe and their former efficient use are bringing to the countries now at war an unprecedented extension of credit; and the war in all probability will last just about as long as this extension of credit continues. But these debts so created will have to be paid, or they will not be paid—in the first case imposing upon the future generations of Europe a tremendous economic handicap, and assuring for a time at least the unquestioned financial supremacy of the creditor countries; in the second case, while causing great hardship to those who have been financing the war, yet so impairing the credit of the debtor countries as ultimately to depose them from any hope of leadership in world affairs. In either event, and for years, America is designated as a leader in the world's trade. Her opportunity has come, but she cannot ignore the fact that there are other progressive nations in the world with resources practically unimpaired that will welcome the chance of turning the present economic revolution to their own advantage.

America cannot afford to rest, she cannot wait. It will not do simply to think about the matter, to make speeches, or to write articles about it. When the war is over the men of European countries will be mobilized, organized, and accustomed to work together. To meet these competitive advantages, some big, constructive programme will have to be thought out and carried out, in order to prepare us for our opportunities and to enable us to make the most of them. Without any attempt to construct the greater programme, which will have to do with the organization of all our resources —land, labor, and capital—it is our object here to suggest a small part of the plan and yet one which must not be ignored if the greater programme is made possible.

Leaving, then, for this larger development the consideration of our land resources, which have certainly been most recklessly used in the past, and our capital resources, of which we will have a superabundance unless they are most diplomatically used, the part of the programme here referred to is a suggestion

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for the organization of our men to meet the opportunity—not the men who are ordinarily considered under the head of labor (it may become a very serious question whether or not America will not lose her opportunity through the unintelligent handling of her skilled-labor problem) but those who, nevertheless, come under the classification of labor in a very important economic sense, namely, our highly educated young men. How shall we marshal them for America?

Let us confine ourselves at first to a consideration of the young men in our colleges, not because it necessarily follows that these young men have a monopoly of brains and education, but because they already exist in groups of a nature lending themselves more readily to the organizing methods suggested in our plan.

The average man attends college for two purposes, one being to prepare himself for a more intelligent citizenship, the other to make better preparation for life's work. In the past those callings which have seemed most distinctively American, by reason of unusual opportunities therein, have attracted young men of brains. For instance, inasmuch as many of our public men, including members of Congress and of the cabinet, have, after leaving college, taken up the study of law as a stepping-stone to political preferment, very many young men of the present generation, who have stood out from among their fellows as being of unusual mental endowment, have taken up law with the idea in mind of later entering politics as a career.

Many poor young men, who have had a desire to improve their position in life have gone to college for the purpose of preparing themselves either to become teachers or preachers. The family physician, who is usually a man of social and financial prominence in his community, has appealed to many of our college men as one whose career should be emulated. In other words, when higher education among our young men was less general than it is to-day, the professions were attractive to men of ambition because of the prestige they gave and because many important affairs of American life were intrusted to their care. Even to-day they are the principal goal of our college men, notwithstanding the fact that many of the bigger things in American life are being performed by business men. Now, and for a considerable period of time, young America's real opportunity will unquestionably lie not in the professions but along trading and commercial lines. If this premise is true, in order that we meet the opportunity as it should be met, the best brains of our country should be centred in developing the new fields open to us.

But how bring the brains and the big business together?

Take, as an example of present conditions, those that exist in the financial district of New York. The deposits in the big banking institutions of this district during the past two or three years have been growing at a tremendous rate. The number of employees that has become necessary to handle the additional work caused thereby has almost doubled. The officers of these institutions have had no time in which to make a careful selection of their new men, for the work had to be done and immediately. The result has been that a great number of these new men are educationally poorly equipped to advance very far in banking work and there is no more pitiful sight than to see a man who is loyal and faithful to his work denied advancement because of his educational limitations. It is true that many of these employees are making heroic efforts at self-education, availing themselves of the means of learning the theoretical and technical details of their profession, as provided by the American Institute of Banking and other agencies, but certainly it would have been better if such technical training could have supplemented a thorough general education. Where to obtain good men for positions in even this desirable profession is at present a problem with bank officers.

On the other hand, one great banking institution has recognized the necessity of improving its organization with educated men, and has inaugurated a system of bringing the college man into connection with its work in a very admirable manner. What this institution is doing for the improvement of its organization should be done on a broader scale for our

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country's progressive industries, in providing for them a means of building up organizations to meet the opportunities that have come to them for growth and expansion.

The great demand of the present day is for an agency endowed with sufficient funds, ability, and authority, and governed by ideals of such a broad and patriotic nature, that it can make an exhaustive study of America's needs for maintaining a position of leadership in the world's work, for furnishing to those young men who are best equipped the information as to where they can bend their energies to subserve best the interests of their country and their own mental, moral, and material advancement, and for laying a broad foundation for general vocational guidance.

The proper place to centre such an agency would seem to be where it could best come in contact with the college world, and with developments of a national and international vocational character. For instance, supposing there should be established in New York City, which is a truly educational and commercial centre, a bureau that would study the matters mentioned above. This bureau could well be connected with some foundation or a large institution of learning endowed with its authority, backed by its prestige in both the educational and business world, thereby giving it an ability to make an ideal study of the different vocations involved in the work to be done.

There should be two important lines of work carried out by this agency. First, it should make a study of the changing economic conditions and ascertain the fields of activity most important for the development of the greater interests of American industry and commerce. The next questions to answer would be, in what way are educated young men necessary, and how can they be helpful in administering these greater interests? Again, what type of educational preparation is necessary for such men in order to make them effective workers? Next, in what way can those who are best equipped connect with the work to be done? All the information gained by this study should be assembled, analyzed, tabulated, and made ready for use and distribution.

The second big job for our bureau would be to organize in American colleges local agencies, supplementary to and related to the central bureau, headed by local directors, using methods and standards of judgment similar to the central agency, for the purpose of bringing to the young men attending colleges information of the opportunities that exist and suggestions as to the preparation necessary to helpfully and profitably participate in them.

Of course, our central organization need not focus all its time and energy upon international developments. In every industry there are times of progressive development when it is psychologically profitable for progressive men to enter the industry. This development is usually followed by a period of static conservatism where rules of seniority prevail. Such facts are proper for our agency to know. A study should be made of the types of men who have been successful in the past in the various industries and the types necessary to cope successfully with the new conditions. Our agency should be able to recommend how and in what capacity its men should best apply for positions in these industries, it being best in some cases to start at the very beginning of the business, at other times to approach it indirectly. Intelligent inquiry will develop many helpful facts along this line. The different professions should be inquired into for obtaining their status, the best modes of entry, and the best locations in which to work. In other words, our bureau should be prepared to give as nearly complete information as possible upon all those fields of activity which are attractive to young men and which have real opportunities for them.

In the local organization, established in the various colleges, a different type of work should be done. Equipped with the information of the central organization, the directors of the local bureaus are in a position to make a good start in appraising the abilities of the students with whom they come in contact. These local directors should be men of the highest caliber, of ripe experience, sound judgment, and of that peculiar type of personality required to do the work. They

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can render the greatest service by bringing to their task a proper combination of ability, tact, human interest and sympathy. With a friendship established with the student as the basis of their observations, they should make an independent study of the abilities of the young men under their observation, not only taking into consideration ability manifested in their studies, but also the ambitions, the natural equipment for leadership, and the status of each student among his fellows, his ability to meet men and to deal with them—in fact, his whole personality should be the subject of investigation. These directors are then in a position to give the most intelligent information and advice to their men, and can be largely influential in bringing into the really important work of their country the type of men who are needed to bring such work to its highest state of efficiency.

As indicated before, inasmuch as college men are assembled together in organized bodies, it is much easier to create an organization for appraising their abilities and for using them in supplying the positions to be filled. On the other hand, there is no real reason why the facts as developed by our central agency should not be made a matter of general publication and distribution, so that its findings may be helpful to every young man of ambition, no matter where he is situated.

To meet our new opportunities, the most conservative intelligence must indorse a certain amount of direct preparation by men of initiative for the work to be done. Already our large universities are offering trade courses, courses in diplomacy, in modern languages, and in those subjects designed to meet the needs of men who contemplate engaging in international work. Let our ambitious young men know where they can be of the greatest use in life's work, and they will find a way to make themselves worthy of the work, no matter how important it may be.

However, an education not only should contemplate utility for beginning life, but it should also lay the basis for an appreciation of better things during the whole of life.

It would be sad indeed if those Americans about to engage in the foremost work of their country should possess neither this appreciation nor the groundwork for its growth. There is too much of fundamental and cultural good in the so-called classics to justify their indiscriminate relegation to the junk-heap.

When a young man well grounded in the conventional studies of our colleges is brought in touch with work requiring all his energy and ability he may well become all the more efficient by reason of his early mental training, after the first few months of the breaking-in period. Even the more modern languages and sciences lose much of their charm to the student if they are pursued with no fixed purpose in mind and in a purely academic manner. But when a young man with his mind awake to his opportunities and with his ambitions aroused to lead among his fellows is once settled in the business or profession of his choice, the study of vocational subjects and such languages and sciences as pertain to them will become a joy to him, especially when he is aided by possessing a good basic education.

The real demand is not so much to revolutionize our system of education as to set in motion processes by which young men of capacity who are building themselves educationally for ultimate results may have their abilities appraised during their student days and a knowledge brought to them directly of the best openings for their genius, together with guides and aids for the better selection of their careers. In some such way as this our young men will become the best-equipped business men in the world.

It is not presumed that the suggestions herein are final and should be adopted without modification or careful adaptation to the situation as it arises, but it is hoped that enough has been said to illustrate the idea meant to be conveyed, that of constructively and effectively organizing our best young men so as to meet a demand, which is imperative, for a thoroughly educated and appreciative body of workers in the great achievement of expanding and quickening American industry and commerce. This, then, is one step, if not the first step, in the great programme before us.

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THE WATER-WITCH

By Gertrude Blair

Illustrations by O. F. Howard

JOHN WIRTH jumped from the business world into the business of his dream at fifty years of age, that golden age where the worth-while things have survived, when facts are organized into truth and knowledge is available for wisdom. Had they known of his dream hobby John's married sisters might have been saved considerable worry, but John was a silent man, emotional but pent-up, dumb to the point of gloom. All the while there hung in his dream-cell this picture painted in evergreen and sunset tints. The atmosphere thereof was of the mild luxury of Washington, and the background was of distant mountains splashed by the sea. In the foreground was a sturdy figure wresting the land from the virgin forest—John Wirth, his ranch.

Now, John was a plodder and a dickerer too, and in due time he found himself on his choice of land with a pile of lumber and mild assurances of existence guaranteed by the contents of a brigade of tin cans and paper bags. Somebody had camped there before, for he found a shanty of hemlock boughs, and in it a bed made of fir branches as springy as the best woven wire mattress. On the site of the former camp-fire he laid wood and looked about for water. Yes, there was plenty of water, every blade of grass glistened with it, the tree branches dropped it in his ears, and it even penetrated to his bones, this moisture of the Washington spring.

But the only creek on his place was a half-mile away and John must needs go to his nearest neighbor. He detested borrowing and disliked neighbors, but hunger is a foe to prejudice. The only guide-post to a human habitation in sight was a corner of a shack in a near-by clearing adjoining his own land. Moreover, a gentle trail led in that direction.

As John stepped shyly onto the porch and reached out to knock, the door flew open as if in accompaniment to the whistling of a lively air. Mr. Wirth realized that she carried a music-roll and a friendly attitude, and that she wore something red. It was easier than he expected to ask the privilege of returning every day for water until he could find a supply on his own place, for she graciously anticipated his request, dismissed it and continued:

"Then my trail belongs to you."

"But it leads to your spring."

Over his camp-fire that night he wished he could have erased himself lest he had been too familiar or have detained her.

Miss Aimes had never courted Intuition, but had found her occasional flashing deliverances to be infallible. That this man loomed large on her horizon brought its own conclusion. She accepted the decree and pondered. She tried to collect her senses, but forgot which one she needed first.

"This spring of yours is unusual," he was wont to remark several days in succession. One day he added: "It disappears below."

The next he continued: "How did you discover it, in just this shape?" He dipped out a pail of water and hurried away, fearful of taking too much of her time.

The next day she detained him long enough to introduce the subject and explained: "I had wondered why that strip of rankest grass never dried in the summer as the rest did, and why that nearest apple-tree was larger than all the others. Once I stepped into a soft place just above the spring, and at the next step the water oozed out. That was all I wanted. I dug a basin, and as I dug the water collected, but, although the clay soil should have held it, it disappeared. I concluded that there must be an underground outlet. I dug out farther back till I found and plugged the suspected outlet. I re-

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inforced the sides of the basin with these stones, and threw the overflow to the front of the basin, set this flat stone under the escape to hold my water-bucket, but not so far back as to interfere with the drainage of the surplus. You see it is tilted slightly backward, and the water flows off in that direction. You can hear it dropping away below."

"You are the most practical artist I ever met."

"Then you haven't met many." He admitted the accuracy of her last statement to himself only.

"How do you happen to be away out here so far from the centre of things?"

"Hay-fever or—more scientifically speaking, 'the sniffles'—drove me out here from Arizona two years ago."

"And what benefit?"

"Last summer I escaped with a light attack and this summer I don't propose to bother with it at all," she announced.

"Somehow," he communicated to his crackling camp-fire, "this woman is different," and he paused to recount the very few women of his acquaintance. There was Mrs. S., the dress parade, and sister Minnie, the expense account; then there was Mrs. W., who was always complaining. But not so with "my neighbor"—she never thought of whining. She'd make a chum for the bravest and cleverest fellow. He wished she would ask him again about that well,—hole in the ground; but concluded that maybe she had been bothered enough.

"I'm wishing for the sunshine," he volunteered over the spring. "How long is the rain likely to keep up?"

"It keeps coming down until about May. But you will learn to love the mists and the light rains. The mists make a mystery land, and the rains beat their fairy drums to charm away the mystery land. Then the great mountain comes out and puts off her bridal veil and sits in rosy violet splendor over the valley of the Sound. I love it all, this land of gentle moods and pure-washed air."

He felt grateful that she had expressed his finer emotions for him—those which he allowed to wither in the bud, putting forth only the matters of fact, and the complaints.

"Yes, this is a land of many waters—springs for everybody but me. Seems as if it runs away from me."

"It's a wonder the Mississippi wasn't born here."

Something tried to escape the corners of his mouth just then.

"Then," she continued, "there are the soft, warm showers in the fall, that bring the shaggy-mane mushrooms and the water-cress and the huckleberries for the woodsman."

"But if he lived in my house what would he boil in the tea-kettle? This well—I mean hole in the ground—is the same as my life. Here I am, fifty years old and nothing accomplished. This ranch I have looked forward to for years"—and here he stopped, surprised at himself.

She saw by this time that he was stubborn even in his moods, and her sympathy yielded.

"Speaking of failure, here I am, too, after an equally long life, striving to gain a foothold"—and she stopped short—so occupied was she with a query that rose in her mind whether two such negatives as failure ever could combine to make as positive a thing as success. What she might have unconsciously betrayed of the inward thought she did not regret, but she desired to make no deliberate advances toward this near-morose man, for she had known others who had enlisted her sympathy, and when the crisis was past had sought gayer companionships. More than once she had been driven to the conclusion that these men were fair types of their sex.

However, by the delicate way he had enlisted her interest she knew him to be fine-grained, although of dull finish. He had appealed to her from the depths of his reserve, but as to whether her response had reached those depths he had as yet given no sign. His very silence cried out to her afresh.

John returned to his philosophizing about the distribution of water—how "my neighbor" had found her spring by her wits—yes, by her wits. Why shouldn't he do the same? He made a new survey of that part of his place for like signs without a discovery, and concluded that the work of locating wells should be made a

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"I m wishing for the sunshine. . . . How long is the rain likely to keep up?"—Page 632.

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subject of investigation by the State Experiment Station. But common sense suggested that he could gain no immediate benefit from such a source.

So he spat on his hands, and dug and dug, and spat on his hands, for a few quarts of surface water, and took his social recreation at "my neighbor's" spring; and she let him spit on his hands and dig, and dig and spit on his hands, while she took notes and deposited them in a crimpled gray note-book under her auburn-brown braids.

Now, Miss Aimes had some night pupils in Seattle, and was wont to return on the last stage twice a week. Shopping expeditions were combined with these trips. The stage-line was half a mile from her home, and the trail homeward was uphill through the woods. This night it was dark and pouring rain, and the flirty lantern went out. A stump came to meet her, her bundles scattered and stars appeared. Holes with more water than Mr. Wirth's well dotted the vicinity of the trail. Nearly exhausted she reached home, only to stumble again over what proved to be a huge bag of oranges at her door. Resentment at somebody's awkwardness soon gave way to a warmth, when she realized who the generous one was.

The overflow of several dishes of oranges was deposited in an Indian basket of rare design, and she recalled the time when it had come to her filled with oranges from a man of handsome bearing and cultured air. She could not but compare the two: he of the social standing, the man of affairs, yet one who could sneer; and the other, shy, so kind, so gentle, so strong, yet so undeclared. As the reflection faded she became aware of a puffy eyelid, a beat in the nostrils, and the old weakness. Discouragement returned and sat hard upon her. She sneezed at her reflection in the mirror. Work dragged, and she avoided the daily chats at the spring.

At the same time John accused himself of neglect of "my neighbor," and then turned to the equally satisfactory problem of the fourth well. About then he decided to go to Seattle. It was also Miss Aimes's afternoon and evening in the city, and just as the stage appeared in the distance she arrived at the strategic point.

"Well, it is good to see you once again, my neighbor!" and he shook her hand with the grip of a giant. She answered with a kerchew, sidetracked. Whether it was the force of the kerchew or some other impertinent effect stepping on the trail of cause, Miss Aimes's shoe-string came loose, and she stooped quickly and tied it in a hard knot, and as quickly expected to straighten up.

"Oh, my bag string is tied in the knot!" and she tussled with the new predicament, the water streaming from her eyes and nose, and the Seattle stage looming large into the foreground.

At this time Mr. Wirth took charge of the situation, but the square fingers were meant for less delicate tasks, and he struggled in vain, with the Seattle stage showing up for the stop. It was a soft leather bag, and he saw that if he cut the drawing string the contents must scatter, so he broke the shoe-string in two or three places, pocketed her bag, and rose to help her aboard. But the loosened shoe caught in the mud and slipped off. "I'll get it," he said quietly. Meanwhile a seat was found for her up front, and one for him in the rear.

"Fare for the lady up front," interrupted his task of cleaning the shoe with a newspaper. He wondered how she could assume—such a one as she appeared to be—as he paid the two fares and resumed his task, and then began to wonder what could be bulging inward in his pocket. It was the bag! Of course she could not pay her fare when he had her bag with her money in it! He hurriedly repaired the shoe-string and delivered shoe and bag to her unobtrusively, not without paying silent homage to them.

He felt keenly his unfair thought of her, and remembered that she carried no lantern. After his own few errands were done, armed with the best flash-light he could buy, he waited four hours for her at the stage-office.

"Come in for some hot soup," she pleaded with him at her door.

"I shall not trouble you to-night," and he was gone. She realized that there was no appeal from his once announced decisions, and wondered how this silent man

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displayed his dash of action with so little of speech, and she was charmed with the mystery of it all.

Morning found a pile of the pitchiest kindling that the woods yielded at her step.

Quietly, seriously, he insisted upon seeing her through her rounds next day, for he could see that she was not very well. On the return trip his concern deepened, though there was little else to indicate it but a deepening scowl and an occasional gulp. She understood, but regretted that he gave her no opportunity to express her gratitude.

All at once he broke out with: "This struggle is too much for a woman. Couldn't you see that from the first? Would you have undertaken it if you could have seen the end?" He was

"Tam, would you like a master? Mizzie wants you to love him."—Page 637.

learning to talk. She felt censured, and defended herself with: "But one is supposed to do one's best under all circumstances. And the struggle comes in daily portions only."

"But one's best doesn't always make good." The remark had only passed his lips when he saw that he had expressed what might be construed as too personal a statement, and he hurried to explain: "I was passing upon my own work and from my own experience."

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"But development is the ultimate good, and we gain development by struggling."

"Not by mere struggling, but by well-developed strokes toward a definite goal."

"But," she interrupted, "one must deal with outside forces," and she hesitated playfully, "such as 'the sniffles.'"

"Speaking of difficulties, I have been struggling with ill-directed strokes. There should be investigation into this science of underground streams, and information given out in popular form. A person should know where to dig as well as how to dig."

"I wonder if I can't find water for you, or else find somebody who can. If you cut a forked willow stick, such as boys use for sling-shots, I'll try. I've seen it done."

"That's a piece of superstition not even worth trying."

"I'll grant the superstition part. But have you never observed that every superstition is founded upon scientific fact, far removed perhaps. But let's try it just for fun."

He was tempted to yield, since she had asked, but once in a while one who is stubborn hates to yield, even to his own better judgment.

"They say the handle of the branch should balance the weight of the forked ends," she insisted quietly.

"Yes, 'they say.' Aren't you too sensible to take stock in this fake? Do you plant potatoes in the dark of the moon?"

"Yes."

Nevertheless she determined to try her powers of water-witching at her own spring. A willow was growing near. She had scarcely slashed a forked branch from the trunk before a tingling in her palm was followed by a downward pull at the handle. She walked away from the spring, the pull decreased. She adjusted the prongs loosely, one in each hand, with the handle placed horizontally in front, and approached the spring. It pulled down hard and swung around in a semi-circle. Sure of herself now, she waited impatiently to demonstrate to Mr. Wirth, but just how she might go about it was another question.

With the light of a new adventure in her eyes, she led him over his claim, climbing logs, pushing through underbrush and brier tangles, he protesting and fearing for her in her weakened state of health, she insisting it was all for fun. But the forked stick was dead, and her hand without magnetism.

"I'll see you home and bring in your wood," he announced, and by superior strength turned her toward home. Both were silent, he from habit, she from weariness, but still keeping hold of the willow fork.

As they neared their dividing line a slight tingle tickled her palm. A step or two and there was a strong magnetic sensation, then a pull, and the willow fork swung around so hard she could scarcely keep her hold on it.

"Here, here it is! See here is your water! You try it." And she forced the fork into his hand. "Can't you feel it pull?"

"None whatever"—he was both pleased and disappointed.

"Come home now."

"No, let's trace its course; it may be connected with my spring."

"Come home now," he replied sternly.

"There is your underground stream, the only one on this side of your place, so the experiment station announces," she said in official tones, and wisely yielded to his command to go home.

Those debates with the camp-fire were becoming dangerously like a habit with John. "I wish you would explain why I should want to yield to a woman's whim. She can tell me that black is white, and I almost accept it. Is it weakness in my mind?" And he supported his head awhile in silence.

"Had I better forget it all? I'll get down a few more feet in that hole tomorrow, if I can get the surface water out, and maybe this will settle the vexed question." But the remembrance of her labor and the forked stick kept coming back.

"I will not do it!" and he set his thin lips harder. But somehow he received little satisfaction from his decision. "But what about her? It would hurt her feelings," he said aloud to the busy fire.

"Yesssss," answered the fire, and punctuated the statement with a miniature explosion.

He was sorry for her delusion and

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Silently watching the tide creep in from the sound.—Page 639.

considered it abnormal for one of her practical mind. He concluded in all seriousness that it might be a symptom of hay-fever.

She feared he would persist in his stubbornness. How could she convince him that her sensation was genuine, when doubtless he thought her overexcited? She deliberated every free moment that day, and postponed all but necessary work. Tam, her collie, paraded his feeling of neglect till she invited his confidence.

"Tam, would you like a master? Mizzie wants you to love him. Wouldn't you?" Tam left his evening meal untouched, and came and laid his head on her knee reflectively. She bent over and whispered in his ear. "Mizzie has a secret. Something wonderful has come to her. But, Tam, I'm not so sure he cares. Don't you tell, will you, Tam? Tam, he is so strong! He is so good! But he is so far off from everybody." Tam responded with a lonesome whine.

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"Yes, Mizzie loves you just the same, but he is over there all alone. You run over and visit him. Tam, I'm most afraid of him. He never changes his mind. He never laughs. Sit close and lay your wise old head on his knee. Now, Tam, take him some hot biscuit," and she filled a little basket with biscuit just from the oven, put the handle in his mouth, and opening the door held Tam by the collar, pointing to Mr. Wirth's shack. "Now, go"—and off he trotted. He soon returned with a bag of nuts and fruit in the basket.

"Just like him, Tam, I told you so! What did he say? Didn't he smile just a little? Yes, you may go with us next time." Tam stood up close.

"To-morrow I will walk with you to the cross-roads," John had announced at the spring.

"To-morrow you may." The candles in his eyes were lit by her smile. Some day might catch him smiling.

"You are attempting too much for your strength. These long tramps are trying to even a hearty constitution," was the first intimation of his thoughtfulness. Some express concern and even affection by scolding, some by mere planning, others by anxiety with no word of "I love you." John had nothing further to say, but remained absorbed in dumb distress. But she interpreted. She wanted to lay her hand in his, but instead she could only smile and reach down and pat Tam, who had capered along unnoticed, begging for his usual frolic.

"But I must do it, and really I love these walks."

"To-morrow I will take the beach road with you, and after lessons we will watch the high tide in." He had learned her schedule.

"To-morrow you may, and won't you take tea with me in the evening?"

"To-morrow I will."

Formalities like these from any one else would have called forth a sally from her, but she could indulge in no such caprice at his expense.

To-morrow dragged her footsteps for him, but over Miss Aimes she cast a swift and unready spell. She was aware of pain, and of groping around half blind for she did not know what. She was dimly conscious of being torn away from established moorings and being cast afloat in an unknown element. Then there was an awakening, and with it a sweet surrender and a new faith. Even her gay mood crept back, and she met John with the hum of a child's air and a light step.

"Do you know that little air?" and she hummed it over. "I used to sing it when I was a child, and would run out barefoot in the rain and paddle around as free and wild as the tiny whirlwind that sometimes disturbs the dusty road. Nobody trained or taught me but the motherhood that nature throws about the orphaned child—but I didn't start out to read you an autobiography."

"Go on"—he was already absorbed in anything of interest to her.

"But my freedom didn't last long. My tenth birthday found me a nurse girl in pinafore and sunbonnet, spending my summers in the North and my winters in New Orleans, with a little schooling now and then and a longing for more. Then I was a bundle girl, and then assisted at the music counter of a department store. Here I feasted as I used to do in the rain and the pool. For five years I saved and skimped and dreamed of a piano. I read and studied and ate music, almost, in my eagerness. I paid for lessons with extra night work. Then I rented a piano. It was my chum and my one dissipation. To my music I owe many an escape from myself, and to my escape from myself is due my fondness for human kind and my faith in the Divine," and she regarded him with the delicate air of attention which invites confidence.

"That I grew up at all has been the problem of my later years. My parents did my thinking for me before I knew how, and they forgot to quit it. I guess they loved me too much," and he shook his head gravely as he reflected on his earlier hardship. "I got to thinking that I couldn't do without them after they handed me my opinions ready made. They sheltered me and repressed me, and thought I was good!

"When I did begin life as a separate being I was thirty-five, and the knocks came hard. I didn't have sense enough

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to talk to somebody and nearly forgot the art. I thought a good deal to myself what life was meant for anyhow. Then I began to look about and see how other people did, and I trusted a little of my own judgment. I invented a machine and went into the business of manufacturing it. The next thing I learned to do was to dream, and this ranch is my dream in captivity. The next thing I began to learn was to talk, and you did it. I knew I had a heart by the ache in the farthest corner. And it was empty till"—and John began to realize himself and the forked stick—"you found the underground spring on my ranch, and you found the underground spring of my nature, and you unlocked my mouth," and he forgot his seriousness and a great, broad grin broke across his square-built features, a real jack-o'-lantern effort, and she thought of when the smallest children begin to talk, and how very fast they acquire a good vocabulary.

He went back and forth along the trail during her lesson hours, now quite given over to his emotions, which in his reflective moments he was trying to understand, hesitating to acknowledge them as his own. He was strangely wounded, yet he found himself pressing the weapon deeper in. He had invited a whirlwind within his stagnated peace, and it was both soothing and disturbing.

What he determined not to do—that he was strong in accomplishing; and what he would do—that was a possible impossibility.

"Here is a question for you," he resumed as she reappeared and they turned to meet the high tide, and he bowed his head and clasped his hands. "What—is—love?"

There flashed over her what she had just passed through, of the tearing and the binding up again, of the disappointing and delighting, of the wishing and regretting, of the yearning and the hesitating, of despairing and living again, and she said: "Love is joy suffering."

"Then you *do* understand!" as he grasped her hands in his great wide palms, and they stood silently watching the tide creep in from the sound.

And the king of the purple mountains, and the king of the rolling seas "brought of their glory and honor" into the kingdom of love.

"Will you hear a confession?"

"Yes, if I may make one."

"Until I knew you, my neighbor, I regarded all women as parasites and whiners. The comradeship of marriage was a farce, and endured for the money there was in it. But you were different, and I was unjust to you to include you in such a class. You cared, and you showed me that you cared. I should wear the willow fork over my heart," and he turned about to greet her with a courtly bow and a courtly smile. His inflamed sensitiveness was gone, and a great comfort enveloped him.

"And now for my confession——"

"We're going to forget that—we must talk about the more important things. Will you trust your life to me? Won't you divide your light with me? Have you ever thought you could love me?"

For answer she crept up to him like a trusting child.

"When shall we be married?"

"In the fall, when I am well, and the soft rains clear the air."

"I hoped you would say to-morrow, and I could help you through your weak time."

"Then we shall say to-morrow."

"Where?"

"Under the willow by the spring, when the evening shadows gather."

It was the last soft spring shower. A few neighbors were bidden. The simple vows were spoken and congratulations were in order. A wood-sled was hauled up to each shack. Willing hands slipped the shanties off their pins, and each one was hauled to the line where the new well was to be, and the two houses were one. It was not long before the twinkling lanterns were seen retreating along the various trails, and from a distant hilltop a cornet sounded sweetly: "Home, Sweet Home."

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Being a Beggar

UNTIL I myself became a beggar I had always regarded the fraternity with contempt. To my mind, there were but two kinds of alms-seekers: those who, from the shelter of doorways, sell pencils or holders—and own apartment-houses; and those who, too lazy to work, cajole the public by various sentimental appeals into giving them a livelihood. To-day I apologize; now I know that the beggar is the only true spectator, and hence philosopher. To him alone humanity shows itself stripped of all pretense, since from him humanity has nothing to gain, and subterfuge is unnecessary. The good man is kind to him because it is his nature to be generous or because he regards it as his duty; the bad man is harsh or indifferent because, equally, it is his nature and the beggar is a derelict who does not concern him.

Being a novice at the gentle art of begging, I took my stand at an unfavorable spot. Floods of people swept by me entirely oblivious of my red box and my little basket with its placard "Help Poland" fluttering busily in the stiff breeze. I became conscious of a growing feeling of bitterness: none of these sleek, well-fed men, these bedizened women cared a picayune that in Poland men and women and children were dying in the streets for lack of one crust of bread, one sup of milk. Selfish, utterly, swinishly selfish—all of them!

A gentle voice at my side interrupted my cynical commentary.

"Beg pardon, lady." I turned to see the carriageman of the fashionable shop near by, cap in hand. "You haven't a good place here, lady. Nobody can see you, they pass so close to you. Come over to our door. I'll show you where to stand. You'll reap a harvest there." This last in a tone of pride in the success of his firm. Piloted by this kindly-faced and superhumanly observant and intelligent young Irishman, I took up my new position, and for the rest of the day I was aware that my fortunes were being presided over by an interested and beneficent spirit.

Being a bit farther removed from the hurrying throng, I could myself get a perspective upon it similar to that which it had upon me. As I ceased to be a portion of the architecture, so the individual emerged out of the mass.

Several of my acquaintances passed me by, each with that peculiar smile that says as plain as day:

"What a queer thing for her to be doing!—but then, what can you expect!"

Some of my friends, seeing me, stopped to chat lengthily, and to explain—while they completely hid me from the crowd!—that they were working for the French orphans or Red Cross, and so had no money to give. A few of the most exclusive and cherished of my heart deposited in my bank real coin of the realm, briefly wished me all the luck in the world, and went their way.

Up to the curbstone rolled a luxurious limousine from which stepped daintily a lady and little girl. On their way to the shop both caught sight of my active little placard and stopped. A bill from the matronly gold-mesh bag was pressed into the child's eager hand. With happy, yet shy understanding in her eyes, the sweet little maid deposited her gift in my red box and danced gayly back to her mother, who smiled tenderly at us both as she passed through the whirling door.

A woman, dressed in purple velvet and wearing diamond ear-drops as large as filberts, halted before me and inquired suspiciously if I were a responsible person. Upon my assuring her solemnly and with conviction that I was, she deposited, one by one, five pennies in my bank and walked grandly on with an air of conscious virtue. But a beggar's life is full of contrasts. A dear old lady, leaning on the arm of a younger woman, gazed up at me with sweet old eyes full of tears.

"I think what you are doing is *beautiful*," she said, "and here is a little mite." It was a five-dollar note. Behind her came a work-

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man, thin, brown, shabby. He dropped two pennies in, saying, with deprecative smile:

"It ain't much, but it's all I got to-day. I want to help a little, 'cause I've been hungry myself." Verily the whole source of almsgiving. I couldn't thank him as I had the others—his gift was too great.

Now came, in leisurely mood, arms interlocked, a man and woman. The man half-hesitated, his hand moved uncertainly toward his pocket; the woman, looking me up and down from top to toe, questioned in hostile tones:

"What is this, a new kind of hold-up game?" and pulled her escort along. He glanced back at me afterward, shamefacedly. Poor man!

A young girl, smartly gowned, approached, emptied her purse of its change and gave it me, saying warmly:

"I forgot it was to-day—wish I had more. I did this same thing last week for the French and—well, I know just how your feet feel this minute." They felt the same way she thought they did, too, but her sympathy helped my courage.

It was sometimes amusing, oftener pathetic, to see now a man, again a woman, attracted by my fluttering card, half-stop, expression softened and illumined with the wish to help, and hands moving instinctively toward pocket or purse; then to see the eyes grow suddenly hard or dim, the step quicken, and the whole bearing declare as if the words had been spoken aloud:

"Nonsense, what am I about!" or "O dear, I forgot. I can't afford it." Sometimes they would come back later, slip a few cents into the eager little box, with an embarrassed air, as if they were doing something shameful. One man tossed a dime into my basket, seemingly without looking in my direction, and hastened on with heightened color.

I earned about twenty-five dollars during my five hours of solicitation, this sum representing hundreds of gifts, from a penny to five dollars, and hundreds of hearts softened to the woes of others. But the most valuable acquisition to me personally was not a thing to be measured in terms of money: I glimpsed a little mount of transfiguration; I had a vision of the soul of man. Now I know that, whatever may be the occasional surface manifestations of selfishness, greed, and cruelty, the heart of man is true and righteous altogether; that rich and poor, lettered and ignorant, are bound together eternally by the one great impulse of charity.

Truly, one beggar has been the most fortunate of the daughters of men.

IT has been said that "the only treasure-house open to all comers is a library." Accepting this assertion as undoubted truth, some of us decided several years ago that it behooved us to at least make an attempt to obtain for our little village such a priceless possession.

The Evolution of Our Village Library

We realized from the first that we should have to begin on a very modest scale, and our earliest step was to ascertain whether it would be possible to *borrow* enough books with which to start, providing we should be able to procure funds for running expenses. On investigation the following aids to our plan were found available: Through the courtesy of the State Board of Public Libraries we could borrow simultaneously two of their "travelling libraries," to be exchanged quarterly. Then we discovered that for a small amount we could subscribe to the "Bodley Club Library" for a year and receive twenty-five books, to be exchanged monthly. This has since gone out of existence, but there are other organizations which would be equally useful. Next, a few of our residents agreed to lend us books of all descriptions to the number of about two hundred. Lastly, several local subscribers to various magazines promised their periodicals a month or so late. So much for our reading-matter. At this juncture some friends offered to lend or give us the necessary furnishings for our room. These consisted of an office-desk, a narrow table eight feet long, a dozen painted kitchen chairs, a stove, and lamps.

Having reached this point, we sent out several young women to canvass the village. They were so successful that at the initial meeting called to discuss our plan the outlook was most favorable, and an association was formed, a constitution and by-laws being framed and accepted. Five trustees were elected who were to choose officers from their own number. Later, when the library was three years old, the association

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was incorporated. At that first meeting it was voted to rent a vacant store and to secure a high-school student as librarian.

Before it opened the library received a gift of twenty-nine books, the first owned by the association. On its second birthday, however, it was the proud possessor of 1,032 volumes, an increase of one thousand in two years; now we own over 3,200 books. Within the past year we have instituted a "pay shelf," consisting of the latest novels. When a group of twenty has paid for itself it is put on the "open shelves" and another collection is bought to take its place. A rental fee, of course, is charged for each book. We have a competent committee which reads every unknown book before it is put, first, in our "accession book" and, later, "on the shelves." If this august body does not approve of any, or if some of our gifts happen to duplicate books we already have, we take them to a second-hand bookshop in a city not far distant and exchange them for others we shall find more useful.

We decided it was not necessary to have the library open daily for more than four hours and a half in so small a community, and it is also closed Thursday evenings, Sundays, and holidays. Its privileges are free to all permanent residents over eight years of age. During the twelve years of the library's existence the book circulation has increased until an average of about twenty are given out daily. What is still more encouraging, and the real test of a library's efficiency, the number of non-fiction books taken out doubled itself annually the first four years and since then has remained about the same.

In regard to our financial affairs, we find that the actual running expenses average about two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and besides that we expect to spend annually at least twenty-five dollars in the purchase of books—sometimes second-hand, but usually new. For the past seven years we have been supported by solicited donations instead of by fairs and entertainments as at first. Of course, the most independent and just method is to tax the community, but this is not always politically feasible.

From the beginning we have tried to make our little library as much like a "grown-up" as is possible for a small but aspiring body. Our books are "classified," "author marked," "card-catalogued," and "charged," according to the most approved professional methods. There were several books which helped us greatly on our upward climb. Mary Wright Plummer's "Hints to Small Libraries" is almost indispensable from the very start, as it explains to the uninitiated every vital technical point and gives a list of required tools and supplies. As to authoritative guides to selecting books, the American Library Association has compiled a most helpful list of 8,000 volumes for a popular library; the Newark Free Public Library has published "A Thousand of the Best Novels," and Caroline M. Hewins has selected a fine list of "Books for Boys and Girls." The Library Bureau of Boston and New York will send, on application, several helpful pamphlets. It is also necessary to own a copy of Melvil Dewey's "Abridged Decimal Classification," C. & A. Cutter's "2-Figure Decimal Alfabetic Order Table," and a "Condensed Accession Book" with room for the titles of 2,000 volumes.

Much of our success in the proper formation and later management of our little institution is also due to the fact that in an adjacent city we found a valuable ally in the person of the head librarian of a certain Carnegie Library. Through the kindness of this "friend in need," not only was our young attendant instructed in the first mysteries of the Most Noble Order of Librarians, but we have also received much wise and necessary advice. Almost every one in our village realizes to-day that the library is a power in the community and is proud of the fact that various professional librarians and a representative of the State Board of Public Libraries, who have inspected our methods and choice of books, have complimented us upon our rise and progress. For the sake of those who may wish to start upon a venture such as ours, let me encourage them by saying: "As our State Board and friendly neighboring librarians have helped us, yours will doubtless gladly assist you in the evolution of *your* village library!"

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THE FIELD OF ART

POLYCHROME WOOD-CARVING

The illustrations are from sculptures in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WHEN Mr. Kendall's sculpture, reproduced in color as the frontispiece of this number, was exhibited at the National Academy of Design, it caused some surprised discussion; less because its author is a painter than because wood-carvings painted in polychrome are so consistently absent from modern art exhibitions that the appearance of this one seemed an anachronism. And truly the art of sculpture in wood, with rich surface decoration in color, so far as it was the glory of a vanished age, is dead; not in any one country or continent, but throughout the world. One of the earliest of man's means of self-expression, it reached its highest achievements in East and in West in neighboring periods, and in interest and attainments similarly fell away in Occident and Orient.

St. George.

French; about 1500. Height, 12⅞ inches.

Yet what a rich and benevolent inheritance it left may be partly realized, as to Europe, by an inspection of the all-too-few but particularly pleasing examples housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, largely through the munificence of a late collector who did much for the development of art in America, though he was accused of refusal to patronize "American art." Of course in the museums and ancient churches and homes of Europe are more numerous survivals, and the Orient is not less appreciative of its treasures of old. But it is only of recent years that the public in America has had opportunity to enjoy these works, although a small number of private citizens, artists and others, have for a longer time been acquiring a few of the fascinatingly beautiful objects.

That they were not so beautiful before Time had laid his mystic hand upon the pigment is little to the point. We have them now in the serenity of their beauty, intimate spokesmen of a life we succeed without inheriting, of people who felt what they were doing and put themselves into their work. The Swiss in certain small sculptures, well known, retain more of the ancient spirit than do other peoples, and their modern works do not fail of appreciation. Is it possible that reawakening and modern production may come about? Hardly, in the face of machinery and sophistication. There are collectors in a modest way who hold that to secure the equivalent of ancient work it would be necessary to put a knife into the hands of a child and tell him to picture Methuselah or King Arthur—much after the contention of the cubists, futurists, and the other "wild men." They don't say how many generations would be required to come up again from the totem-pole.

Yet here is Mr. Kendall imbued with, or at least prodded by, the primitive desire, and he has not stopped with "The Quest." In this figure the spirit and feeling for simplicity and directness, for the genuine and homely in daily life, come frankly forth, both in the rugged carving and its more delicate passages, and in the quiet color of the adornment and the greater

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warmth of the flesh; the human element not wholly sacrificed to convention, nor disguised that art may prove itself exacting.

In New York, besides the remarkable examples of the ancient work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, may be seen those at Mr. George Gray Barnard's Gothic "cloisters." In the Metropolitan's section of Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance sculpture there are some fourscore of the wood-carvings with polychrome painting in various states of preservation, and they suffice in themselves to evoke a fair conception of the art in its flourishing days. More than that, they give pleasure to the contemplative, and express the call to which collectors have responded wherever the charming productions of this field of art craftsmanship have been seen.

Virgin and Child.
Spanish; early sixteenth century. Height 13¾ inches.

In their larger forms the carvings in the museums can, no doubt, better than in private possession express their present function, the delight or enlightenment of students and admirers. In smaller dimensions, however, they are prized and coveted in personal ownership, for while they do not invite the almost involuntary caress bestowed upon—almost compelled by—bronze, stone, porcelain, and softly glowing textiles, there is yet about them a gently insistent and sometimes bewitching attraction which makes its greater personal appeal with constant companionship.

With a combination of the larger sculptures and the lesser carvings comes a communion with mediæval Europe more intimate and familiar than its great monuments of stone inspire, closely associated with those architectural piles as the modest wood works are. One recalls at the same time in these sculptures the huge arches that grew out of the umbrageous vaults of the forest, their sombre spaces dimly illumined through wonderfully colored glass, and the pious wood-carvings in their chromatic dress lightening and brightening them and enriching them with embellishments of gold. This gold, what a tone it takes, and what lustre it adds to plain color, when wearing down it partly reveals the warm red of its underground, that covers the plaster coating of the wood foundation! All glare and harshness of crude pigment gone, the product of their union is a beauty lightly veiled and serene.

One sees also the men who in the days of Gothic architecture—ironic History, that benisoned the primal (not the atavistic) Goths with an epithet that came to connote beauty!—the days of Gothic architecture, then, not the Gothic days

St. Martin.
Flemish; about 1500. Height, 17⅞ inches.

—the men who made these statues, statuettes, reliefs, for great cathedral and for small

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church, even for home or bench, when chairs were a patrician prerogative; the men who expressed themselves and the beliefs and aspirations and inspirations of their time in the honest handiwork that made the artisan an artist.

One pictures the bands of these craftsmen who went from place to place, leaving their impress as the style of a master painter on his canvases, or who left a work unfinished which contemporaries and successors refrained from completing—more considerate than "restorers" or "church-warden Gothics" of a later day. This may be more distinctly true of the ornament-carver than of the statuary, but ornament was also painted in polychrome, and the statuary could also carve ornament.

St. Luke.
German; Suabian School; about 1480.
Height, 36½ inches.

A Trumpeter.
Flemish; about 1500. Height, 30¾ inches.

Among peregrinating survivals ornament appears more commonly in Oriental than in European work, yet the highest development of wood-carving with polychrome decoration seems to have been of an age rather than geographical, from about the twelfth to about the sixteenth century. In Europe the fifteenth century saw the high mark. In China the Ming period has been said to show the earliest and the best, though there are numerous earlier attributions. Sculpture in China leaned overwhelmingly to stone and bronze. In Japan native appreciation places the zenith in the Fujiwara period, with the Kamakura showing the beginning of the decline, while in the Tokugawa days the wood-carvers began to "go easy," as it has been pleasantly phrased, an observation interesting in view of the European course from the advent of the Renaissance.

While there is little reason to look for a serious revival of the ancient interest and skill, there are yet examples of great beauty and charm and of very capable workmanship belonging to later periods. And if artists, recognizing the value of craftsmanship out of which great art has grown, shall take up wood-carving with polychrome painting, they will be much more likely to approximate the sixteenth-century work than to traverse the whole long road anew, or to counterfeit the ages of highest attainment—the spirit or *raison d'être* of which has ceased to exist, to say nothing of the factor of machinery, with the utilization of which the art naturally decayed. The same thing is, of course, true of stone sculpture as employed in architecture (yet sculptural machinists are unionized as "artists"!); the personal element, initiative, originality, and free play of genius or talent vanishes or isn't wanted. Still, La Farge in his mural painting revived the earlier practice of a master designing and leaving the execu-

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tion of details to subordinates, and who shall therefore say that such work is not his? And of his stained-glass work accomplished and travelled critics said that La Farge's was finer than any since the fourteenth century. Why not the possibility of an equal achievement in polychrome wood-carving?

The examples at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in various stages of preservation and disintegration, reveal much of the method of the work. The carvings safely in and partly denuded of their soft chromatic dress may also be seen in the shops of dealers high and low, and there are nowadays men searching in lands of ancient civilization for specimens which may be relinquished, and for worthy survivals which have persisted in oblivion or even in ignominious utilization. Such is the demand, such the renewed appreciation.

In the Metropolitan Museum there are examples of early Italian Renaissance work, in the Etruscan and Venetian Schools, Spanish Renaissance work, and French Romanesque of the Auvergne School, with French Gothic and early French Renaissance; also Flemish and Dutch carvings of the Gothic and early Renaissance periods, Flemish work of the Brussels and Antwerp Schools, besides a considerable amount of Dutch work unclassified; and German work in both Gothic and Renaissance styles appears, of the Rhenish, Franconian, Suabian, and Tyrolese Schools.

St. Peter.

Flemish; about 1500. Height, 16 inches.

The Virgin and Child, with St. Anne and St. Elizabeth.

German; Suabian School; about 1510–1520. Height, 33 inches.

They include carvings in oak, walnut, linden, pine, poplar, pearwood, and boxwood, besides others the wood of which is not classified or definitely ascertained. There are statues in the round and varied reliefs. There are works the backs of which have been hollowed out by the original workers for the better and readier seasoning of the wood. And there are works with accessories done in ivory and metal. There are figures single and in small and large groups. There are animals, men, women, and angels; works large and small, alone and in position.

When one studies the warmth and softness and charm of these polychrome carvings, their effectiveness and worth in the art life and in the daily appreciative life of the community are not only manifest but insistent. One comes to see and know what wood-carvings thus treated meant and mean—and perhaps to regret the more the buzz of machinery that makes life quick and comfortable at the expense of beauty and repose. Spiritual exaltation can be understood though the faith that vivified it be gone.

DANA H. CARROLL.

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THE WAR WITH GERMANY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE President's speech to Congress, followed by declaration of war on Germany, marked in many ways a new turn in our history. The German Government's "war against all nations" every one recognized already. But the President showed the country what it would have to do, not only in preparing for national defense and granting credits to the government, but in "co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany," and extension to our European allies of "the most liberal financial credits, in order that our own resources may so far as possible be added to theirs."

History Made with Rapidity

THE sense of living in a time when history is being made with bewildering rapidity, when nations and institutions are passing before our eyes from the shape in which we have hitherto known them into new conditions whose final nature we can only guess at, has been present during the past few months as it has not been in more than a century. During many weeks, no American citizen has taken up his morning paper without a feeling that its head-lines might disclose a change in the direction of the world's history. It was probably not until this sweep of events carried the United States along with it that our people began to realize fully how different the political, social, and economic future is likely to be from the familiar past. The prevalent disposition had been to assume that these immense impending changes would come at the end of the war, and not before it. But history is nowadays being made too fast for that.

It would be difficult, without going back to the collapse of ancient institutions during and immediately after 1789, to parallel the momentous events which have lately passed across the stage, in such extraordinarily rapid succession that each of them would be almost completely obscured in public interest by the one which came immediately after it. Germany's defiance of the outside world; the response of neutral nations; the Czar of Russia dethroned in the midst of a foreign conflict; the government at Petrograd taken over without violence or bloodshed by a committee of public safety; that event greeted cordially by all other governments, including even Germany; the German army retreating from northern France, destroying everything as it went; the United States quietly arming, then formally joining the war—such an historic panorama created in many minds a feeling that it was no longer possible to take the reckoning for the political ship.

The French Revolution occurred in time of peace. In war time there has rarely been just such a period as this. Even so memorable a year as 1805, when the destruction of the French sea power at Trafalgar, the downfall of Austria at Austerlitz, and the complete reconstruction of the map of Germany by Napoleon followed one another in the space of ten weeks, was not, as we now see it, much more than an interlude in that conflict. It is conceivable that the present year will occupy a similar place in the history of this war; but the very strong consensus of judgment in all the belligerent nations is that it marks the approach of a probably not far distant climax.

IT required a very great event to overtop and obscure in the public mind the Russian Revolution and the retreat of Hindenburg; but the action forced on the American Government and people provided it. The reluctant but steady

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movement of public sentiment toward that decision constitutes a remarkable chapter in history. But the economic significance of this memorable step is bound to be as striking as its political significance, and the future historian will hardly fail to remark on the attitude of the American financial markets as events proceeded.

How American Markets Faced It

Nobody, in or out of Wall Street, underestimated the financial importance of the decision. Our people and our financial markets had been able to study for two and a half years the economic as well as political effects on the active belligerents of a great war in these days. They had seen the expenditure of England for military and naval purposes increase from $2,100,000 a day in the year before the war to $35,000,000 a day in 1917; its tax on incomes rise from 6 per cent to 25 per cent or higher; its public debt, in March, 1917, reach a figure of $14,000,000,000 as against $3,500,000,000 in July, 1914.

There had been plenty of opportunity to observe the total derangement of private as well as public finance in belligerent Europe. Although our financial markets had also observed the relative immunity and prosperity of belligerents such as Canada or Japan, situated in other continents than Europe, it was nevertheless impossible to say with certainty, if the war should continue some years longer, what the results would be, either with them or with a new belligerent in the western hemisphere. All this being so, the extraordinary fact of the six or eight weeks in which formal declaration of war between the United States and Germany was recognized as immediately impending, was that the American financial markets faced the situation always with calmness and composure, and, when the news arrived which made war inevitable, with an unmistakable display of relief and enthusiasm.

TO comprehend exactly what this signified, one must recall the series of events between February 3 and April 2. On February 28 our government made public, through the Associated Press, the intercepted letter of the Berlin Foreign Office to its ambassador in Mexico, instructing him to suggest to President Carranza, in case the United States should go to war with Germany, invasion of our border States by the Mexican army and the inciting of Japan to hostilities against us. As a reward for such obliging service, the German Government offered return to Mexico of what the note described as her "lost territory" of 1848 in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Publication of this amazing document roused widespread incredulity in and out of Congress; but four days later its authenticity was admitted, and the act of sending it defended, by the German Government itself. With a mixture of insolence and stupidity inconceivable except at Berlin, the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs presently declared to the Reichstag that his behavior in taking such a step was not only "absolutely loyal as regards the United States," but that it "contrasts considerably with the behavior of the Washington government" in intercepting the communication; adding that, since the breaking off of relations between Washington and Berlin, the United States "cannot deny us the right to seek allies."

Events That Led to the Break

The most casual American observer lost no time in pointing out that the Zimmermann note to Mexico had been dated January 19—two weeks before the new code of submarine ruthlessness was announced, fifteen days before our government sent Bernstorff home, and, in fact, at the very moment when President Wilson's effort to make peace in Europe was before the German public, with his critics asserting that he was playing the hand of Germany. No one was quite so blind as not to see that the German Government itself, before sending out its threat to sink without warning, in its arbitrary "war zone," all ships, neutral or belligerent, had recognized its intended action as involving war with the United States. Events quickly proved the correctness of the public's inference.

The markets and the general public awaited apprehensively the first "overt act" of Germany; both assuming that it would happen when the first armed American merchant ship on its way to Europe should encounter a German submarine. But even for that situation—

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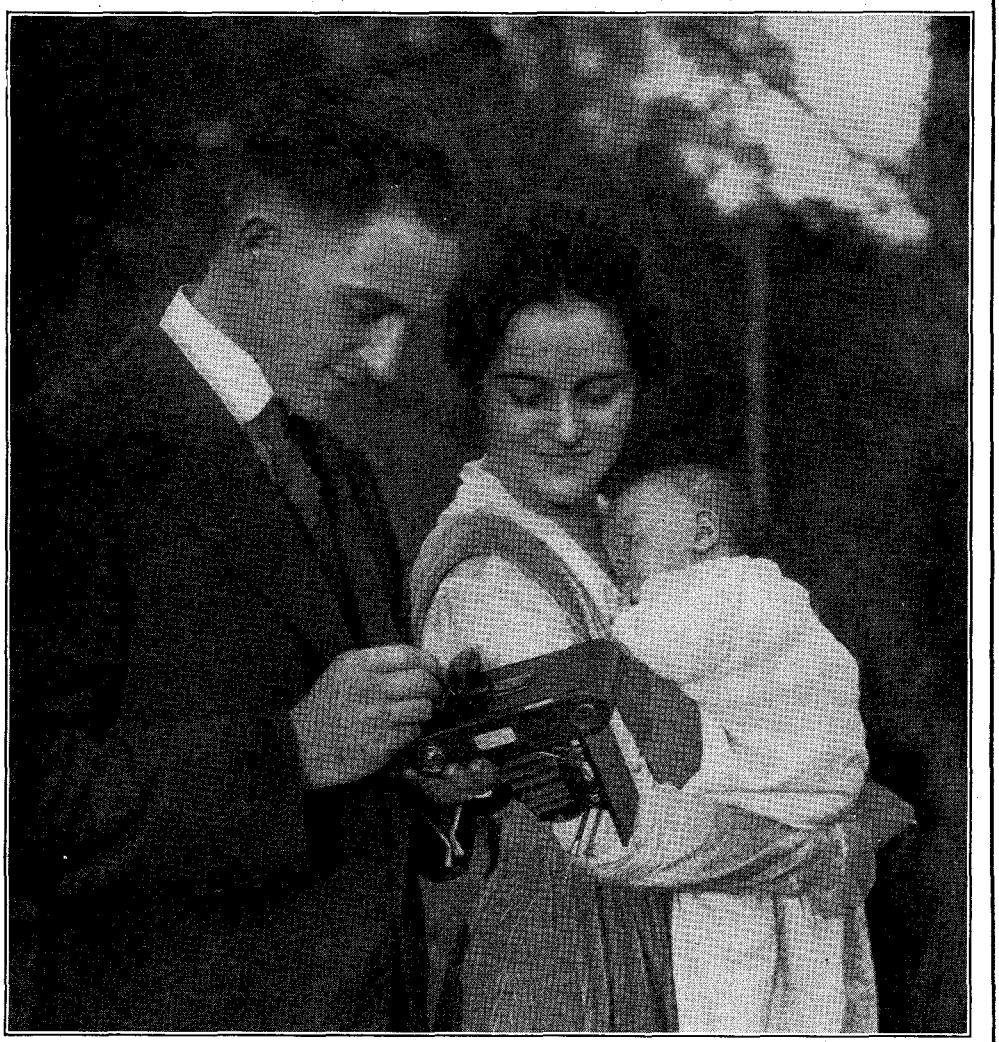

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(Continued from page 648)

which the Berlin diplomats might have twisted into a defensive fight against a constructively hostile ship of war—the German Admiralty would not wait. On March 16 German submarines attacked and sank three American merchant ships, torpedoing one of them without warning and drowning five American citizens of its crew.

News of this senseless and brutal act was received on Sunday, March 18; it left no possible further doubt regarding existence of a state of war. There still remained a faint idea that the Berlin government at the eleventh hour might endeavor to repair its blunders through some sort of conciliatory pledge to the United States. But there was no such purpose. The German Chancellor, rising in the Reichstag on the 29th of March, reverted to his querulous complaint (for which he was snubbed and silenced by our State Department in May of 1916) that our government had not com-

(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 64)

pelled Great Britain to give up the blockade of Germany. He declared that unrestricted submarine warfare would continue, concluding, in a vein of hypocrisy to which future history will no doubt give due attention, with the assertion that Germany "never desired war against the United States," and that, if war should come, the German Government "shall not have to bear the responsibility for it."

How the Stock Market Behaved

SUCH was the order of events which forced the United States—devoted to peace and, as a people, satisfied with neutrality—first into rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany, then into that equivocal position called "armed neutrality," and finally into war. "Almost uncanny" was the term applied by an English financial reviewer to the calmness of the New York markets in the face of this rapid drift toward war. Up to the sinking of the *Vigilancia*, on March 16, even Wall Street's explanation was that the Stock Exchange had suspended judgment as to the relative probability of peace or war. The "overt act" put an end to that hypothesis. Furthermore, what happened on receipt of that news (which by very general agreement made declaration of war a certainty) was an advance in prices on the Stock Exchange, under extremely heavy buying by outside investors, which unmistakably reflected financial confidence.

Now a stock market is not sentimental. Its judgment of events may be wrong; it has on occasion been entirely mistaken. But its action nevertheless expresses the balance of judgment at the moment, in the coolest and best-informed part of the business community, based on instinct, knowledge, and past experience. The movement on the stock exchange, therefore, in a country about to engage in war, will always be governed by one or more of three considerations. It may be determined by the importance of a principle which can be maintained only by war. It will certainly be influenced by expectation as to which side will win. It can hardly fail to be guided by its judgment regarding the probable duration, scope, and resultant financial burden of the war; these being naturally considered with an eye to the actual present financial condition and economic resources of the country itself.

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)

THE rapid advance of our Stock Exchange prices on the declaration of war with Spain was a notable case in point. That war, as we now know, was successful, short, and not unduly burdensome financially. There cannot in retrospect be the slightest doubt that the Stock Exchange of April, 1898, correctly foresaw what would be the character and result of the conflict. When the War of Secession began, the case was somewhat different. The strength and enthusiasm of the New York market between the fall of Sumter and the battle of Bull Run may have measured the relief of the financial mind that disruption of the Union (with its sure sequel of further disintegration afterward, and ultimate political chaos) would not be tamely acquiesced in by the North. But no foresight of a four-year conflict, of the economic collapse of nearly half the old United States, and of a $2,000,000,000 increase in the public debt was indicated.

The Spanish and Civil Wars

Whether these markets in the spring of 1861 simply misread the outlook, or whether their instinct pointed to the enormous latent economic strength which left the North more prosperous ten years after the war than it had been ten years before it, may perhaps be a matter of dispute. But a very much later modern instance left no room for controversy. At a time when all the world seemed to be convinced of a short war because the economic power to conduct a long one could not exist, the absolute, immediate, and continued demoralization of Europe's financial markets in 1914 gave a prophecy which events have fulfilled.

WHAT, then, are we to suppose was the meaning of the market's attitude between last January and April? It may reasonably be assumed that the Stock Exchange of 1917, like the Stock Exchange of 1861, was largely governed by its feeling that submission to Germany's deliberate acts of war would be a worse omen, even for our financial future, than invoking the uncertainties of war. But however much the experienced financier may have recognized the force of this consideration, its influence would surely have been superseded if the belief had also existed in the financial community as a

Meaning of the Market's Optimism

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 68)

whole that our war would be a long one, or an unsuccessful one, or that the United States, like some of the European belligerents, would be crushed by its economic burdens. Prospect of huge "war profits" by a few incorporated industries would have been a feeble offset to such expectation. The fact that certain English shipping companies and metal-making industries have prospered greatly since 1914, and that their shares have risen on the Stock Exchange, has determined neither financial conditions in Great Britain nor the general course of London's markets.

Not a War of Economic Exhaustion for Us

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the judgment of American finance seems to have been that the war on which we were entering, though in all probability involving very great expenditure of money and human effort, would be neither a long war nor, so far as America is concerned, a war of economic exhaustion. If this is the actual financial judgment, its first basis would undoubtedly be found in the retreat of the German army from France. The world has had its due instruction from Berlin as to "strategic retirements" which "frustrate the enemy's plans." Military critics have praised the skill with which Hindenburg got his troops away without being decimated by the enemy's artillery, and they have speculated as to what crushing blow would presently be dealt by Germany on some other front. The Kaiser has favored his Chief of Staff with the opinion that the retreat adds another glorious page to Germany's achievements in the war.

But none of these explanations does away with the fact that the German army has retreated, giving up by April 800 square miles of the territory to retain which Germany has fought so desperately during the past two years. There were many cool-headed watchers of the situation who, although not military experts, regarded the battle of the Marne as the Antietam of this war, Verdun as its Gettysburg, and the present campaign as the analogy of the beating back of Lee in 1864 toward Richmond. As for the Kaiser's message, Lincoln never wrote McClellan to congratulate him on his retreat from the Chickahominy, and the Berlin strategists were not inclined to regard the retreat of the Russian army

(Continued on page 72)

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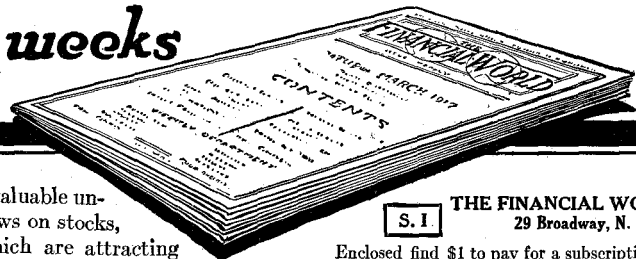

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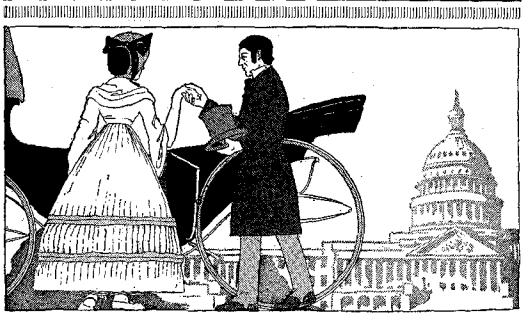

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(Continued from page 70)

from the Carpathians as a brilliant strategic plan of Grand Duke Nicholas.

A Comparison of Copper and Cotton Supplies

WHETHER the German army does or does not win new victories later on—even if Europe is to witness another such campaign as the invasion of Rumania—the retreat from the western line suggested to the financial mind questions concerning not only the man power of the Central Allies as compared with their antagonists, but their increasing trouble in getting certain materials of war. Ninety-five per cent of the world's copper output in 1916 was produced in the western hemisphere or in Australasia, Spain, and Russia—countries to which Germany has no access but upon whose supplies her antagonists can draw freely. The thirty-five thousand tons which Germany and her allies produced last year at home compare with something over three hundred and twenty thousand tons contracted within twelve months for delivery by the United States to England, France, and Italy—not to mention what those states may have ordered in the same period from Canada, Spain, or South America.

Now copper is a prime essential for present-day artillery munitions, and the German guns have had ample time to fire into space the copper from the roofs, churches, and kitchen utensils of the Teutonic and Belgian households. With other metals, except steel and iron, the case is similar. Cotton is an ingredient of modern explosives. It is raised in India, Egypt, and the United States. England controls the Indian and Egyptian crops, and of our own huge cotton exports during 1916, 75 per cent went to England, France, or Italy; none to Germany or Austria.

Germany's Financial Straits

BACK of the problems of military supplies stand the equally grave problems of food for civilians or the army, and the growing entanglement of government finance. Awakening from its fool's paradise of a German war bill which was to be paid by indemnities levied on a defeated enemy, the German Treasury has begun to seek from new home taxation money enough to meet the annual interest on its war loans. Estimates of the increased revenue, as cabled, were confused and uninforming;

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 72)

but it was not easy to see how the annual interest charge of $545,000,000 on outstanding war loans could possibly be covered by them; and meantime another imperial war loan was opened for subscription in the middle of March. How its success would be affected by the Hindenburg retreat and the action of the United States was unknown at the writing of this paper. But even in last October's loan the number of separate subscriptions decreased more than 600,000, and, resourceful as the government has been in exerting pressure on large institutions to make up this shortage, there would seem to be some limit to the process.

If any or all of these numerous deadweights on the German situation—emphasized as they probably have been by the anxiety of her own allies for peace—are to bring about a crisis, the nature of the crisis must be left to the imagination. Most of us have learned in the last two years that it is quite as foolish to say that a given event will happen in this war as to say that another event will not. We may have a new and humbler "peace proposal"; or desertion of Germany by some such ally as defeated Turkey; or even, as the author of "J'Accuse" has lately prophesied, a German revolution, with the downfall of the Hohenzollerns and negotiation for peace by the German people. The sole apparent certainty is that German endurance has been rapidly approaching its limit, and that, from what is necessarily Berlin's own point of view, the war must in one way or another be ended before very long.

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CONCLUSIONS which the financial community has drawn from all these considerations have had a hand in the confident attitude of the markets. Thus applied, they have been vastly reinforced by the evidences of our own unprecedented financial power and economic resources. Nevertheless, as must always be the case with a nation entering war, there are weighty counter-considerations. Measured by what the German Admiralty promised to do when it began its latest chapter of ocean ruthlessness, the submarine campaign against England and her allies has been a failure. Yet it has achieved sufficient destruction to create a formidable problem, if it continues long enough at even the reduced rate of

(Continued on page 76)

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"How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made."

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(Continued from page 74)

tonnage sunk in March, and if Germany can hold out in the meanwhile.

There will also, very probably, be more than one unexpected and alarming turn of events on our own side of the conflict. How unscrupulous is the enemy we have to deal with, the incident of the Mexican note was evidence.

Our Credit for the Allies

EVEN as regards our own overflowing store of available wealth and capital, there were some disquieting suggestions before Congress met. The attitude taken by a portion of the press, and by some of our public men, seemed to be based on the idea that the country's financial resources were absolutely inexhaustible, and that our proper course was to spend them instantly with the profusion of belligerent Europe. If all these suggestions were to be adopted, the United States would be saddled with a European war debt within a year.

It was probable all along that our national credit would be placed, to a substantial extent, at the service of our allies; but the proposal of the excited days of March for our government to lend them instantly one, two, or four thousand million dollars reflected hurried impulse. That our financial help would be offered primarily to France—because of our people's admiration of her conduct in this war and from remembrance of what she did for us in 1778—was a natural expectation. But that fact did not make prudent or reasonable the plan to "give France a billion dollars." Nobody ought to have been surprised at President Wilson's statement, in his war address to Congress on the 2d of April, that the supplies raised through government loans should be sustained, "so far as they can be equitably sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation." But "equitably" is an elastic word, and it is possible for an impulsive Congress to impose such a burden of immediate taxation as should itself check financial prosperity.

IN larger measure than is generally understood, the outcome of the war and of our own participation in it is bound up in the Russian revolution. What was actually portended by this extraordinary event, from the view-point either of politics or finance, was a question on which competent opinion hesitated. Recollection of the

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Russian uprising of 1905, after the unsuccessful Manchurian war—an episode in which a "general strike" was put into force throughout Russian industry, trains ceased to move on Russian railways, soldiers and sailors mutinied at Sebastopol and Cronstadt, processions of citizens on the way to present petitions to the Czar were fired on in the streets of St. Petersburg, and houses of landlords were sacked by infuriated peasants—was far from reassuring.

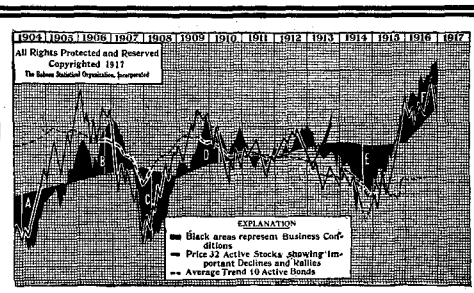
Meaning of the Russian Revolution

Judgment in other European countries, when the news of March 15 arrived, was based on other grounds. "What the 'City' said at once," cabled a London correspondent exceptionally in touch with financial opinion, "was that the dark cloud which has so long enveloped all operations of the Russian Government is dispersing," that German intrigue had nearly succeeded in paralyzing the internal communications and army supply service of Russia, and that the overthrow of this secret power was "a great disaster to Germany, equivalent to a defeat in the field." Another correspondent of pro-German sympathies, lately returned to this country from Berlin, wrote that "Von Hindenburg has been waiting for the revolution," expecting that, with "the Russian forces demoralized by internal affairs," the time would be "ripe for a dashing, ruthless German advance." But now "the Allies have anticipated Germany's plans and have won the revolution in Russia," and "the Duma will now have an opportunity to reorganize Russia's crippled transportation system and put new life into the Russian army."

Prompt declaration by the new Committee of Public Safety that the former government had been "making it impossible to win the war," and its own pledge not only to "faithfully observe all alliances uniting us to other powers and all agreements made in the past," but to "do its utmost to provide the army with everything necessary to bring the war to a victorious conclusion," threw further light on the actual situation. The instantaneous effect at Berlin was, not to call forth an outburst of political and military confidence, but to send the Imperial Chancellor into the Reichstag with a pledge of parliamentary reform and concessions to the German electorate.

These were immediate results. They did not prove that extremists and moderates would not clash, with disturbing consequences, when power should be handed from the Committee of Public Safety to a government chosen in the coming national election,

(Continued on page 78)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(Continued from page 77)

or that visionary schemes and rash financial legislation, as in France of 1789, would be avoided. Nevertheless the first opinion, even of sober international finance, was singularly hopeful. To the question whether Russia's home and foreign position would be helped or hurt by the sudden change in government, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, representing large financial interests which had steadfastly refused to lend to Russia under the old régime, replied: "I am quite convinced that, with the certainty of the development of the country's enormous resources, which, with the shackles removed from a great people, will follow present events, Russia will before long take rank financially among the most favored nations in the money markets of the world."

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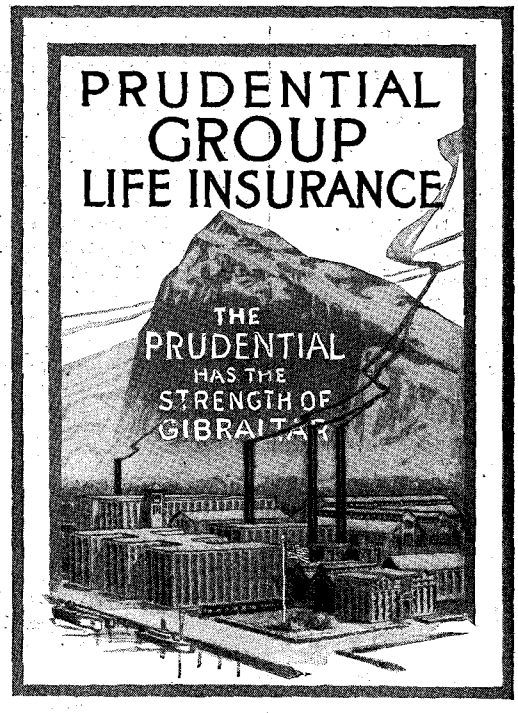

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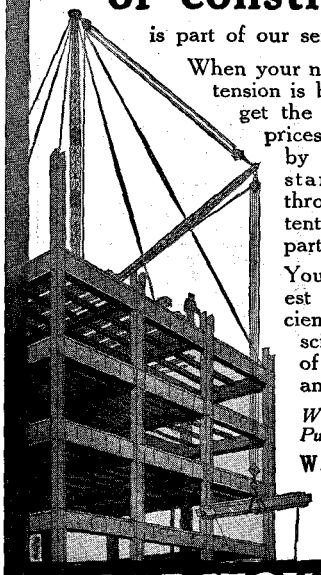

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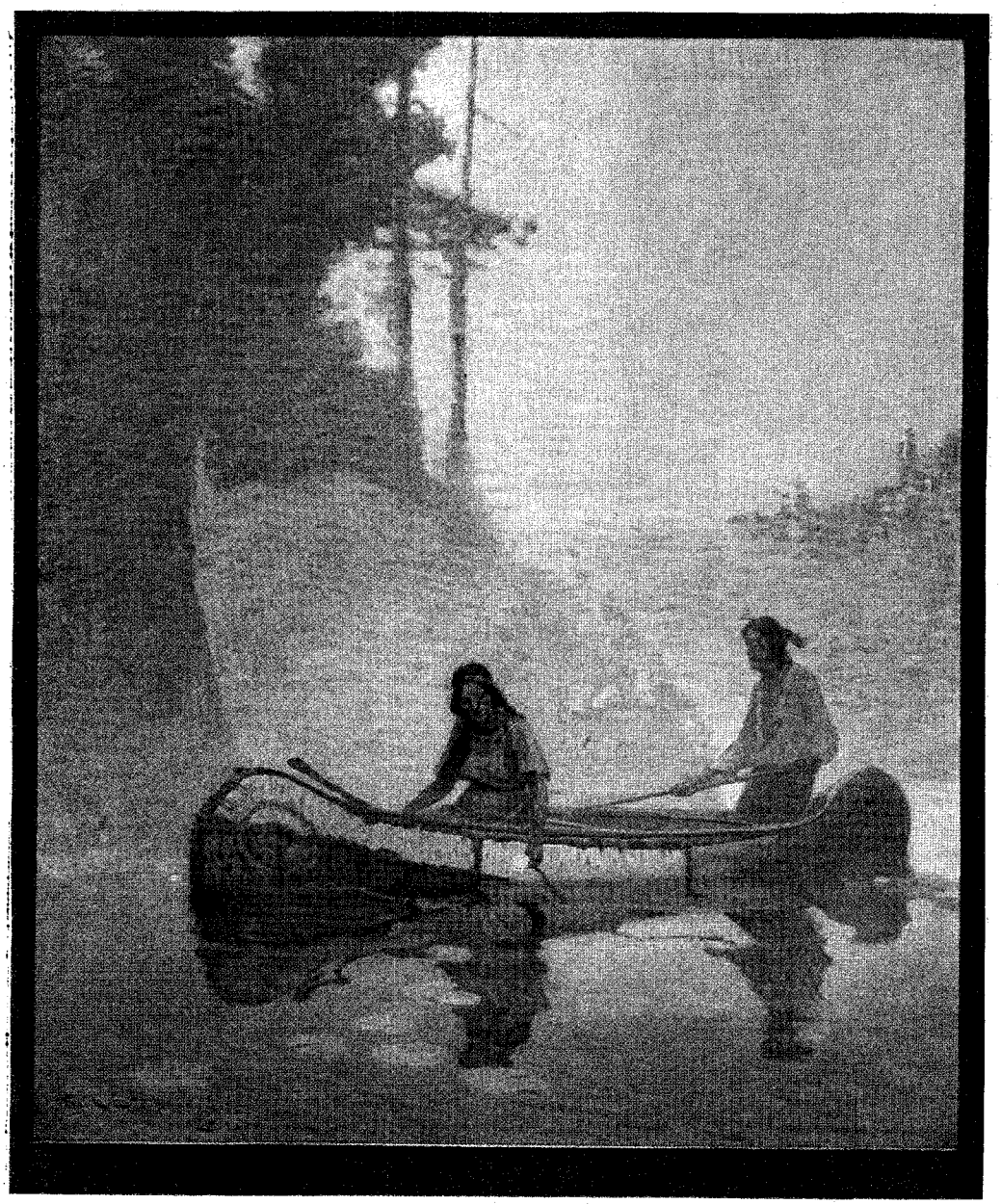

THE WATER-LILY.

From the painting by Frank E. Schoonover, in the collection of Mrs. T. Coleman du Pont.

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